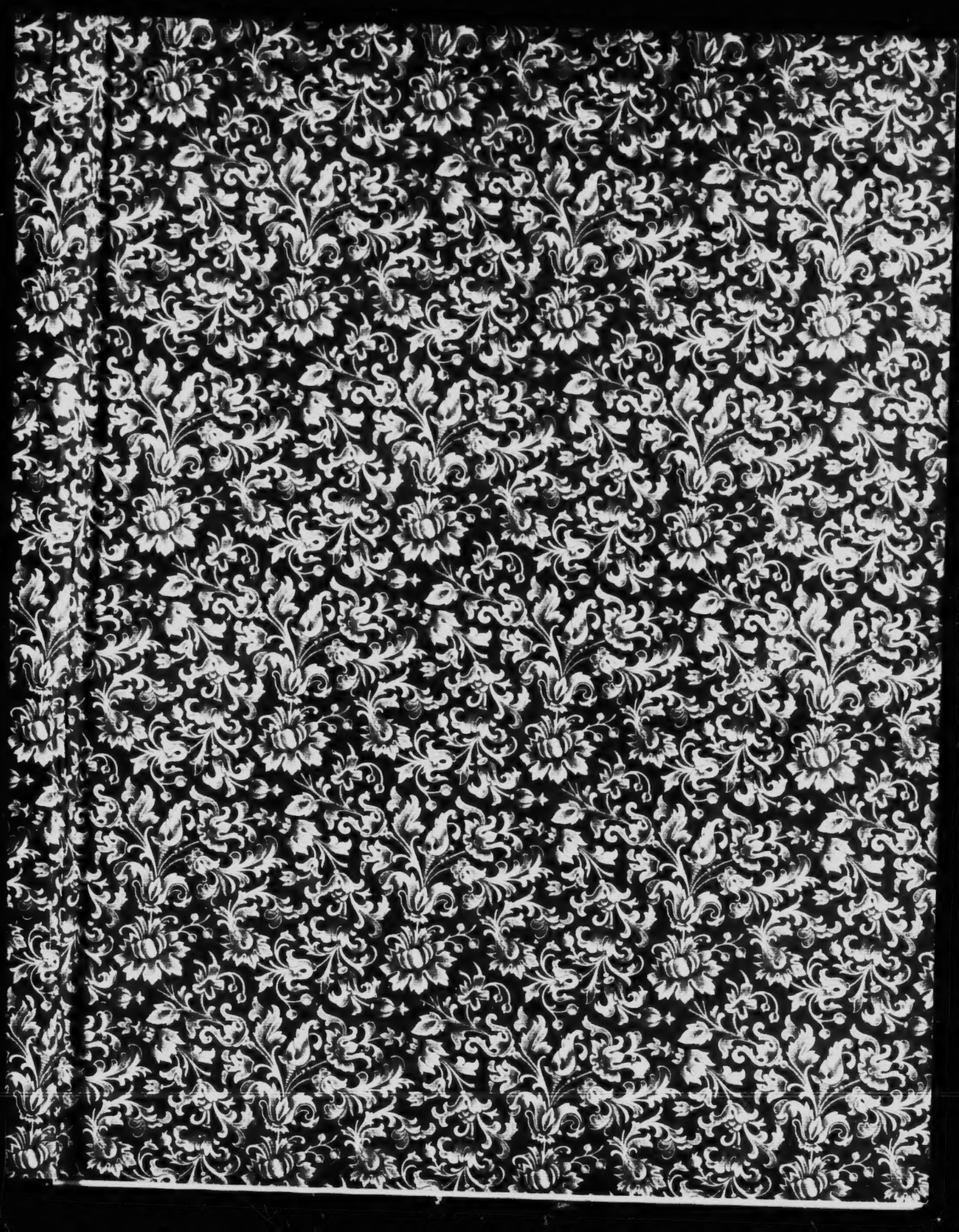

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OUR TRAVELS

A BOOK BRIMFUL OF BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS, AND THE BEST TRAVEL INFORMATION, GLEANED FROM EVERYWHERE

A PICTURE TOUR

THE BRITISH ISLES : THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE
THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT
MEXICO : THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA

BY
E. M. CUTHBERT

Travel maketh a man fit company for himself.
A man who is fit company for himself is safe company for anyone.

TORONTO
R. G. McLEAN, PUBLISHER, 26-34 LOMBARD STREET
1911

G463
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1911
fol.

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DEDICATED

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY

OF

JOHN NELSON BASTEDO

TRAVELLING PASSENGER AGENT
SANTA FE RAILWAY.

TO HIS CHEERFUL ASSISTANCE, WISE
ADVICE, AND PRINCIPALLY TO HIS
UNSWERVING FAITH IN US, IS
ATTRIBUTED ALL THE AFTER SUCCESS
THAT IS OURS.

OTHERS HELPED—HE INSPIRED.

TORONTO, January, 1911

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

I have something special I want to say to you about the preparation for any trip. Most people have when they write a preface, but even to change the form to "foreword" does not deceive the public into reading. This is the way I am trying to hoodwink you into reading what I want you to know about our book and how it was called into existence.

Our effort and thought has been threefold: To make the book valuable to those who contemplate travelling. To tell such what they ought to know, because, if you do not listen to what others have to say who have had to pay for the experience, you will require to make *one* trip to each place to find out what you should have known before leaving home. We deal with only the points you will visit, and thus you are not confused with a mass of detail about places you will not see, as is the case when you read up from many books.

Second.—To make the book equally valuable to those who have taken any or all of the trips here outlined in picture.

As the excitement of overcrowded days and weeks gradually calms down, the visions will become clearer and brighter, and these pictures, properly arranged and in order, will fix clearly for you those places in which you passed days and nights, and will be a never failing assistance to

"That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Oliver Wendell Holmes assures us, as one who knows, that "it is a blessed thing to be able, in the twilight of years, to illuminate the soul with such visions of travel."

Third.—We wish this book to be an inspiration to those who cannot themselves take the trips. The next best thing to travelling is reading about places and studying good pictures. We want you to find pleasure in what we ourselves have so much enjoyed.

We are often asked, What is the truly ideal way to travel? We answer, unhesitatingly, in a private car with your dearest friends, a good chef and unlimited time. You stop where you please and are independent of hotels.

The great, overwhelming difference between this mode of travel and any other was demonstrated to me on just such a trip, and I longed to have everyone taste of the same pleasure.

True, only a millionaire can travel thus; but why not come as near it as possible? If a party were large enough, friends could still have a private car, and, better still, a private train. Such thoughts as these put into action brought about the revolution, and is illustrated by many snapshots in this book.

A private car party of teachers and doctors, with ourselves, made a trial trip through California and British Columbia, and demonstrated beyond a doubt and for ever that one could see twice as much in a given period and easily for a third less money, and best of all, perhaps, have such a jolly memory of a good time to carry through life, in this private train way, that it became an institution. The people who had so thoroughly enjoyed America wanted to carry the same plan to Europe. We found it even better there. Other railways were dubious, but the energetic London and North-Western said, "We will supply the equipment; it is yours to make the success." What a success it was! To go as you please about "Merrie England" with a party large enough to make individual action possible. A small party *must* keep together, congenial or not. A large party makes its own friends.

The next request, and one that has been urged for several years back, was for a book outlining our travels and bristling with information — a ready reference. As you see, the entire work has been a natural outcome or development of the demands of the people themselves.

For years we have been gathering bits of spicy information from every available source. We desire here to express our indebtedness to all these, but have entirely forgotten where we found most of them. If ever our readers come across them, do not fail to give credit where credit is due. We claim only the compiling: you would not expect us to "make up" the statistics and history, would you?

While we have copied broadcast, we wish to especially mention Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Trip to Europe," taken before trains ran, in many places, and therefore our quotations from him do not deal with statistics; but he said so many good things about travel, and said them so much better than we could, that it is a pleasure to quote.

John L. Stoddard, also, has been of invaluable assistance. Everyone knows that "Stoddard's Works" are the best travel books in existence. Were they not so voluminous, ours had been superfluous, so that "his extreme-ity is our opportunity." Quite often, instead of quoting, we could have altered the phraseology, but we could not improve it, so—"what's the use?" You will find the work full of quotation marks. With very few exceptions, we personally gathered these photographs in every city here represented. One fact will strike the attentive reader of this book especially forcibly: the great number of "finest in the world" things we see on such a tour. In saying that these different buildings, views pictures, etc., are the best in the world, we do not give our own opinion, but take as our criterion the consensus of opinion of specialists along those particular lines.

What a wonderful revelation and memory for our declining years to have seen so much that is the best, so much that is the highest perfection to which the world has as yet attained!

"The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever."

Our Lady of the Snows

King George V

Queen Mary

Our Travels

First Aid

A TOUR of Europe deals not so much with beauty of scenery as with history. Its chief interest is human. To travel intelligently there is much you should know that you may take proper interest in those shabby old things everyone talks about. In order to get information about *all* the places to be visited one is obliged to wade through many books, which contain such exhaustive descriptions and details that what you want is lost or confused with that which you will not visit. For instance, Baedeker has a book for each country, and for such as Italy has three volumes—Northern, Central and Southern Italy. To get sufficient information from his works you must purchase a library. Then, also, he deals with coaching, bicycling, etc. It is most monotonous to pick out from the mass what will be of value to yourself. The experience of taking hundreds of intelligent, scholarly people through Europe has given us a pretty fair idea of what it is necessary to know. With this general information, and an observant eye and mind while on such a journey, you can read up and apply for the remainder of your life. What the eye and the understanding will register is far better than voluminous notes.

History that Every Traveller Should Know

With the exception of those engaged in teaching history, and, therefore, in constant review, it is so long since we studied the subject, and even when we did in our youthful days it was a matter of compulsion rather than personal interest, that, while such names as Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror are familiar as household words, if asked to state definitely their chronological order, how many of us could give an intelligent answer? There is scarcely an hour of any day during a tour abroad that you are not visiting some institution, castle or relic dating from ancient times, and unless you know something of their relative dates you return from your trip with a hazy grab-bag sort of idea of the things that you have seen.

We go one step further. In travelling from country to country how necessary it is and how much clearer grasp of the world's history one has if he knows who of the great ones of the earth were contemporaries. When Julius Cæsar or Charlemagne was conquering the world, what was England doing? This may have been worked out by others, but, if so, we have never come across it, and having arranged our chart we find it of excellent service. It does not pretend to be comprehensive, merely dealing with names connected with sights every tourist must see.

To save extensive historical reading, for which we probably have neither time, opportunity nor memory, I have arranged a miniature chart that on past tours has been of great value to myself—why not to others? It will also serve as a ready reference at all times. Read it before leaving home; or, better still, copy it and take it with you. You will read it with an hundredfold more interest on your return.

Chronology of Great Britain in Brief

HISTORY tells us that before the seas had worn a channel in the white limestone rock, and while the British Isles were still a part of the Continent, they were occupied by a mysterious race of people, whose stone weapons, monuments and bones bear ample testimony of their presence.

These primitive inhabitants were followed by a Celtic race, who introduced the Druidical religion in the islands, a religion practiced there until after our Christian Era began. It was some time during this period that the Phœnicians first visited the islands in quest of tin and introduced there the art of mining.

About half a century before Christ, Cæsar landed for the first time in Albion (the White Land), and less than a hundred years later the country ranked as the Roman province of Britain. It remained under Roman rule for about five hundred years, and it was during that time that the Roman legions did all the necessary fighting, while the Britons tilled the soil, and under their conquerors' directions built the Roman roads, walls, baths, castles, etc., that we find of so much interest in the England of to-day.

B.C. 1000. Phœnicians.
B.C. 55-449 A.D. Roman Period.—Among the Britons conquered were Cymbeline, Caractacus and Boadicea.
449-1066. Saxon Period.—Hep'archy, which means ruled by seven Chiefs. (Anglo-Saxons were from what is now Holland and Germany. They were fair-haired and blue-eyed.) During this period we have:—
506 A.D. King Arthur.
596. St. Augustine, who introduced Christianity to England, and the **first Christian Church was built on the site of Canterbury Cathedral.** Also, St. Patrick's missionary work in Ireland was during this period.
835-871. Danish and Norman Invasions.
871-901. Alfred the Great.—Oxford University founded.
1013. Sweyn conquers England.

DANISH DYNASTY, 1017-1042.
(A Branch of the Anglo-Saxons.)

1016-1035. Canute rules England.
1042-1066. Edward the Confessor.—Westminster Abbey founded.
1066. Battle of Hastings or Senlac.—Norman Conquest of England. Death of Harold.

NORMAN DYNASTY, 1066-1154.
(Still another Branch of the Anglo-Saxons.)

1066-1087. William I., the Conqueror.—London received a Charter. **The Tower of London was built.**
1087-1100. William II., Rufus.
1100-1135. Henry I.
1135-1154. Stephen.

PLANTAGENET DYNASTY, 1154-1485.
1154-1189. Henry II.—Magna Charta.
1189-1199. Richard I.
1199-1216. John I.
1216-1272. Henry III.
1272-1307. Edward I. brought the famous Stone of Scone (Lialfail) to England, where it has remained ever since.
1307-1327. Edward II.—Wallace and Bruce.
1327-1377. Edward III. laid claim to France, which was cause of 100-Years' War. Battle of Crecy, 1346, began this great discord.
1377-1399. Richard II.

LANCASTER DYNASTY, 1399-1416.
1399-1413. Henry IV.
1413-1422. Henry V.
1422-1461. Henry VI.

YORK DYNASTY, 1461-1485.
1461-1483. Edward IV.—Printing Press.
1483. Edward V.
1483-1485. Richard III.

TUDOR DYNASTY, 1485-1603.
1485-1509. Henry VII.
1509-1547. Henry VIII.
1547-1553. Edward VI.
1553-1558. Mary, Catholic sister of Elizabeth.—Burning of the martyrs at Smithfield.
1558-1603. Elizabeth.—Imprisoned Mary Stuart for nineteen years, then had her beheaded. In spite of Elizabeth's despotism, coquetry, parsimony and love of flattery and display, her reign is called the "Golden Age." "To enumerate the benefits conferred upon England, the progress made in every branch during her eventful reign, the discoveries, famous writers, artists, etc., would require much space. We merely state that at her death, in 1603, England had reached so high a rank among European powers that it was second to none when James I. came to the throne." The Vulgar James—as he was called—soon had about himself and England a sea of trouble.

STUART DYNASTY, 1603-1649.
1603-1625. James I.—Van Dyck the Artist and Milton the Poet.
1625-1649. Charles I.—Beheaded in front of Whitehall Palace.

COMMONWEALTH, 1649-1660.
1649-1658. Oliver Cromwell—Responsible for most of the ruins in England.
1658-1660. Richard Cromwell.

RESTORATION OF STUART DYNASTY, 1660-1714.
1660-1685. Charles II., "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."—**The Great Plague,** carrying off one-fifth of the inhabitants of London; and, the year following, the **Great Fire,** destroying over 13,000 homes. It is remarkable that the fire started at Pudding Lane and ended at Pye Corner.
1685-1688. James II.
1689-1702. William and Mary.
1702-1714. Anne.—Capture of Gibraltar.

HANOVER DYNASTY, 1714.
1714-1727. George I.
1727-1760. George II.
1760-1820. George III.—Lost their Colony now called United States. **Won Waterloo. Wellington and Nelson.**
1820-1830. George IV.
1830-1837. William IV.
1837-1901. Victoria.—Prince Consort died in 1861. Is it not significant that the two most progressive reigns in the history of England should have been those of two women? Does it prefigure the great good we may expect when women are at the head of affairs national? It cannot be said that either of these two Queens were mere figure heads ruled by Parliament. Queen Elizabeth particularly was absolute.
1901-1910. Edward VII.
1910. George V.

Windsor Castle.

The latest picture of the Mother Queen, Alexandra

King Edward "The Peacemaker" and his favorite dog "Caesar"

THIS great Royal Castle stands on a steep chalk bluff overlooking the river Thames. Its buildings cover twelve acres of ground, and are girt on three sides by a terrace 2,500 feet long. The history of the Castle dates from William the Conqueror, 900 years ago. The most conspicuous feature is the Round Tower, the view from which is remarkable and extensive. This tower is 302 ft. in circumference and 230 ft. high. Whenever the flag floats from its summit the public know that Royalty is in residence. In a miserable room in this tower James I. of Scotland languished for 18 years. St. George's Chapel was built by Edward IV., and in it takes place at intervals the installations of the Knights of the Garter. Above the stalls are the Knights' banners drooping over their swords and crests. In the Vaults at Windsor are buried several of England's sovereigns, among them Henry VIII. and his Queen, Lady Jane Seymour, and the unfortunate Charles I.

Windsor Castle, England

Frogmore.—In the grounds of Windsor Castle, but not open to the general public, is the magnificent Mausoleum containing the bodies of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; also the late King Edward VII. will find a last resting-place here. This is one of the most elaborate and beautiful tombs in the world. The building was erected by Queen Victoria and completed one year after the Prince Consort's death, even to the recumbent white marble figures of herself (as she then appeared) and her husband. The room is 30 ft. long and 65 ft. high. The sarcophagus is of dark grey granite resting on polished black marble. Complete it cost one million dollars, or £200,000.

Mausoleum designed by Queen Victoria for her own Tomb and that of Prince Albert

BRITISH MUSEUM.

"Take lodgings next door to it—in a garret if you cannot afford anything else—and pass all your days at the Museum during the whole period of your natural life. At three-score and ten you will have some faint conception of the contents, significance and value of the great British institution."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Two Figures on the Tomb—Frogmore

The Prince Consort, and Queen Victoria as she was at his death [illegible] on the sculpture was executed.

Canterbury Cathedral

The original church on this site was the first Christian church in England—A.D. 596.

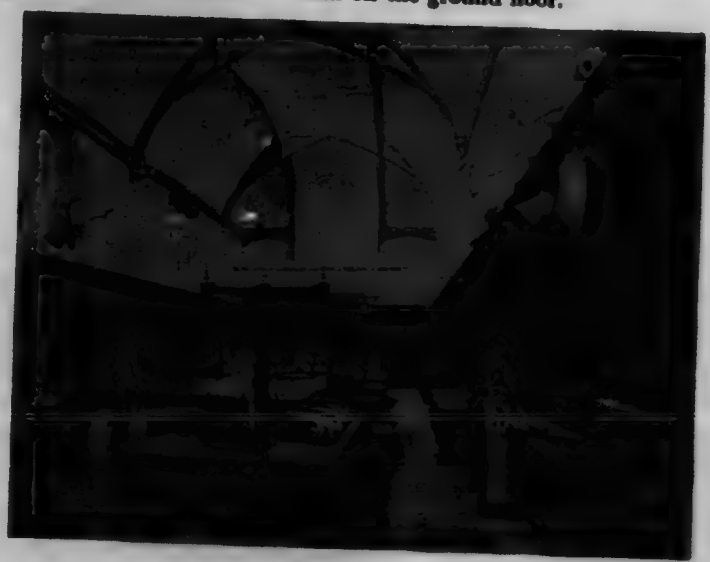
BANK OF ENGLAND

This well-known building has no windows in its outer walls. It is like a giant's strong-box, covering 4 acres of ground. Though a national institution, it is a private corporation. Its capital is £75,000,000, and its bullion alone at least £125,000,000. Its affairs are managed by a governor, a deputy governor, 24 directors and 900 clerks. There are more rooms below the surface of the ground than on the ground floor.

Carlyle's definition of a King is "A man who can."

"Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character."—*Lowell.*

There are no mute, inglorious Miltons. Everyone who has the qualifications for success succeeds. If it is in you to create something, nothing human can stop you doing it.



The Kitchen, Windsor Castle

Buckingham Palace, London

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Though not noted for any architectural beauty, Buckingham Palace is still an imposing Royal residence. The National Memorial to Queen Victoria now approaching completion, which stands before the Palace Gates, will make a wonderfully impressive foreground. The Palace faces St. James Park (93 acres), one of the oldest and prettiest of London's pleasure grounds.

Pall Mall, the street leading from Trafalgar Square to St. James Park, is so called from the game Paille-Maille played by Charles II. on the broad roadway. This game is much like modern croquet.

The Throne Room, Buckingham Palace, London

THE THRONE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—"A throne," said Napoleon, "is only a collection of boards covered with velvet." This does not prevent them being magnificently beautiful. This room is 64 ft. long; its walls are covered with crimson satin. The interior of Buckingham Palace is much more attractive than its exterior.

The gardens adjoining are 60 acres in extent, and in them is a beautiful summer house used by Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria when spending part of the summer in London.

KENSINGTON. — Birthplace and girlhood home of Queen Victoria. The place is full of tender memories. Here her toys, her books, her baby shoes and dresses and samplers. Here her wedding bonnet and special costumes. A thousand memories cling to the place. The statue of Her Late Majesty shown in the illustration was executed by the Princes Louise, who is a clever sculptor.

Kensington Palace

The City of London

POPULATION about 7,500,000.—The great sight in London is—London. The name London is derived from the Celtic "Llyn," a pool or lake (the river at an earlier period expanded into a considerable lake, and is still called "The Pool" immediately below London Bridge) and "dun," a hill or fort.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—St. Stephen's Chapel, built by Edward III., was for centuries the meeting-place of the House of Commons. Destroyed by fire in 1834, the corner-stone of the present structure was laid in 1840 and the building completed in 1857. The edifice is in the richest Gothic style. It occupies an area of 8 acres, and cost about $15,000,000. The principal facade overlooking the river is 940 feet in length. The Clock Tower, overlooking Westminster Bridge, is 316 feet high and 40 feet square.

Big Ben, as the clock in the Tower is called, in compliment to Sir Benjamin Hall, First Commissioner of Works at the time the bell was cast, is one of the finest timekeepers in the world. The minute hands are 14 feet long, the hour hands 9 ft. It takes two men five hours three days a week to wind up this giant.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I never go into St. Paul's without feeling like a very weak solution of myself — my personality almost drowned out in the flood of space about me. Old cathedrals remind me of old cheeses—tough gray rind and a rich interior, which find food and lodging for numerous tenants to live and die under their shelter."

St. Paul's is entitled to its sooty appearance, as the cost of the building was

Westminster Abbey *The Houses of Parliament*

defrayed by a tax on every ton of coal coming into London. The coal seems to have got the habit, and still offers up its sooty donations year after year, as is quite apparent to anyone visiting this imposing edifice. The Dome, which is 365 feet above the street and 180 feet in diameter, gives one a vaster idea of height than does the sky, which we have become accustomed to looking upon.

St. Paul's Cathedral
The crowning architectural glory of London.

Westminster Abbey

Within the Vaults of St. Paul's lie the remains of the Duke of Welli gton, Admiral Nelson, and the Architect, not only of this edifice, but of almost all that is sublime in architecture in London—Sir Christopher Wren—whose inscription on his tomb is brief but eloquent: "If you seek his monument, look around you."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *The National Valhalla of England.*—Washington Irving has well said: "It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon one's soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled the earth with their renown."

It is said that the first building on this site was a Roman temple of Apollo, superseded in 610 by the Church of St. Peter erected by the Saxon King Sebert. The real founder of Westminster Abbey was Edward the Confessor, who, a few days after the consecration of the building that he had done so much to rear, was buried here, and for hundreds of years, until the reign of George III., the Abbey became the last resting-place of Kings and Queens. Since Edward the Confessor's coronation in the Church, every monarch has been crowned in the Abbey down to the present day.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this historic Pantheon is the "Poets' Corner." Chaucer was the first Poet buried here, but what an immortal company he has now gathered about him—not all personally present, but leaving memorial cards. Immediately in front of Chaucer's tomb (which is beneath the stained glass window), and marked by inlaid tablets in the floor, are the comparatively recent graves of Browning, Tennyson, and Sir Henry Irving—the latter beneath the monument of Shakespeare,

which adjoins that of Burns. Not far away is a marble bust bearing the inscription, "O Rare Ben Jonson." Dickens, Thackeray and Macaulay are near each other, and here we read the names of Longfellow, Milton, Spenser, Gray, Ruskin, Dryden, Southey, Garrick, Sheridan—these and many more, says Stoddard, "make the pilgrim from America forget all minor distinctions and glory in the fact that he too speaks the language of the men whose dust makes old Westminster haunted holy ground."

The Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey

Against the stone screen at one end of the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, whose tomb is so conspicuous in the centre, are placed the Coronation Chairs. That on the right was made for the coronation of William and Mary; the other, of far greater interest, was made for Edward I., and has beneath the seat the "Stone of Scone," which was brought from Scotland in 1297, and led later, on the accession of James I., to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy:—

> If Fates go right, where'er this stone is found,
> The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned.

Tradition declares it to be the identical stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel. Upon it the kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries, and it has served the same purpose for every English monarch from Edward I. to Edward VII. The stone is 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 11 inches thick, and is attached to the chair by clamps of iron. On Coronation Days the chairs, then covered with cloth of gold, are moved to the other side of the screen, before the high altar. Between the chairs are the sword (7 ft. long) and the shield of Edward III.

Coronation Chair

A beautiful window in Westminster Abbey

Also many memorial statues grouped about the base of the pillars and the walls

✦

If we take people as we find them, welcoming all their good points and passing over the others, and being kind and generous to all, we shall come much nearer to the truth about them than if we labor to make a critical analysis of minds and hearts of which we can see only a few fragments.

THE TOWER OF LONDON, built on Tower Hill, dates from the time of the Romans; one history places it at the time of Constantine the Great. The great central keep known as the White Tower, with its four pinnacles, three square and one circular, was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. The outer walls of this tower are 15 ft. thick at the first storey and 11 ft. from that up. Little wonder that twice during its erection its foundations gave way. It became known as the White Tower in the reign of Edward III., because at that time it was whitewashed. Certainly it is dark and gloomy enough now to belie its name and to uphold its reputation, for under its shadow have transpired the darkest deeds of English history. The history of the Tower is the history of England. It has in times past been a Royal Palace, a fortress, and a State prison. At present it is a show place for visitors, guarded by the "Beefeaters," "His Majesty's Royal Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard," whose picturesque uniform, designed by Holbein, has remained unchanged since the institution of the corps by Henry VII. These are a never-failing source of interest to the visitor.

Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London

The pulpit stands just as when used by that great preacher in this modest church

Some portions of the Tower, such as the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh languished for 13 years, a room ten feet long by nine feet wide, also the Guy Fawkes prison, are shown only to persons having special permits from the Governor. The two upper floors of the White Tower contain the celebrated collection of old armour, which is of great historic value. One large room or hall is devoted to instruments of torture: the rack, the thumb-screw, the gibbet, the block, and appropriately, in the centre of the room, enclosed in a magnificent gla · case, are the present coronation robes of England's King and Queen.

A Beefeater

At one time no less than 600 Jews were confined in the Tower of London; their offence, the clipping and mutilating the coin of the realm.

From this Tower was led forth the noble Wallace to torture and death; here were murdered the Royal children, Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, and in its courtyard are pointed out the spots where ·no-cent Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were beheaded.

The Beauchamp Tower, on the west side of Tower Green (left-hand corner of illustration), and forming a part of the inner wall, is one of the most interesting portions of the fortress. Built by Edward III., it was long a place of imprisonment for persons of rank, and its inner walls are covered with inscriptions which afforded almost the only pastime to beguile the weary months and years of captivity of these unhappy mortals. Near the entrance is the name of Robert Dudley, who spent a year in confinement here, but was released by Queen Mary—and was afterwards accorded such high distinction at the Court of Elizabeth, receiving from that monarch the title of Earl of Leicester, together with Kenilworth Castle and all its lands and revenues. Such are the caprices of fortune.

Twice on the wall of this prison room is the name of "Jane," inscribed by that unhappy Queen of eleven days.

THE TRAITORS' GATE.

Surrounding the Tower on all sides, and as shown in our illustration, is a moat, now drained and used as a drill-ground, though it could still be flooded, if necessary, and the vicious-looking portcullis be used as of old. The fortress, including the moat, occupies an irregular pentagon of 18 acres, the circuit of the outer walls being about two-thirds of a mile. Entering by the "Lion Gate" (so called from the Royal Menagerie maintained here down to 1834), and passing under the Middle Tower, the visitor crosses the stone bridge over the moat, and will see on his right St. Thomas Tower, with the wide archway of the Traitors' Gate underneath. It was by this gloomy passage that the State prisoners

The Traitors' Gate

entered the Tower from the river. Among these were the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Queen Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Queen Catherine Howard, Duke of Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, Earl of Essex and the Duke of Monmouth. On the steps just inside the gate Elizabeth sat and stubbornly refused to move when ordered here by her sister Mary.

The Crown Jewels, Tower of London

In the Wakefield Tower are kept the Crown Jewels. Tradition says that King Henry VI. was murdered in the small window recess opposite the door of this large circular apartment, which has in its centre a double case of steel. The Jewels are labeled, thus no guide is necessary. The Crown made for Queen Victoria, and enlarged for His Majesty King Edward VII., is placed at the top. It contains over 3,000 precious stones, and weighs 2½ lbs. The right of the picture shows the Baptismal Font used at the christening of the English Sovereign's children. Here are displayed the Anointing Spoon, a model of the Koh-i-noor, and many other priceless treasures.

ROTTEN ROW.—There are all sorts of stories current as to how Rotten Row came by its queer name, and there are many who insist that it is a corruption of the French phrase, "Route du Roi," that is to say, the King's Road. This is, however, far-fetched, and those who accept this derivation of the name are evidently unaware that there are scores of other Rotten Rows both north and south of the Tweed.

Rotten Row on the Right and the Carriage Drive on the Left

The Rotten Row of Glasgow, as well as the Rotten Rows of the ancient burghs of Montrose, Dunfermline, Aberdeen, and elsewhere in Scotland, derived their name from the fact that they had originally constituted the mustering grounds of the soldiers.

The old word "roteran," or "to muster," still survives to-day in the form of "roster," and in the Middle Ages, and even much later, a file of six or twelve soldiers was known as a "rot." It is evident that the famous ride in question in Hyde Park is indebted for its name to the same derivation as the Rotten Rows in Scotland, and not to any corruption of the French words "Route du Roi." Hyde Park contains 750 acres in the very heart of London.

The Albert Memorial

One of the most magnificent monuments in the world. Erected in memory of the Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria, at a cost of $600,000, partly by the Government and partly by voluntary contribution. The four colossal groups of statuary at each corner represent Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

The base itself contains in relief 169 figures, representing the world's greatest artists since the dawn of history: painters, poets, musicians, sculptors, architects, heroes, and reformers. Above this rises the Gothic canopy to a height of 175 ft., beneath which is seated a statue of the Prince Consort 15 ft. high.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The hub of London is without doubt Trafalgar Square. If a hotel in this region is selected by the traveller, and he will spend half an hour studying the square, he will be enabled to go about London almost as easily as his home town, for almost all you want to become familiar with is either visible or in a direct line from Nelson's Monument—your landmark. This grandly simple monument is 145 feet high, surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson 16 feet high. Upon the pedestal are the hero's well-known words, "England expects every man to do his duty." Flanking the four corners are the four colossal lions of Sir Edwin Landseer. Let us look at the square. Sir Robert Peel says it is "the finest site in Europe, though little use has been made of it." One critic goes so far as to call it "a dreary waste of asphalt, with two squirts." Occupying the entire north side of the square is the National Art Museum, with its two insignificant pepper-box ornaments at each corner. On the north-east corner is St. Martin's-in-the-Field, erected in 1721. The birth of all Royal children born at Buckingham Palace is registered in this church. Nell Gwynne is buried here. On the south side of the square are all the steamship booking offices. Facing the street on the right of the illustration is an equestrian statue of Charles I. It is regarded as the finest piece of statuary in London. Cast in 1633, before the

Civil War broke out. Afterwards, by the Parliament, the objectionable figure was sold as "scrap" to a man appropriately named Rivet, who made a good thing by selling, as souvenirs, knives and forks with bronze handles said to be made from this effigy. With a keen eye to the future, however, he had buried the statue in his garden, and at the Restoration he produced it and sold it for a fortune. It stands on the site of the original Charing Cross.

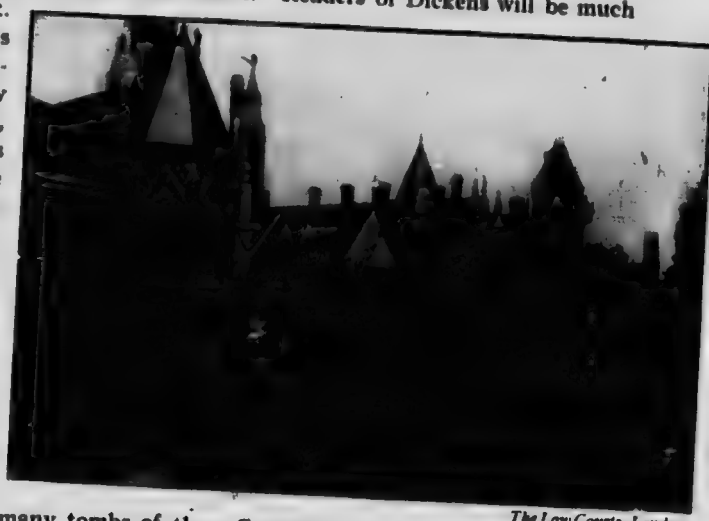
The Victoria Embankment

Snap-Shot

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.—The wall next the river is of granite, backed with solid masonry 8 feet thick and 40 feet high. The driveway is 100 feet wide.

Assuredly the oldest monument in London is the Egyptian obelisk known as *Cleopatra's Needle*. It, with its companion monolith now in New York, stood before the great temple of Heliopolis. It is of red granite, 68 feet high, and weighs 180 tons. It was brought to England by Sir Erasmus Wilson at a cost of £10,000.

THE LAW COURTS.—The Royal Courts of Justice, generally called the "Law Courts," have a frontage on the Strand of 500 feet. It is just at this point that the continuation of the Strand becomes Fleet Street. Readers of Dickens will be much interested in this district. How familiar are the names that meet us at every corner: Chancery Lane, Carey Street, Old Curiosity Shop, Temple Court, Lincoln's Inn, etc. On the opposite side of the street to the Courts are the Temple Buildings. Like a labyrinth they wind about from Fleet Street to the Embankment. These buildings were founded in 1185 by that strange order of soldier priests called the Knights Templars, especially distinguished in history during the wars of the Crusades, and many tombs of these Crusaders are found in the ancient "Round Church," one of the four remaining in England. This is still one of the most interesting spots in London, standing as it does in a quaint square entirely surrounded by the Temple Buildings, which, including the church, has been leased indefinitely to the doctors and students of law. It is said that the best church music in London is to be heard at the "Round Church" on Sunday afternoons.



The Law Courts, London

The heraldic device of the Inner Temple is a winged horse; that of the Middle Temple the holy lamb. Wags have it that "the lamb sets forth the innocence; the horse the expedition of the lawyers."

In the square by the church is the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith.

Cheapside and Bow Church

CHEAPSIDE, the Chepe or market of the Middle Ages, is one of the most famous and historic streets in London. John Gilpin was a "linen draper bold" of Cheapside. It was the sound of Bow Bells, in the church of Mary-le-Bow, that rang out to Dick Whittington the refrain, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." The

spire, designed by Wren, is 225 feet in height and surmounted by a dragon, the city emblem. Regarding this a curious old rhyme foretold that

> When the Exchange Grasshopper, and Dragon from Bow,
> Shall meet, in London shall be much woe.

which unlikely meeting did take place in 1832, when the two vanes were sent to the same yard to be regilded. No serious consequences resulted.

Only those children born within the sound of Bow Bells are called Cockneys.

Piccadilly Circus, showing Regent Street

PICCADILLY CIRCUS (the Heart of the London Shopping District).—To those who have visited London the little "islands," or places of refuge from 'buses, cabs, etc., in the middle of the street, will look like long-lost friends.

"In the art of looking in at shop windows we do a great business."

OLD BEDLAM.—Old Bedlam Hospital, in Moorfields, London, was founded in 1247, the oldest charitable institution for treatment of the insane in the world. From three to four hundred patients were accommodated.

Who is not familiar with the expression, "All Bedlam let loose," or "A perfect Bedlam of a noise," etc. The connection is plain.

INVENTOR STEPHENSON AND THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE

The Stephenson "Rocket," built in 1829. The prize trial took place on a section of the London and North-Western Railway, England.

The second cut shows snap-shot of engine used in the last railway journey taken by Queen Victoria. It is the property of the Caledonian Railway, Scotland.

EUSTON is one of the busiest stations in the world. In the signal-box there are not many short of 300 signals. London has 604 passenger stations.

Entrance to Euston Station, London & North-Western Ry.

1. Good Sailors.

2. Feeding the Peacocks at Warwick Castle.

Frost in England but good coaching.

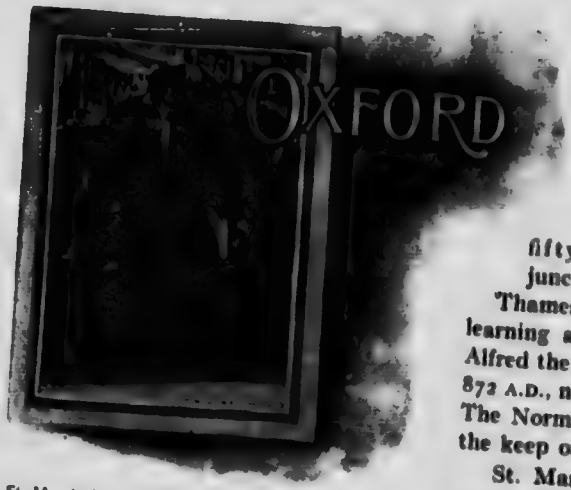
The making of a Sermon—Notes and thoughts.

The Clock Tower and Sun-Dial, Warwick Castle.

Banbury Cross.

Bert, standing on the spot before Baliol College, where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned —Oxford

SNAP-SHOTS.



St. Mary's Porch

POPULATION in 1901, 49,413. Oxford, the capital of the county, the seat of a bishopric, and the home of a University of the same name, lies some fifty miles from London, at the junction of the Cherwell with the Thames. It was known as a place of learning and importance in Saxon times. Alfred the Great founded a school here in 872 A.D., now known as University College. The Normans built here a strong fortress, the keep of which is still in use.

St. Mary's Porch is considered one of the most artistic sights of Oxford. It is the entrance to the church of St. Mary Magdalen, or Maudlin as it is called in Oxford vernacular. In the centre, above the arch, is a statue of the Virgin and Child, which caused so great offence to the Puritans that it was cited as one of the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud. The porch dates from 1637.

Amy Robsart was buried in the choir of this church in 1560.

Oxford ranks as one of the most picturesque cities in the kingdom; its quaint old colleges with their varied architecture, its beautiful churches, public buildings and gardens, its scholars in their distinguished cap and gown, all tend to make a pleasing impression on the visitor.

It was very difficult to select four pictures from so much that was interesting and lovely, and one should not pass without mentioning the velvety, marvellous lawns of great extent, or the beauty of the vine tracery clothing the venerable buildings.

Every tourist is told the story of the visitor to Oxford who approached an old gardener, methodically mowing away at the already close-cropped grass.

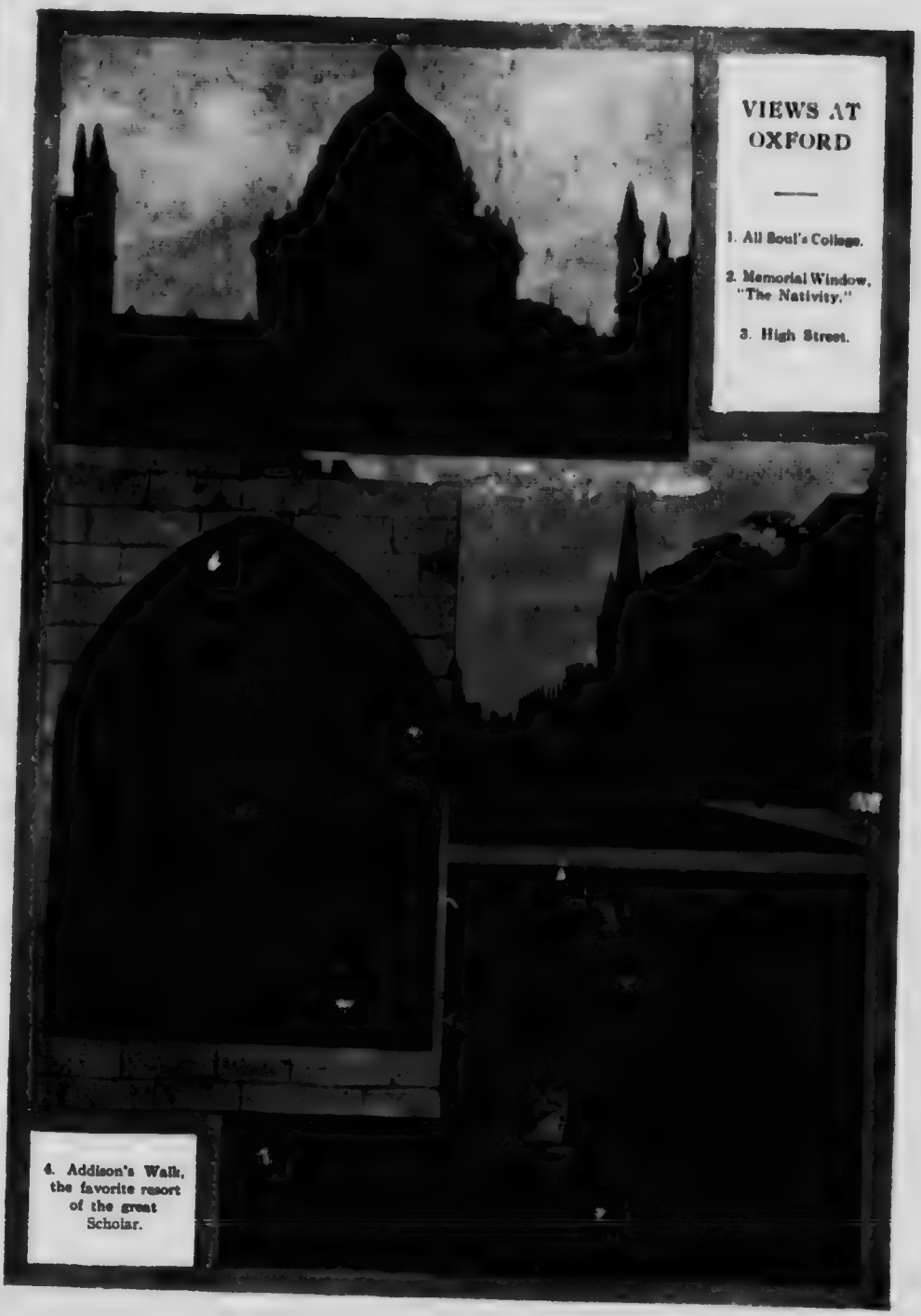
"Excuse me," he said, "but will you tell me how you manage to get your lawns so wonderfully smooth and velvety?"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply." It is the simplest thing in the world. We rolls 'em and rolls 'em and mows 'em and mows 'em for a thousand years." The Great Quadrangle, or Tom Quad, is the largest and most imposing lawn. It is the Quadrangle of Christ Church College.

The first picture is of All Soul's College; the second represents the famous sepia window which tells the story of the Nativity so exquisitely, and there is no color in the window except brown in all its variations. Nowhere else will you find a window like it.

The third picture merely suggests High Street, or "The High" as it is popularly called. Wordsworth has devoted a sonnet to the "stream-like windings of that glorious street." Hawthorne calls it "the noblest old street in England," and Sir Walter Scott admits that, though so different, it rivals the Princes Street in Edinburgh.

The last picture is of Addison's Walk, the favorite resort of the great scholar, and where he composed some of his best work.



VIEWS AT OXFORD

1. All Soul's College.
2. Memorial Window, "The Nativity."
3. High Street.
4. Addison's Walk, the favorite resort of the great Scholar.

The Stars and Stripes

Crest of the Washingtons in Great Brington Church

ABOUT a two hours' run from Oxford, on the London and North-Western Railway, there is a little station, Althorpe Park, named from the demesne of Earl Spencer adjoining.

The drive from the station through this beautiful park—where herds of deer, indifferently interested in our admiration, graze in luxurious meadows—is exceedingly fine, and the quaint villages of Great and Little Brington are charming enough to warrant a visit; but the culminating point of interest, especially for Americans, is the parish church of Great Brington. On its walls is to be found the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, and a brass in the chancel is inserted to the memory of this sterling family, the immediate ancestors of the Father of the United States. Here is the real origin of the Stars and Stripes, as well as the screaming eagle.

Home of the Washingtons

The Brass in the Chancel

George Washington was born in Virginia near the Potomac River. When thirteen years old he wrote out for himself 110 maxims of civility and good behavior. It evidently pays, boys!

Thatch-roofed and ivy grown

From Leamington to Stratford-on-Avon is a delightful drive of about 12 miles over world-renowned roads and through a section of old England noted for its rural scenic beauty.

The Rose Gardens

Even California took off its hat to this, one of Earth's loveliest bowers.

The Manor House Hotel, Leamington

An ideal central point from which to coach through the Shakespeare and Warwick country

Stratford and Warwick

STRATFORD is a perfect model of an English town. It has become noted in the world's history because it is the birthplace of William Shakespeare. The poet was born April 23, 1564, in a beautiful old, half-timbered building. His body lies buried on the north side of the chancel in Trinity Church, a large, handsome structure, charmingly situated on the banks of the Avon. It is said that 30,000 visitors come to Shakespeare's House every year. The inscription on the flat stone of the tomb is written by himself:

Good friend for Jesu's sake forbeare
To digg ye dust enclosed heare.
Bless't be ye man yt spares these stones
And cur'st be he yt moves my bones.

Stratford-on-Avon

A trip to Stratford-on-Avon would not be complete unless it included a visit to Shottery, the scene of Shakespeare's courtship of Ann Hathaway. The village is about a mile away, across pleasant meadows. One can imagine the "debonair Will" thinking in rhyme of his lady love.

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to frame your song?
To pierce my heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to my Ann Hathaway.
She hath-a-way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stoop to hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
To charm all hearts, Ann hath-a-way.
She hath-a-way,
Ann Hathaway,
To breathe delight, Ann hath-a-way.

Ann Hathaway's Cottage

Memorial Theatre

KENILWORTH.—The immortal genius of Sir Walter Scott has added such charm to the mouldering ruins of this old castle that it probably appeals to us more powerfully than any other castle in England. Readers of his novel, *Kenilworth*, will find particular interest in visiting and finding for themselves the actual localities where the fickle Queen Bess, the Earl of Leicester, and the unfortunate Amy Robsart figured so romantically.

Shakespeare's Birthplace

The Castle was built by Geoffrey de Clinton, upon whom the manor was conferred by Henry I. in 1100. It reverted to Queen Elizabeth, who bestowed it upon her favorite courtier, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Scott gives us an idea of the magnificent style in which Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1575. Unfortunately, in the time of Cromwell, this, like so many other noble structures in England, suffered mutilation and destruction. The material of the building is old red sandstone; its outer walls enclose seven acres of ground, and 10,000 soldiers were required to guard it. It now belongs to the Earl of Clarendon.

Kenilworth

WARWICK CASTLE.—On the banks of the historic river Avon rise the mediæval walls of that great castle, called by Sir Walter Scott "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time," and Ruskin once said that "it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at." Be that as it may, thousands of visitors come to Warwick to be astonished at, and delighted with, the magnificent castle. The present approach to the famous fortress (which has an authenticated and continuous history from the time of Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, 915, down to the present time) commences with an embattled gateway called the Porter's Lodge, passing through which the visitor enters a fine broad road, deeply cut through the solid rock; branches of foliage form a canopy above, while, beneath, the moss and ivy, creeping in fertile wildness, complete a picture at once romantic and pleasing.

Warwick Castle from the River

The Warwick Hounds

A short walk brings you to the outer court; in the centre of the wall is the ponderous

arched gateway, flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second gateway, with towers and embattlements rising far above the first. These were formerly defended by two portcullises, one of which still remains in use. Before the whole is a now disused moat, with an arch thrown over it at the gateway, where formerly was the drawbridge.

Cedar Room, Warwick Castle

Passing the second gateway you enter the inner court, a spacious area clothed by a carpet of rich greensward, and before you, on the left, is the grand irregular, castellated mansion of the feudal barons of Warwick.

The town of Warwick, with a population of 11,000, is a place of great antiquity, crooked streets and quaint timbered houses.

We have left Shakespeare and his country behind, and, still in the same county, enter that of the greatest woman writer of any time, "George Eliot"—"Mary Ann," or, as she preferred, "Marian," Evans—born on the 22nd of November, 1819, at the South Farm, Arbury, who in all her works instils her own faith in plain living and high thinking, demonstrating that it is well in life "to care greatly for something worthy of our care, and labor to live through all hindrances true to our best sense of the highest life we can attain."

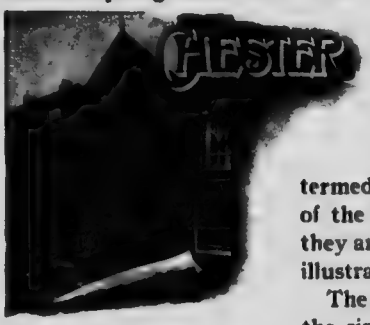
On our way to Arbury interest deepens as we pass Lawyer Dempster's House, Nuneaton Church, the "Milby" of the "Scenes of Clerical Life," and then through Chilvers Coton, of ribbon weaving fame, on to its church, a building of stone in the Early English style, the "Shepperton Church" of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Here "George Eliot" was christened, and here she worshipped for the first twenty years of her life; here also her much-loved brother Isaac, "Tom Tulliver" of the "Mill on the Floss," worshipped in the same old family pew until his decease.

Within the surrounding churchyard his body rests in peace, and nigh to his grave is that of the famous "Milly," while in the adjacent vicarage is the chamber in which she died, and the house is the scene of the troubles of "Amos Barton."

South Farm.
Home of George Eliot

Moving on we pass through "Griff Hollows," a delightful bit of scenery, which figures as the "Red Deeps" in the "Mill on the Floss." Adjoining the Hollows is the Battery Field, whence Cromwell with his cannon demolished "Sudeley" Castle, which occupied ground near "Griff House," "George Eliot's" home for twenty years.



God's Providence House
So called because it was the only one spared by the plague

is one of the most interesting old towns in England for the visitor. Dr. Johnson once said in a letter to a friend: "I have come to Chester, Madam, I cannot tell how, still less can I tell how to get away from it." "The Rows," or what might be termed double-decker shops, are the interesting feature of the interior of the city. Difficult to describe clearly, they are shops along an upper and a lower gallery. (See illustration.)

The old Roman wall has been carefully preserved, and the circuit on its broad top forms a delightful walk of about two miles. Walled towns are now rare in England. Chester has the only one where it is possible to make the complete circuit without descent. Where the wall turns westward stands the Phœnix Tower, and from this spot on September 27th, 1645, Charles I. saw his last army defeated on Rawton Moor. After nearly encircling Chester, the river Dee flows straight to its estuary about fourteen miles long, and from two to six broad, forming sandbanks dreary and treacherous.

Charles Kingsley has given us a poem of tenderest pathos and true, for many a poor girl has here been lost in the mist and shifting sands.

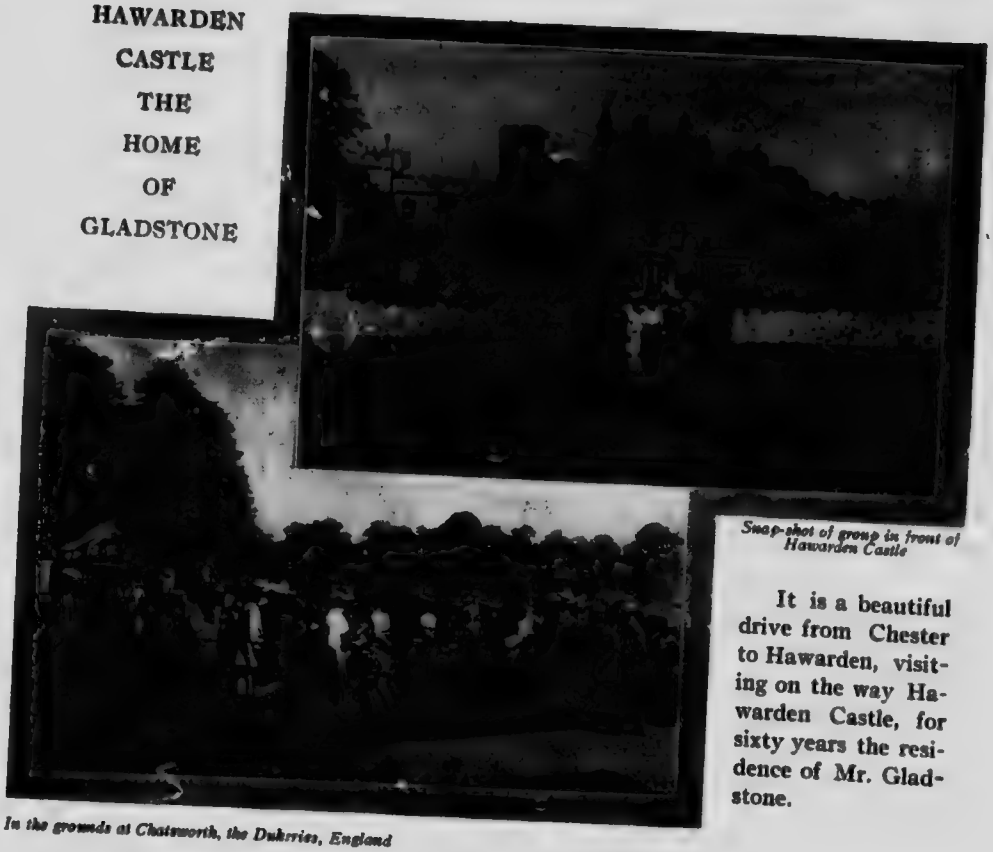
Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

Phœnix Tower

Menai Bridge and Conway Castle

Eaton Hall
About three miles from Chester. Palatial Residence of the Duke of Westminster

HAWARDEN CASTLE THE HOME OF GLADSTONE



Snap-shot of group in front of Hawarden Castle

It is a beautiful drive from Chester to Hawarden, visiting on the way Hawarden Castle, for sixty years the residence of Mr. Gladstone.

In the grounds at Chatsworth, the Dukeries, England

"The love or hatred of solitude," says Schopenhauer, "does not depend on the good or evil disposition of the heart, but on the natural wealth or poverty of the mind." Let us go farther and say it depends also upon the amount of mental discipline and the habit of standing upon one's own intellectual feet. We need to love the silence of the stars and the blackness of midnight. We need the courage to face ourselves in the blessedness of solitude. What the crowd gives is only an average, a commonplace goodness; let us be strong enough to seek acquaintanceship with the highest by the only legitimate path, which is marked "Solitude," and be thankful if it be not hedged about by thorns and thick darkness.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

—*Emerson.*

Scotland

GLASGOW, with a population of nearly a million, is the second city in the Empire. It is situated on both sides of the river Clyde. Although an old city, Glasgow shows rather poorly in the history of Scotland. The real history of its commerce can scarcely be traced farther back than the eighteenth century

THE CATHEDRAL.—Built in the twelfth century; possesses a crypt said to be the most beautiful in the world. Although among the smallest, it is said to be one of the most richly decorated churches in Britain, and is very deservedly eulogized by Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy" as "a brave kirk, nane of yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open stuk hems about it—a solid, weel jointed mason-work, that will stand as lang as the world keep hands and gunpowder aff it."

Glasgow Cathedral

Two of the finest buildings in the city face each other across the river and glade of West End Park—the University and the magnificent Art Gallery. The New University, built in early English style, is the grandest modern building in Scotland, and the Art Gallery contains splendid examples of Rubens, Titian, Raphael and Rembrandt. One specially interesting picture is Whistler's portrait of Carlyle.

Art Museum, Glasgow

The Municipal Buildings in George Square, which cost three million dollars, are well worth a visit. The magnificent exterior is even surpassed in grandeur by the interior.

Seven miles from Glasgow on the way to Ayr, is Paisley, noted for the manufacture of the famous Paisley shawls and woollen goods.

AYR

Auld Ayr whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.

Robert Burns' Birthplace, Ayr Scotland

Ayr is situated on the sea-coast, about 40 miles from Glasgow, at the mouth of the river of the same name. The scenery about here is very beautiful, and this "Land of Burns" is as redolent of that poet as is Stratford of Shakespeare. Not far away is "Auld Alloway's witch-haunted kirk" and the "Twa Brigs" across the Ayr. The old bridge was built in the reign of Alexander III.— the new bridge was erected in 1778. Burns' prophecy, as given us by the Auld Brig, came true:

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn.

In 1877 the new bridge showed signs of giving way and another one was erected on its site; still stands the Auld Brig triumphant, preserved no doubt by the genius of Burns Close by are the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." It was while standing beside this little stream that Burns and his "Highland Mary" held the little Bible between them (still in the cottage museum) and pledged each other's faithfulness. Between the faded leaves of the Bible rests a little tress of Mary's hair. And who can forget the sad lines of her lover as, after her death, he wrote:

Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary fu' o' care?

"Bobbie" was perhaps the best-loved poet of any nation. Born in 1759; died July 21, 1796. A wonderful fame to win in thirty-seven short years.

More than 30,000 strangers visit Ayr every year.

The Auld Brig o' Doon

HIS PRAYER.

Oh thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good—for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good—and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

BURNS' EPITAPH, BY HIMSELF.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
An' owre this grassy heap sing dool,
An' drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?
O, pass not by,
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self control
Is wisdom's root.

The Trossachs

THE TROSSACHS

For natural loveliness of scenery, variety of storied interest, and summer charm (weather permitting), there is nothing in the British Isles to surpass the Trossachs Tour. From Glasgow the road skirts the old battle-grounds of Bannockburn and *Stirling*, which must ever remain, for lovers of the historic, the romantic, and the picturesque, the place in Scotland next in interest to Edinburgh. From Callander coaches set forth northward, towards the hills and under the sunny side of Ben Ledi, the course followed by Fitzjames at the beginning of "The Lady of the Lake." To the left lies Bochastle, where the "huntsmen flagged;" further on is Coilantogle Ford, immortalized by the combat with Roderick Dhu; at the distant end of the shining waterway Lanrick Mead formed the muster-place of the Macgregors, and Duncraggan,

Ellen's Isle and Ben Venue

The Highlander

above, was the scene of the Highland funeral. To the right lies the quaint Highland clachan of Brig o' Turk, where Fitzjames found himself a solitary huntsman. The road winds around the bosky shores of "the lovely Loch Achray" to the Trossachs Hotel, which would be a supreme satisfaction if its lunch were as generous as its view.

General view from Castle Hill, Inverness

The last battle on British soil (Culloden) was fought near here.

Beyond lies the wooded winding pass of the Trossachs between Ben A'an on the right and Ben Venue on the left. Gradually the waters of Loch Katrine open to view, and one sees what Fitzjames saw—the "narrow inlet still and deep," and the last secret fastness of the fierce Clan Gregor. Above, on Ben Venue, may be seen the Goblin's Cave, which of old held many a stolen herd, and higher still, the Beal-nam-bo, or cattle pass, by which the herds were driven in. Then, at the mouth of the Narrows, in the Loch itself, Ellen's Isle, glorified by the poet's romance, but in reality the secret hold of the Caterans, after whom the Loch takes its name.

> But scarce again his horn he wound,
> When lo! forth starting at the sound,
> From underneath an aged oak
> That slanted from the islet rock,
> A damsel guider of its way
> A little skiff shot to the bay.

The voyage ends at Stronachlachar. From the pier it is a charming five-mile drive over the moor to Rob Roy's own stronghold of Inversnaid, below which may be noted the mountains cited in the threat of Clan Gregor—

> Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed
> shall career,
> O'er the peaks of Ben Lomond the galley shall
> steer,
> And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
> Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance
> unfelt.

Spend Sunday in Inverness and this will be your refrain—

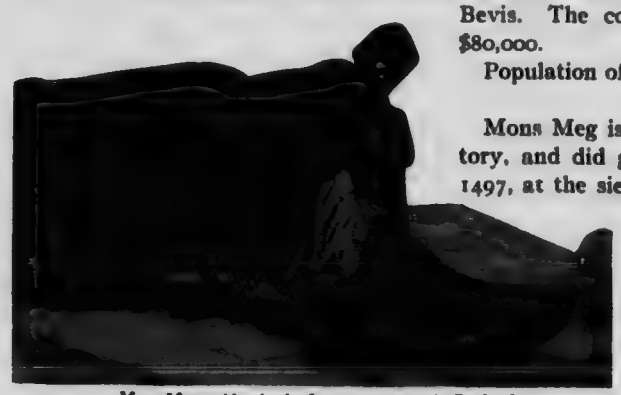
> O gift of God, O perfect day,
> Whereon shall no man work, but play;
> Whereon it is enough for me
> Not to be doing—but to be.

EDINBURGH.—Stoddard says that no other capital in Europe save Athens can compare in situation with Edinburgh, and we believe his statement is not overdrawn. Probably no other city so richly combines the heart of a metropolis and the peace and presence of the country. It is this that makes Princes the most uniquely beautiful street in any country. On the one side, handsome, straight and broad, it is the principal business thoroughfare in Edinburgh; on the opposite side, the beautiful flower-decked terraces leading to the valley below, and then, across this ravine, the impressively grand wooded slopes of Castle Hill, while crowning all is the grim rock on which the great fortress stands. To stop as we do in a hotel near the monument means to become at home—familiar with this matchless view.

Princes Street, Edinburgh, showing Scott's Monument and the Castle

You have variety also in another direction—the old town, with its ancient, narrow and precipitous streets, its filthy alleys and courts and closes; the new town, excelling in wide, clean, well-paved streets, lined with palatial homes, block after block, mile after mile. The city is situated about two miles from the Firth of Forth. Scott's Monument is certainly one of the finest ever reared to a man of genius. In the centre is a colossal white marble statue of Sir Walter Scott, and at his feet his favorite hound, Bevis. The cost of the monument was $80,000.

Population of Edinburgh, 1901—395,373.



Mons Meg, said to be the first cannon used in Scotland

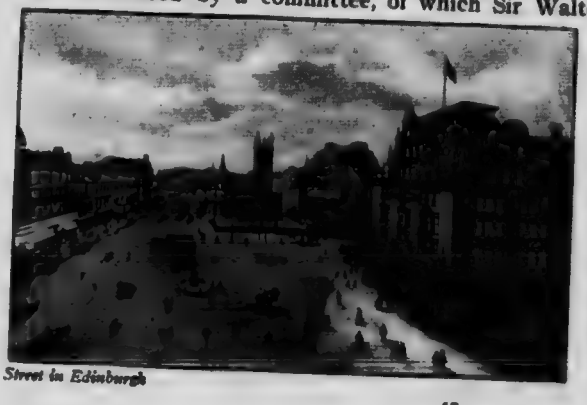
Mons Meg is often mentioned in history, and did good service as far back as 1497, at the siege of Norham. It was for some time one of the sights of the Tower of London, but was recovered by the efforts of Sir Walter Scott, for its rightful place in Edinburgh Castle grounds.

EDINBURGH CASTLE crowns a rock which has been fortified since the dawn of history. This rock rises almost perpendicularly from the plain, on three sides, and the fourth is so strongly fortified as to be well-nigh impregnable.

On the north-east of the battery ground—where you obtain a magnificent view of the city—stands St. Margaret's Chapel. Originally built for Malcolm's Queen, it is the oldest building extant in Edinburgh. Although only 17 feet in length and 11 feet wide, it is such a gem of Norman architecture as to be well worth seeing.

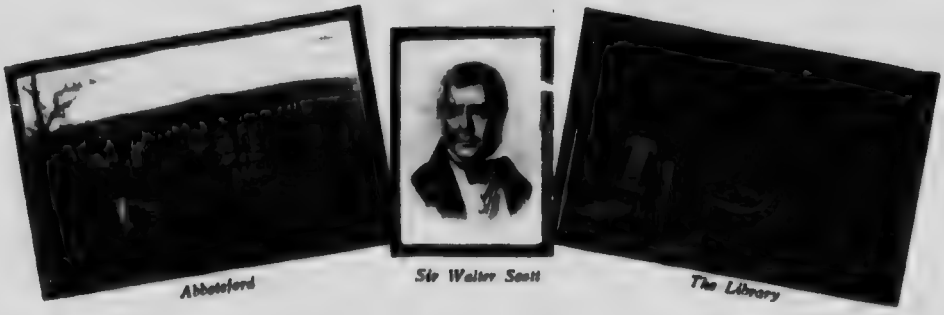
Queen Mary's Room and the Crown Room in the Old Palace Royal are the two most interesting points for the visitor. In the former died Mary of Guise, the mother of Queen Mary, and in a little closet off the room—no larger than an ordinary clothes closet—was born James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. From the window, it is stated, the babe was lowered to the Grassmarket in a basket and thence taken to Stirling Castle; thus had the little Royal life to be protected. In the Crown Room is the regalia of Scotland and the crown worn by Scottish monarchs from Robert Bruce to James VI., who became King of England. In 1707 the regalia was hidden in an oaken chest and sealed in a small chamber, where it remained until 1817, when it was recovered by a committee, of which Sir Walter Scott was a member.

Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat (the Mountain in the centre)



Street in Edinburgh

HOLYROOD PALACE. — Although this, the residence of Mary Queen of Scots, has for 400 years been the home of many Kings and Queens, the place is so haunted by her memory that the rooms of the unhappy Queen are all the traveller cares to see. The relics are 300 years old.



Abbotsford | Sir Walter Scott | The Library

ABBOTSFORD—worthy of its author and his works—is characteristic of the man. The quiet and beautiful outlook up the river and exquisite grounds must often have given courage to a tried soul and pain-racked body. The noble library, 20,000 volumes, and the little study, with its narrow stairs and gallery by which he reached his bedroom—for he worked w[h]ile others slept—his little armory and collection of gifts from the great ones of his time, all speak of the genius and the man.

This was not only a home, but his battle-ground. "Scott's publishers failed, and to save this beloved home, his life's dream, yet pay to the utmost every creditor, became the object of his life. He assumed the entire debt of $600,000, asking only for time. In four years he realized $400,000, working ten, twelve, yes, often fourteen, hours a day." This noble-hearted man passed away on September 21, 1837.

MELROSE ABBEY.

Second only to Tintern Abbey is the charm of this celebrated ruin, and in one respect its interest is superior. Built by King David I. in the twelfth century, it

Melrose Abbey

became the burial place of many monarchs, and here is deposited the heart of Robert Bruce—thus the Scottish chief has the entire Abbey as his tomb and a fitting monument to his broken hopes.

Not the least interesting feature of a visit to the Abbey is poetry recited with the most charming Scotch accent by the courteous old custodian of the place. It gives an indescribable charm to Sir Walter Scott's lines, as, pointing to the wondrous window tracery and with an earnestness born of great love, he quotes:

Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, and osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

England

LINCOLN.—In the interest of its Roman remains, Lincoln is the one real rival, in England, of Chester. In the cloisters of the Cathedral a Roman pavement is to be seen. The Arch is the best-known and most famous of all the Roman remains. It has for eighteen centuries borne the name of Newport, and is known as the Newport Arch or Newport Gate. It is the only Roman gateway remaining in England. Close by, underneath the houses, have been discovered the remains of nineteen columns of a large building, probably the old Basilica. *The term Basilica is*

understood to apply to Christian temples up to the tenth century. Lincoln is permeated with the unique. In the graveyard of St. Mary, just outside the station, there is the peculiar epitaph:

Here lies one, believe it if you can,
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.

In the days when kings really did wear crowns, they pulled them off before crossing the river Wigford, at Lincoln, in dread of an old prophecy:

The crowned head that enters Lincoln's walls,
His reign proves stormy and his kingdom falls.

King Stephen scorned the prophecy and retained his crown, but if it would have helped him any he might better have doffed it, as events proved.

The Butter Market was built by proceeds accumulated in a unique way: In 1736 Alderman John Lobsey persuaded his colleagues to forego their annual feast for ten years, in order to provide a shelter for the market women.

The *Cathedral*, however, is the chief glory of Lincoln. We do not know the verdict of professional architects, but we have the hearty opinion of hundreds of tourists, and it seems almost an unanimous verdict that Lincoln has the finest exterior, with the exception of Milan or Cologne, not only in the British Isles, but in Europe. It dates from the tenth century. The Rood Tower is considered by experts the finest Cathedral Tower in the world. The historic bell, "Great Tom," is in this tower. In the south aisle are remains of the shrine of Little Saint Hugh, which shrine was opened at the close of the eighteenth century, when the body of the child was found. The story is told in "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." This child is said to have been crucified in 1225 at a house shown on Steep Hill, and many Jews were executed both in Lincoln and London on this account.

"THE DUKERIES."

What recollections of a happy day crowd into the memory of those who have enjoyed a ramble through the woodland glories of Sherwood Forest and the Dukeries.

A group of ducal houses has coined the appropriate name for this section of England. Worksop Manor, seat of the Duke of Norfolk; Welbeck Abbey; Clumber, the famous home of the Dukes of Newcastle; St. Cuthbert's College; and Thoresby, formerly occupied by the Dukes of Kingston, now by their descendant, Earl Manvers; Haddon Hall; and, last and best, Chatsworth, one time prison of Mary Queen of Scots, and where still is seen much of the beautiful embroidery with which she beguiled many weary months. The mansion is now the residence of the Duke of Devonshire.

Of these palaces, parks, lawns, gardens and greenhouses—which the stranger is courteously permitted to visit, if properly arranged for—one can but repeat with the poet:

And should I be so mad to go about
To give accounts of everything throughout,
The rooms of state, staircases, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,
Or to describe the splendours undertake,
Which every glorious room a heaven make,
The pictures, sculpture, carving, graving, gilding,
I would be as long in writing as in building.

Statuary.
French Gardens.
Chatsworth and the Bridge.
Tapestry Room.
Library.

WELBECK PARK AND ABBEY is not a "show-place" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but, by the gracious kindness of the Duke of Portland, the underground apartments, pleasure grounds, gardens and private riding school are shown to visitors. The late Duke had a sort of King Ludwig mania for fantastic or unusual building. Welbeck underground is unique. The picture gallery dimensions are enormous considering it is all underground and lighted from the roof. The walls of the corridors by which it is approached are themselves decorated with works of art, and would constitute a more than ordinary collection. Mahogany fittings, tapestry hangings, portraits and decorations go toadorn the palace which genius has spent itself to embellish.

Welbeck Abbey

The dimensions of this underground gallery are: length 158 feet, width 63 feet, height 21 feet. This vast area is lighted by 1,100 gas jets, and was originally intended for a ballroom.

The riding school is 385 feet long, 104 feet broad and 51 feet high, lighted by 8,000 gas jets; while the roof is supported by 50 columns; the floor is covered with soft tan. The "tan gallop" has been abandoned. It was 1,270 feet long and contained 64,000 feet of glass in its roof. There is said to be ten miles of subterranean passages, one connecting the Abbey with the village.

His Grace has a social club for his employees, which is very popular. It contains reading, refreshment and billiard rooms.

Haddon Hall

HADDON HALL was in possession of the Vernon family for 400 years. When the wilful and beautiful young heroine, Dorothy Vernon, eloped with the son of the Earlof Rutland, the estate passed into the hands of the Rutlands, who still retain it, although it is now inhabited by the custodians only. Read "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" before you visit the beautiful old baronial palace.

TINTERN ABBEY—situated on the right bank of the river Wye—is unquestionably the most beautiful ruin in England, if not in all Europe. Its situation holds the visitor spellbound as he gazes from the lovely valley—"the Golden Valley"—to the green-clad, glorious hills surrounding him. In all England we have seen nothing lovelier Then the magnificence of the building, the noble pillars, the matchless windows, seeming but appropriate frames for the glory of mountain and valley beyond, of foliage and water, defying the skill of any artist. It is worth a visit to England just to see Tintern.

The Abbey was founded in 1131 for the Cistercian monks. Protestant England failed to keep it in repair.

Tintern Abbey

BRISTOL is not only one of the most important commercial centres in England, but there are few cities outside London its equal in regard to architectural beauties and excellent thoroughfares. It is surrounded by a lovely country, with the river Avon flowing through the town as its crowning glory.

College Green, in the centre of the city, is said to be the spot where St. Augustine first preached in England. In the south-east corner is a statue of Queen Victoria.

Coffee Room
Royal Hotel Bristol

Bristol is justly proud of its celebrated men and women. It boasts of Chatterton, the boy poet, Coleridge, David Hume, Hannah More and was the birthplace of Sebastian Cabot.

Royal Hotel, Cathedral, and College Green, Showing Queen Victoria's Statue

The hotel pictures in this book are intended in no way as an advertisement. We have never consulted the proprietors at all, but hundreds of those who have travelled with us will be pleased to see again these temporary homes that became more or less familiar to them, and for this reason are they here.

✦

HOW TO ACQUIRE "THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

In these days of the "personally conducted tour" there might well be a book written on "How to make Yourself Agreeable on an Extended Trip."

Everybody wants to be loved. It is a law of human nature. Unless you "act lovely" you cannot win this "greatest thing in the world."

Bad as some other discordant elements may be, the unpardonable sin on a party trip is the eternally loquacious. *Don't talk too much.* If your listener answers you in monosyllables and without fixed attention, be sure you are making a bore of yourself. Remember that sages of all ages have written about golden silence.

When others are quietly enjoying some beautiful bit of scenery and endeavoring to fasten it forever on their innermost memory, or it may be they are rambling in imagination a thousand years in the past, re-inhabiting a ruin or peopling and costuming a medieval town, some one is chattering away about scenery in New Jersey or Muskoka, about Brussels Lace, or it may be some silly party gossip, or perchance not saying anything but just *talking*, until in sheer nervous desperation one longs to throw politeness to the winds and cry out "Shut up!" Don't forget, traveller: An accomplished conversationalist is not necessarily a chatter-box.

The World's Greatest Caves

CHEDDAR.—First discovered in 1877 by the late Mr. R. C. Gough, the Caves of Cheddar are pronounced the finest in the world. Naturally each country possessing one of these wonder regions claims the same for its exhibit. Our travels have taken us to three, Cheddar, Kentucky, and Colorado. We found each lighted by electricity.

Cheddar Caves, England

It would, indeed, be difficult to pronounce the superlative, as each has a distinctive excellence the best of its kind. Probably the greatest pleasure is experienced in a visit to the Cheddar Caves. Their size cannot be compared to those of Kentucky; in fact, the entire caverns might be put in one colossal room of the latter; but just as small lakes island-dotted are more artistically beautiful than large bodies of water, so in Cheddar the nearness of the formations adds to our pleasure in viewing them.

The distinctive feature at Cheddar is the surpassingly beautiful rose-colored and variegated stalactites. These colors give the rooms all the appearance of an "Arabian Nights" dream, and the formation called "Niagara Falls" is a revelation exciting almost as much admiration as its namesake.

Scientists tell us that the stalactites in these caverns are formed much the same as icicles. Drop by drop water containing certain minerals descends, hardens and forms a rock in appearance exactly like an icicle. The drops that fall to the floor form what are called stalagmites. Here we have solution so slow that one of these formations must be measured by tens of thousands of years, and the visitor may watch the process as the crystals are still forming.

Echo River—Kentucky Caves

ECHO RIVER, in Kentucky Caves, is, aside from their size, their most distinctive feature. The Caverns were discovered by Mr. Hutchins, a hunter, in 1809. The water of the river is traversed by boats for quite half a mile, and nowhere else in the world can such a trip be duplicated. The river is one vast resonator, the caverns — fifty miles of them — all serving as reflectors of every sound and echo it back intensified a thousand times. The quick stroke of the paddle on the side of the boat resounds loud

as many cannons fired in quick succession. The well-trained boatmen understand how to produce the correct notes, and the result is the swelling tones of a thousand organs blended into one sweet volume of glorious harmony ever diminishing. It is as though the door of Heaven had opened during a grand Hallelujah, and then slowly, slowly closed again. Once heard, it is a memory for ever. To give some idea of size the guide drops a large lighted torch from a platform, over the railing of which the visitor leans watching it descend down, down, growing smaller and smaller until it drops quite out of sight yet has not reached the bottom. A light is also thrown upward for over sixty feet yet no roof is visible,

Cave of the Winds, Colorado

THE COLORADO CAVES are well worth a visit. They were discovered in the year 1880. They have a distinctive feature in the frost-like formation of stalactites. This is unquestionably the most beautiful formation that we have found in any cave. It is as though on some damp winter night a great expanse of frost had petrified. Much of this daintiest wonder is too delicate to be appreciated by the natural eye, but under a powerful microscope it appears like a forest of beautiful coral.

PARTY SNAP-SHOTS

Raglan Castle

Shopping at Selfridges in London

The walk down from the Cheddar Caves to the Station. About a mile of real England

WELLS is a small ancient city of 4,850 inhabitants—and a Cathedral. Mr. Freeman asserts that it is the most characteristically Cathedral city in England. The Cathedral—founded in the eighth century by the Saxon King Ina—is not only the chief ornament of the place, it *is* the place.

Wells Cathedral of St. Andrew, England

Though comparatively small in size, it takes rank among the finest churches in England, and some authorities give it the first place of all: probably not that the Cathedral itself stands first, but that the group of ecclesiastical buildings, the Episcopal Palace, the Vicar's Close, etc., has no rival in all Europe. Its peculiar charm and glory lies in the union and harmonious grouping of these. It has preserved its ancient buildings and arrangements more perfectly than any other English Cathedral. Even its Verger is several generations behind the times.

BATH.—In 1910, on our arrival at Bath, a pleasant surprise awaited us. At the hotel we were requested to go as soon as possible to the famous Baths. We felt that way ourselves, but when we . .hed the beautiful main hallway we found the Mayor of the town and other distinguished dignitaries assembled to give us greeting.

The Empire Hotel, the Cathedral and the Avon, Bath, England

Under the circumstances we took a plunge into social pleasantries instead of into the water. Our hearts were warmed by the hearty cordiality of our reception instead of our bodies by the wonderful hot waters.

After dinner at our hotel Mr. F. Sturge Cotterell gave us an interesting address on the Bath American Society, formed for the purpose of keeping in touch with the twelve places in the United States named after that city. One pleasing feature of this Society is the awarding of a yearly medal from the Mother City in England to the most proficient scholar selected by the local authority in each of the United Str tes towns. The two towns of Bath in Canada have been invited to join in this good-fellowship.

The Hot Springs to which Bath owes its origin, and which have been the chief source of its historic reputation, have yielded their beneficent supply for certainly eighteen centuries, while legend identifies them with a royal patient as early as 800 B.C., when Prince Bladud, father of Shakespeare s King Lear, is said to have bathed in them and received a cure for leprosy.

No doubt exists that the healing waters of Bath were recognized in the first century by the Romans. The magnificent series of thermae covering six to seven acres which they constructed, and on the bases of which the present baths are erected, existed before the Baths of Titus and Caracalla were built at Rome. There is consequently no bathing establishment with a longer record. The problem surrounding the origin of the hot springs is one that has baffled the students of science, and will probably be forever included among the earth's secrets. Through summer's heat and winter's cold, through periods of the longest drouth or heaviest rainfall, they rise in unaffected volume at the same even temperature, which is too hot to bathe in until it is cooled, while their medicinal properties must be classed among those subtle combinations of the laboratory of Nature which defy the highest powers of chemistry to imitate. Recently radium has been discovered in its sands. The town itself stands very much as it did a century ago when half the famous names of history were registered there.

The Roman Bath

The Pillars supporting these modern terraces for promenading are built upon the bases of the columns which originally carried the roof of the Roman Bath.

AN AUTO OR COACHING TOUR in almost any part of England is an ecstasy of delight in the present, but, to make it incomparable, it combines the mellow delight of a ramble with the immortal ones of the past. A circle tour that will combine the two in a marked degree is that starting at Slough and visiting Stokes Poges, Jordans, Chalfont St. Giles, Beaconsfield, Hughenden Manor, (home of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield), through dreamy, sylvan, beechy Bucks to Eton College and Windsor Castle.

The G.N.W. Autos en route

THE CHURCHYARD OF "GRAY'S ELEGY" FAME.

AT the east end of this lovely churchyard, beneath the oriel window, is a red brick altar-tomb, built by the poet for his mother, which finally became his own resting-place. "Yon ivy mantled tower" has been surmounted by a spire, that even the ivy avoids as an intruder.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees' shade
Where heaves the turf of many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of Empire might have sway'd
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Stoke Pogis Church

JORDANS.—Within this quiet burial ground, and shown on the left of the picture lie the remains of the renowned William Penn (founder of Pennsylvania) and his family. The meeting house of the Society of Friends, as it now stands, dates from 1688. The little gate-legged table inside the plain, unpainted, unvarnished church is the same used by Penn. There is a movement now on foot in America for obtaining permission of the English Government to transfer the remains of this renowned statesman to the United States.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn was born in London, on the 14th October, 1644. He was educated at Chigwell, in Essex, in Ireland and at Oxford, and it was at the last-named place that he heard Thomas Loe preach the Gospel of Quakerism. He immediately became fired by the republican spirit of the new doctrine, and his enthusiasm for it resulted in his being expelled from the University. His father, Admiral Sir W. Penn, strongly disapproved of his son's conduct, and adopted many wiles to induce him to leave the path he had chosen. The rebellious spirit of the young man, at an age when he was competent to judge for himself, could not be quelled, and a two years' sojourn on the Continent, where his distracted father had sent him in the hope that he would live down his sectarian opinions and prejudices, availed nothing, for on his return to

England Penn again took up the principles of Quakerism, to which he adhered with so much obstinacy as to call forth renewed anger on the part of his father, which culminated in the latter turning his son from home when he refused to uncover in the King's presence.

Penn now commenced to preach the new doctrine, and his publications upon it led to his imprisonment in the Tower. On his liberty being restored, after eight months' confinement (occupied in writing), he resumed preaching, and, as the result of an address delivered from the steps of a house in Gracechurch Street, which was regarded as conveying censures upon the Government, Penn was again arrested and summoned before the Recorder of London (John Howell) and a jury. The noble behavior of Penn in the dock was certainly not such as to mollify his judges in the days when the persecution of a man for his religious ideas was rife.

The story of the trial has often been quoted as a very striking one, upon which the right of a jury to give a verdict according to the evidence, without regard to the views of the Court, was established for ever. The jury acquitted Penn, together with another minister of the Society of Friends who was arraigned with him. This incurred the displeasure of the Court, who desired the conviction of the accused, and, though the jury were insulted, starved, and threatened with ruin unless they altered their verdict, they stoutly adhered to their conscientious dictum. Every member was fined because he would not act as the Court required, and ordered to be imprisoned until the fine was paid. The jury were accordingly sent to Newgate, where they remained under the most miserable conditions until public feeling against the tyranny of the Court reached the Court of King's Bench. A writ of Habeas Corpus was taken out and immediately executed, and Lord Chief Justice Vaughan had the matter fully before him. He declared that the fines and the imprisonment following them were illegal, that the jury's verdict was a foolish one and contrary to the evidence, but that in the case of a corrupt verdict anyone could prosecute a juryman for wilful perjury. Thus the law was settled and has since remained, and we owe a debt of gratitude to these noble men for their unflinching adherence to their finding, which resulted in the establishment of one of the most important principles touching the liberties and rights of Englishmen.

A few days after the trial Admiral Penn died, leaving his son, towards whom his heart had softened, a yearly income of £1,500 and claims on the Government amounting to £16,000.

Two years later (1672) Penn married Gulielma, the beautiful daughter of Sir William Springett, the ceremony taking place at King's Farm, Chorley Wood. He resided close by, at Basing House, Rickmansworth, for many years, and several children, who were born there and died in infancy, were buried at Jordans. Later Penn purchased an estate at Worminghurst, Sussex, and had at this time already begun to direct his attention to the New World, where colonies of Friends were being founded to secure freedom of worship and equality in matters political.

In 1680 Penn obtained from the Crown a grant of unoccupied land in America between Maryland and New York, in clearance of the £16,000 due to him. Here he founded a Quaker colony, and, according to powers granted to him, made wise laws for the government of it, showing the utmost tolerance in all he did. Penn desired to call the new settlement New Wales, but this was not received with royal favor, and Sylvania was substituted to which, against his protests and

appeals, the King, Charles II., prefixed the name Penn, and the colony became Pennsylvania, now one of the most important of the States of the American Union.

Penn returned to England in 1684, and was subjected to further trials and indignities. His wife died in 1694 and was buried at Jordans. In 1696 Penn married his second wife, Hannah, daughter of Thomas Callowhill, of Bristol, and a few months afterwards his first-born son, Springett, whose religious aims were quite in sympathy with his father's, died, and was buried at Jordans close to his mother's grave. In 1700 Penn revisited his colony in America, to quell disputes that had arisen. He returned to England the following year, where he remained until his death at Ruscombe, Berkshire, in 1718.

Victoria Drive

CHALFONT ST. GILES, one of England's most pleasing villages, is fortunate in possessing *John Milton's Cottage*. This old house is irresistible in its association and its simplicity. The building is the only one in existence in which the great poet is known to have dwelt. In it are carefully preserved his chair and general furnishings. Milton came here to escape the plague in 1665, and here wrote his incomparable "Paradise Lost." John Ellwood, his Quaker friend, having perused the manuscript, remarked, "Thou hast said a great deal upon 'Paradise Lost,' what hast thou to say upon 'Paradise Found,'" which circumstance induced Milton to undertake his poem, "Paradise Regained."

John Milton's Cottage

BURNHAM BEECHES, about 400 acres in extent, are intersected by roads known as Lord Mayor's Drive, Duke's Drive, Victoria Drive, etc. Many of the trees are so old as to be quite hollow, and present most fantastic, gnarled appearances, but are still very much alive as to foliage.

Beaconsfield and the Ancient White Hart Inn

To dine with the jovial landlord of the "White Hart" is a smile to [illegible] through life

Ireland

DUBLIN.—The Irish are exceedingly proud of their capital, a beautiful city of over 400,000 inhabitants. It is divided into two almost equal parts by the river Liffey, and has a magnificent harbor. Its principal thoroughfare is Sackville Street. In the centre is a fluted Doric column, 134 feet high, surmounted by a statue

Sackville Street, Dublin—one of the most noted streets in the world

of Lord Nelson. The cost of this column was $33,000, raised by popular subscription. Just above is a monument to the great apostle of temperance, Father Mathew.

One of our reverend gentlemen, thinking to elicit some Irish wit, asked our driver—or jarvey, as they are called—"Pat, do you ever see any snakes in Ireland now?"

The answer came with true Irish readiness: "Sure, no, sor; St. Patrick settled all that. The only toime we see shnakes now is whin we take too much 'Ginnis'—an, sure, we don't see half enough of thim."

College Green has many historical memories, some fine monuments, and is *the* charming drive in Dublin. Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, is very grand and quaint. When the *Law Courts* were at Christ Church the entrance to them was through a little alley or street called Hell. The following advertisement actually appeared in a daily paper: "To let, furnished apartments in Hell. N.B.—They are well suited to a lawyer."

With all due respect to Dublin, we found Belfast the brightest, briskest, most progressive city in Ireland. Population, 300,000 souls. Her people are hard, clear-headed, independent and self-reliant, contrasting strongly in mind and habits with the people of the south. We love the latter, but admire the former.

CORK is a city of about 80,000 inhabitants. From its geographical position, with its magnificent harbor—one of the finest in the world—and its beautiful river Lee, with quays extending for miles, it naturally commands considerable commercial importance. The city grew up around an abbey, founded in the sixth century by St. Finn Barr.

Within the Pepper-box steeple of this church swing the famous Shandon Bells, celebrated in verse by "Father Prout":

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork of thee,
With thy Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of
The river Lee.

The Protestant Church of St. Anne's, Shandon

BLARNEY CASTLE.—It is remarkable how a legend handed down from generation to generation by the pen of genius will make a place famous, and visitors from all over the world will flock to see that which of itself would not attract anyone. The story of the Blarney Stone brings thousands of tourists every year; the majority of these consent to hang very undignifiedly by the heels in order to kiss the magic stone.

The story runs that one day Cormac McCarthy, the Strong (a descendant of the King of Munster), saved an old woman who was drowning. She offered him, by way of reward, a golden tongue, which would have the power to seduce men and women, friend and foe. She told him to rise at daybreak, to mount the keep and to kiss a triangular stone in the wall five feet below the gallery running round the top. He followed her directions and acquired a wonderful power of speech. The Blarney Stone became a pilgrimage, and the word became part of our language. The stone bears the date of 1446. :: Sir Walter Scott tells it thus:—

Imperial Hotel, Cork

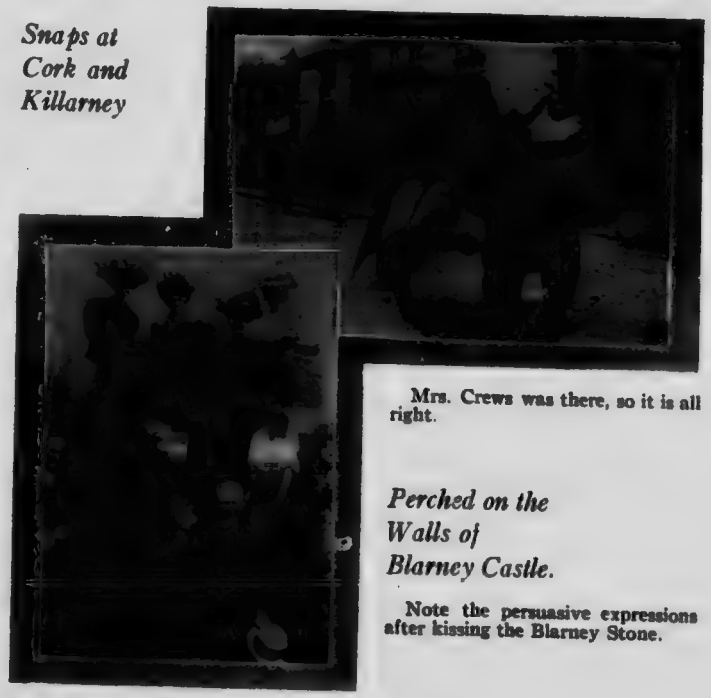
True Irish hospitality and meals that make you glad you were sea-sick and thus prepared to enjoy to your full capacity

There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliament.
A clever spouter
Or an out-and-outer
To be left alone.
Don't hope to hinder him
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone.

KILLARNEY.—An ideal day's outing is to take a boating trip up the three lakes, picnic lunch at the cottage, and drive back to Killarney. On this little tour you visit Muckross Abbey, built by the Franciscan monks in 1440, and beautiful Ross Castle, the old fortress of the O'Donoghues, and the last stronghold to resist the British. The Upper and Middle Lakes are each about two miles in extent, and the Lower Lake is fully five miles long and nearly three broad. All three are studded with islets and rocks, and the legends connected with them, as related by the boatmen, will not only entertain the visitor, but will tend to make him to some extent acquainted with this most enchantingly romantic district.

Lakes of Killarney

Snaps at Cork and Killarney



Mrs. Crews was there, so it is all right.

Perched on the Walls of Blarney Castle.

Note the persuasive expressions after kissing the Blarney Stone.

Quinn's Cottage, Derrycunniky, Killarney

The Giant's Causeway

The Drive Home

OF the marvellous freaks of an ever-whimsical Nature, one of the most wonderful is assuredly the world-famous Giant's Causeway, that magnificent sea-road of over 40,000 basaltic columns, stretching down into and under the wild waves of the broad Atlantic. Little wonder that the romantic minds of the ancient Irish gave birth to the pleasing legend of the giant Irishman, Fin McCool, or Fingal, who, fired with a desire to annihilate his Scotch rival, exerted his tremendous strength to arrange this stupendous roadway to the very door of his enemy at Fingal's Cave.

If there could be a particular wonder about this unique outcome of the volcanic disturbances of a pre-historic age, it is that these columns are in sections, as if each part had been chiselled to fit the other, the top of one being convex while the lower end of

The Giant's Causeway

the one above is concave, fitting so perfectly that even water will not find a lodgment between. They can be lifted readily and replaced at will—and sufficient muscle.

Ancestral home of the late President M'Kinley

Just a few minutes' run from Portrush (which is the station for the Giant's Causeway) and the next station to Ballymoney, is Dervoc, chiefly interesting as containing the ancient home of the M'Kinleys. The old homestead is situated some two miles from the village. The house and farm stand back from the road, and are not much changed by the lapse of a century. Here we read that in 1798 the old house was the home of Francis M'Kinley (uncle of William M'Kinley, late President of the United States), whose connection with the Irish rebellion of that year resulted in his execution. America's President evidently came naturally by his political tendency. The interesting old farmhouse may be seen as it looked over sixty years ago, when M'Kinley's father, as a young lad, left it to seek his fortune in the West, little dreaming of the brilliant future before his family.

Ancient Art

Ancient art was almost entirely devoted to religious themes. The reason for this will make the subject of another page. The transition to present day art is as significant of the day in which we live as ancient art was necessary to its day.

Modern pictures deal not so much with the ideal as the application of ideals. The soul of *our* lives; not the supernatural.

These pictures, selected from a host of excellence in the National Gallery, London, illustrate this beautifully.

"Father an' Mither an' I."
—Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., R.S.A.

"The Woman's Part."

THE WOMAN'S PART

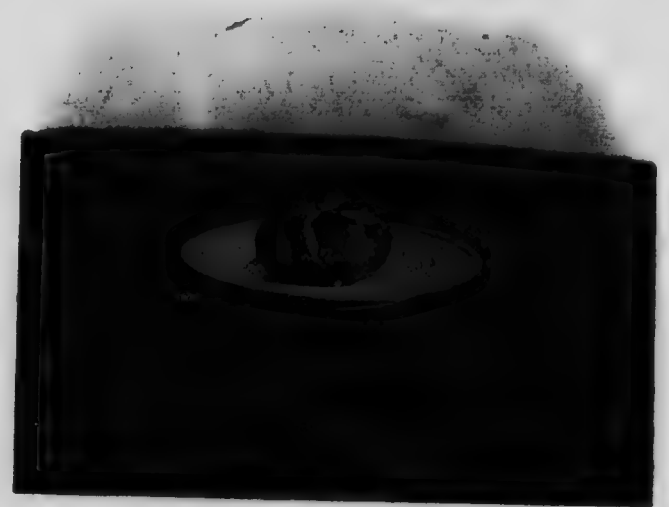
"Proud ships their iron defiance flaunt abroad,
And gentle hearts beat dolefully at home."
—A. Chevallier Tayler

"Brother of Death"—Illus. Jean Cocteau.

4 a.m. "*Covent Garden Bunch*," *London, Aug. 28, 1910.*

CONTINENTAL TOUR

PART II.



A Continental Breakfast

EUROPE

A Few Necessary Art Hints

A TRIP to Europe is always associated in our minds with the treasures of art we are to enjoy. Whether you know a water color from an oil painting, or even if you are color-blind, you may as well start out with the determination to "grin and bear it." You simply cannot "do" Europe without visiting—not necessarily miles of art galleries—but the masterpieces in each city. In spite of any prejudice with which you started, you will find yourself interested, for even one color-blind could not fail to marvel at the beautiful smoothness and perfection of detail, the genius of ancient art, or to wonder at the difference between it and modern painting, and you will surely end by wishing that paint were not so easily obtained to-day. For any but those with a talent or a decided love of art, it is necessary only to acquaint yourself with the famous works in each gallery. We have here given the best, or enough to lead you to the others, and we believe it will materially help if we briefly define the different kinds of art and some of the schools.

First let me say that the average traveller is prone to criticize adversely churches and institutions without troubling to ask why the things we condemn exist. Almost all of ancient art deals with the portrayal of religious subjects. Think back—in the early days there were no books, as we know books, and all religious instruction was by means of preaching, supplemented by picture lessons. Thus each church aimed to be a permanent object-lesson as well as a house of prayer. For this reason we find Catholic churches ornamented in a manner to us extreme and extravagant. The pictures, carvings, mosaics, and stained-glass windows, therefore, represented separate chapters of the popular Scriptures, making each ecclesiastical building as nearly as possible a complete Bible in itself. Ruskin, speaking of one of their finest churches, termed it simply "The Bible of Amiens."

Wherever you go in Europe, and whichever way you turn, your eye is likely to rest upon some more or less antique work of art executed for the express purpose of teaching religion, and further hallowed by the fact that it has served as catechism or book of devotion to generations of Christians. Besides pictures and statues, many churches also contain relics, which, to believers, are simply priceless treasures. It cannot, therefore, be too strongly borne in mind that we must respect the people's point of view, and refrain in their presence from glances or comments which could wound their feelings. Because the relics of Christ and the Saints are regarded with great veneration, it behooves all travellers to gaze upon them with due respect. It is not of the priests we speak, but of the people. The priests, of course, know that these things keep the childlike minds of the people in a properly receptive condition. With such thoughts in mind, we will perhaps visit these places of interest with a greater degree of reverence. It is shamefully true that the frank scepticism of the American has closed most of these treasure shrines to the tourist. It has all been in the way of evolution, and if we think we have advanced so far, let us be humbly grateful—humble when we think of the distance we must yet travel. Some day our

descendants will smile at our twentieth century crudity. True, we have books, and the churches of to-day do not need all this gilt and imagery, but remember how almost impossible it is to change old customs in old lands. England—with all her glory—has a few old barnacles to knock off.

Where doubt is disenchantment
'Tis wisdom to believe.

It would be well also during a trip abroad, as a best opportunity, to cultivate a taste for the antique. We in America (meaning Canada as well as the United States) are so appallingly new that our first glimpse of the ancient is likely to be disappointing. For instance, one of our ladies could not understand why the doorway of Magdalen College at Oxford was so much admired and written about. It looked to her as if it was badly in need of paint. No doubt if we had it over here we would both paint and varnish it! You will learn over there what is meant by "hoary with age." Everything worth while—even St. Peters—looks considerably frost-bitten. You grow to like the "mellowing influence of time."

An Ordinary European Bedroom

America seems to be the only place in the world where the double bed is tolerated. It is certainly unsanitary, and in many cases nothing short of suicide. If two people are not nervously constructed exactly the same, one must yield strength to the other while sleeping. Wake up, America, and go to bed right!

Different Kinds of Painting

Every traveller should be familiar with these distinctions.

FRESCO PAINTING is the art of mural painting upon freshly-laid plaster with colors capable of resisting the caustic action of lime. The Italian word "fresco" means fresh, for the work must be done while the plaster is still damp. This requires great skill and precision.

STEREOCHROME colors are fixed on a plaster surface by profuse sprinkling with water and fluoric acid.

OIL PAINTING was invented by Van Dyck, and since his day colors, brushes and canvas have been vastly improved, so far as convenience is concerned. Previous to this, painters were compelled to grind and mix their own colors.

PASTEL PAINTING is colored chalk; while in *water color* the paint is diluted in water.

ENAMEL is a substance of the nature of glass, but more fusible and nearly opaque.

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING is a process whereby wax is used instead of oil, and the colors are fixed by heat. Sometimes the colors are applied hot, and at others put on cold and a hot iron passed over them afterwards to produce the desired effect. This process was used for many of the house decorations at Pompeii.

STAINED GLASS—genuine—is window glass painted by hand and fired. We call colored glass set in pattern stained glass, but the real article is colored by hand.

MOSAIC is inlaid work, wherein the effect of painting is produced by the use of and combination of pieces of colored glass or stone. The mosaic imitations of great pictures are really marvellous in their delicate shading.

TERRA COTTA is a composition as expensive and more durable than marble. We are familiar with the color terra cotta, which is, of course, taken from the color of this composite.

100 to 800 A.D. With the advent of Christianity we have *Early Christian Art*, which is purely symbolical, and little attention is given to form.

Following this is *Byzantine Art*, with its long stiff figures, often against gold backgrounds. 400 to 1450 A.D.

This was followed by *Romanesque Art*, which retained some of the stiffness of the Byzantine School. 800 to 1200 A.D.

The *Gothic* School, next in order, reached its highest development in Italy. Gothic architecture left large wall surfaces, which afforded ample opportunity for wall paintings. 1180-1450 A.D.

Renaissance in Art began in Italy in 1400, which abandoned the antique and copied from Nature's models only. 1400-1700 A.D.

Modern, from 1700 to the present. France is the greatest present school of painting, principally because the State fosters its cultivation.

Raphael.
Portrait of himself.
Uffizi, Florence

CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS, SCULPTORS AND MUSICIANS.

AND SOME INTERESTING EVENTS.

Thirteenth Century.

Van Eyck	Flemish	Artist	1366–1426

Dante exiled, political reasons, 1301. Great Plague in Italy, 1348.

Fourteenth Century.

Holbein	German	Artist	1460–1524
Michael Angelo	Italian	Artist	1475–1564
Raphael	Italian	Artist	1483–1520
Corregio	Italian	Artist	1494–1534
Perugino	Italian	Artist	1447–1524
Leonardo da Vinci	Italian	Artist	1452–1519
Titian	Italian	Artist	1477–1576
Botticelli	Italian	Artist	1446–1510

Savonarola martyred, 1498.

Fifteenth Century.

Bernini	Italian	Artist	1598–1680
Tintoretto	Italian	Artist	1519–1594
John of Bologna	Flemish	Artist	1524–1608
Jordaens	Flemish	Artist	1593–1678
Valasquez	Spanish	Artist	1599–1660

Society of Jesuits formed, 1540.

Sixteenth Century.

Handel	British	Musician	1685–1759
Sir Christopher Wren	British	Architect	1632–1723
Claude Lorraine	French	Artist	1600–1682
Watteau	French	Artist	1684–1721
Rembrandt	Dutch	Artist	1607–1669
Gerard Dow	Dutch	Artist	1613–1673
Murillo	Spanish	Artist	1617–1682
Salvator Rosa	Italian	Artist	1615–1673

Jesuits driven out of Italy in 1874. Louis XV. of France and Frederick the Great of Germany contemporary with George I. and George II. of England. Louis XVI. of France contemporary with George III. of England.

Seventeenth Century.

MUSICIANS.

Bach	German	1714–1788
Beethoven	German	1770–1827
Haydn	German	1732–1809
Mozart	German	1756–1791
Schubert	German	1797–1828

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.

Canova	Italian	1757–1822
Thorwaldsen	Danish	1770–1844
Madam Le Brun	French	1755–1842
Gainsborough	British	1727–1788
Sir Joshua Reynolds	British	1723–1792
Turner	British	1775–1851

Napoleon Bonaparte born, 1769; reached his greatness in the reign of George III. of England. Louis XIV. of France was contemporary with Charles I., and Cromwell; also Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne and George I.

Eighteenth Century

MUSICIANS.

Chopin	Polish	1809–1849
Paderewski	Polish	1860–
Gounod	French	1818–1893
Liszt	Hungarian	1811–1886
Mendelssohn	German	1809–1847
Wagner	German	1813–1883
Strauss	German	1825–1899

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.

Rosa Bonheur	French	1822–1899
Burne-Jones	British	1833–1898
Sir Edwin Landseer	British	1829–1896

Titian—By himself. Uffizzi Gallery.

Rembrandt—By himself Pitti, Florence

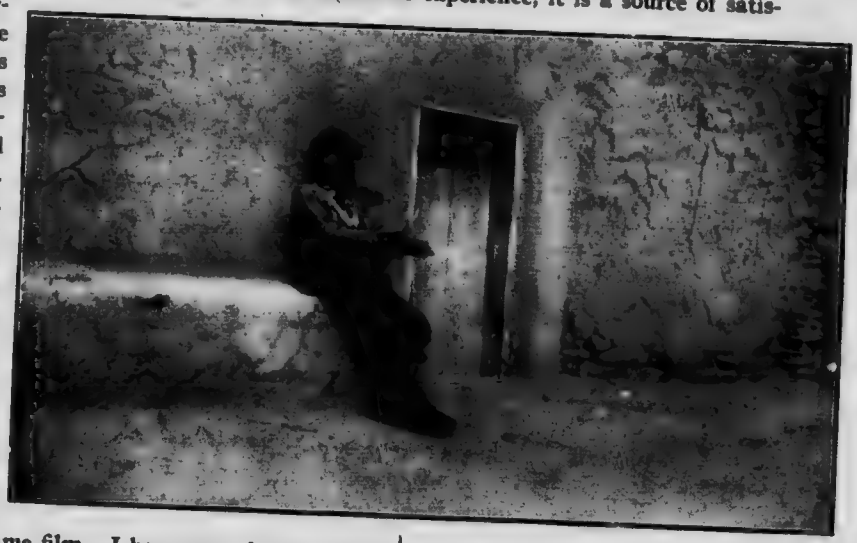
Rembrandt—By himself. Gallery Pitti, Florence.

Madam Le Brun—By herself. Uffizzi, Florence.

Van Dyck. Uffizzi, Florence

The Camera Abroad

The camera is a qualified source of amusement to the tourist, especially if he is an amateur. If the operator has had considerable experience, it is a source of satisfaction, particularly if he leaves views and buildings alone and attempts local subjects only. To be sure, with the amateur eight out of every twelve films will be spoiled; but think of the fun you have trying to work out what two places you took on the same film. I have one of a cemetery and a picnic combined. The situations are grotesque—the tables spread on graves, and happy-faced young people grouped about tombstones.



Again, the result sometimes will be a surprise and a delight. It has been a special pleasure to us to receive from our patrons these snap-shots—reminders of our happy days. I am sure no one will be jealous when I say that the Indian picture is *the* masterpiece. Our prize camera picture.

Taken by a Chicago lady, this snap-shot of the old Indian arrow vendor at Santa Fe, sleeping at the door of his adobe "residence," is a study not to be excelled in any art gallery in Europe.

It is extremely fortunate, too, in this day of the degenerate Indian, that this face is of the old, best type so fast disappearing. It has the eagle nose and high cheek-bones.

Special mention must be given this sail boat, taken by a lady of Hamilton, Ont., with a $2.50 camera, and from our steamer. Two moving bodies crossing the Irish Channel. The engraving does not do the photograph justice.

Do not take an expensive camera outfit with adjustable lens. What you want is a camera that is *always ready*, that you may catch just such passing local points of interest.

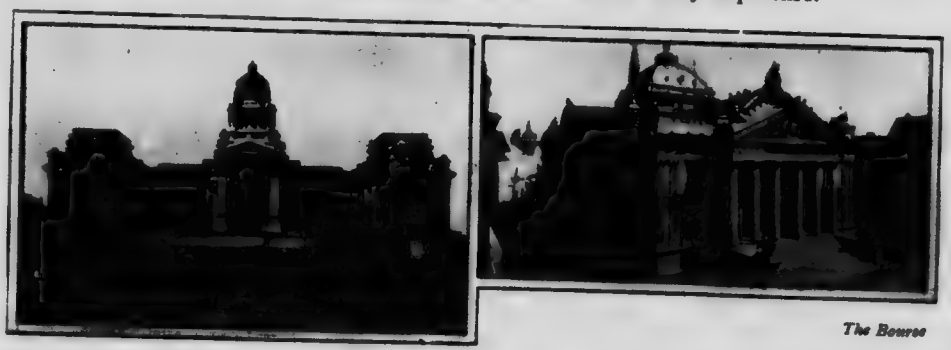
Belgium

King Albert of Belgium and the Royal Family

BRUSSELS (population 590,000) is called the Miniature Paris. The likeness is indeed remarkable; the same language is spoken, their French being noted for its purity; the buildings are of the same material and color, and the shops quite equally fascinating.

The best known industry of Brussels is the beautiful lace, noted the world over. The flax used for the thread is grown near Hal, and the finest costs from $60 to $80 a pound. The spinners of this thread work in a dark room, the light being admitted through a small aperture directly on the thread, thus compelling the worker to concentrate his attention, and by such minute inspection the expert spins a web of spider-like fineness, which constitutes the excellence of the lace.

There is a statue in one of the squares always pointed out to the visitor. It is of the old hero, Godfrey de Bouillion, to commemorate the place where he summoned the populace to join him in the Grand Crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre.



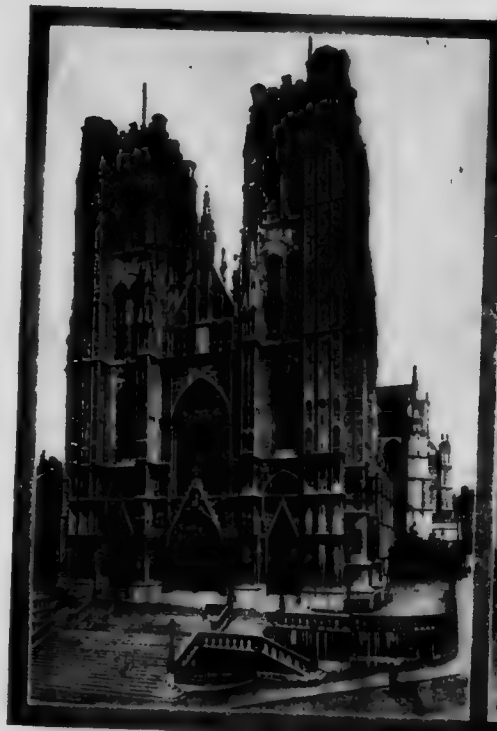
Palace of Justice, Brussels

The Bourse

THE BOURSE.—What a magnificent building for a Stock Exchange? Belgium is prosperous. Brussels is wealthy. This beautiful Exchange was completed in 1874 at a cost of $2,000,000.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, commenced in 1866, was opened in 1883. "It is," says Dr. Rolfe, "the largest public building in the world, covering 270,000 square feet of ground, with a mass of sculptured and polished marble, and surmounted by a tower 400 feet high. It cost $10,000,000. Built on a high hill, the view of city and country is wonderfully interesting and extensive. One peculiarity of this building is that

the tower is not in the centre of the facade. To the surprise of critics, this irregularity does not offend the eye, yet the architect felt it so keenly that he committed suicide on the completion of the work.



The Cathedral of St. Gudule, Brussels

The High Altar of St. Gudule, Brussels

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE is a handsome Gothic edifice commenced in the 12th century. The carved wood of the High Altar, by Verbruggen, is considered remarkable, and is the chief feature of interest. It represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, by the Angel wielding a flaming sword. The pulpit is supported by the trees of knowledge and life, both laden with fruit; and all about the unfortunate pair are the animals of Paradise. Above the canopy stands the Virgin Mary assisting the infant Christ to bruise the serpent's head with the end of a cross. The pulpit was presented to this church by Maria Theresa of Austria in 1776. The figure of Adam in this carving expresses the strongest grief and despondency, while Eve, although looking with pitiful supplication at the Angel, seems buoyant enough to tide over even so great a misfortune, and displays the fortitude and courage that have descended to her daughters for all time. Eve's attitude, as if to say, "never mind, Adam—be a sport," in some measure compensates for what might be taken as a malicious satire on the part of the sculptor. The animals on the side of Adam are strong and fine, while those on the side of Eve are peacocks, monkeys, parrots, etc.

THE LITTLE MANIKIN FOUNTAIN.

When he was born, who knows? Although he is a little cherub of a bronze baby about 20 inches high, he is called the "oldest inhabitant." So old is he that his ancestry is shrouded in mystery. One story makes him a little Prince who rambled away and was lost, to the consternation and terror of his royal parents. When found in the wood he posed as in the bronze figure. A more generally accepted version is that one evening during the wars, the soldiers marching through the streets dropped a portion of a flaming torch among combustibles, and a little baby boy, not knowing how better to extinguish it, adopted the method of the statue. Whatever the true history, he is certainly a person of great importance. His wardrobe consists of ten suits: the uniform of the present Belgian dynasty; the blue blouse uniform of 1830, and eight suits of full dress uniform for processions and grand displays, when he wears his orders, crosses, stars and cockades of nobility.

He has been several times stolen, and was once arrested for improper conduct. In 1747 the English army took him, and the people of Grammont stole him from them. The French under Louis XV. captured him. Once a French Grenadier insulted him, and to atone for the insult to the Belgians, Louis XV. conferred upon him the right of personal nobility, gave him the uniform of a Knight with the right to wear a sword, and decorated him with the Cross of St. Louis. Now the troops in passing are compelled to give him the military salute.

The Belfry of Bruges—350 *feet high*; 48 *bells.*

In the market place of Bruges
Stands a belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded
Still it towers o'er the town.
—Longfellow's "Belfry of Bruges"

The Emperor Maximilian decorated him with his orders, and in 1789 the Cockade of Brabant was added to his decorations. Napoleon gave him the Keys of a Chamberlain, and King Edward made him a Knight of England. A few years ago a lady of Brussels left him by will a thousand florins, which only increased the income that had already been given him by Princes and men of wealth. His Valet—by public appointment—has a salary of 200 florins, for which it is his duty to care for the Manikin's wardrobe and make his toilet for public occasions. The funds of the little chap are well invested, and cared for by a distinguished lawyer of Brussels.

Monument on the site of the Battle of Waterloo. Field is ten miles from Brussels

ANTWERP is a quaint city of 310,000 inhabitants, and is very interesting to the visitor. Rubens' School of Painting is its great special feature apart from the town itself. At the time Rubens was born at Cologne his father was Mayor of Antwerp. The city has never ceased to worship the painter and his work.

The Railway Station, Antwerp

Place Vert, Antwerp

The Railway Station at Antwerp is the finest we have ever seen. Its interior is finished entirely in marble

THE "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," of all the works of Rubens, maintains the pre-eminence and ranks as one of the greatest pictures in existence. Sir Joshua Reynolds considers the Christ "as one of the finest figures that ever was invented," adding that "the hanging of the head on his shoulder and the falling of the body to one side give such an appearance of the heaviness of death that nothing can exceed it." He says also that the figure on whose shoulder the foot of Christ appears to be resting possesses one of the sweetest and most heavenly countenances that ever was produced by the pencil of man, and the young woman by her side is not much inferior. English critics say that as a rule the women of Rubens' pictures are not of the most elegant or delicate shape or of lovely features; but these are certainly exceptions. The great mass of light in this picture proceeds from the white sheet, which Sir Joshua says was a bold attempt, and which few but Rubens would have ventured on for fear of hurting the color of the flesh.

Paul Potter's Famous Bull.—Antwerp Art Gallery

"*The Descent from the Cross*"—By RUBENS.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.—Even if this great Cathedral of Notre Dame were not in possession of the *chef d'œuvre* of this great Rubens, it would still be worthy of a visit. There are two magnificent towers commenced, but only one is complete, being 500 feet high. The carving and tracery of the steeple was described by Napoleon as "seeming to be made of Mechlin lace." The Grand Altar is a chaste piece of work designed by Rubens; the pulpit and confessionals of exquisitely carved wood, admirably executed by Verbruggen; but its most precious and valuable treasures are the two pictures by Rubens, "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross."

THE STORY OF QUENTIN MATSYS.

In the square in front of the Cathedral is a wrought-iron well cover of beautiful proportions and graceful pattern, made by Quentin Matsys, a blacksmith.

The story runs that the young blacksmith fell in love with the pretty daughter of Floris, a painter of considerable reputation.

Floris forbade Matsys his house, declaring that his daughter should never stoop to marry a blacksmith, but that he intended her for an artist's wife; whereupon Matsys secretly devoted himself to the study of painting, for which he had a natural talent. When sure of his skill, he stole into the studio of Floris, who had in hand his "Descent of the Fallen Angels." The blacksmith then painted a bee conspicuously on the thigh of one of the angels, and left the studio. When Floris resumed his work he could not fail to notice it, supposed it was a real bee, and attempted more or less gingerly to drive it away. On discovering his error, he was so delighted with the masterly execution of the little insect, that he demanded of his daughter the name of the artist. Needless to say, Matsys won the fair lady and at the same time immortality for his name. In the phraseology of to-day, the name of that picture might be "Stung!"

Antwerp Cathedral

Holland

The Queen of Holland

IN freedom of speech and of religious worship, in arms, in commerce, and of the mighty industry of making a great country—and out of a vast marsh at that—this nation is unsurpassed in the world. Dutch painters are supreme; a Hollander invented the mariner's compass; to Jansen, a spectacle maker, we owe the telescope; and the thermometer was introduced by a Dutch physician. Coster, of Harlem, was the inventor of the printing press, and the first newspaper in Europe was printed in the Dutch language. Thomas a Kempis, Erasmus, Grotius and Spinoza were Dutchmen. It was in Holland Descartes spent his days perfecting his great philosophical and mathematical system; that Linnæus invented the science of botany; that Peter the Great studied shipbuilding and helped to make the country into a great nation; and it was in Holland that the Pilgrim Fathers sought refuge before crossing the Atlantic.

Here we find a reversal of the very laws of Nature. The sea is higher than the land, and the keels of passing ships are higher than the chimney tops of the houses. The trees are all below ground (as piles); there are few above. No wonder we get the phrase, "it beats the Dutch." After all, what is there that beats the Dutch?

THE HAGUE is a beautiful little city of 200,000 inhabitants—a gem of a capital. Its principal street, the Voorhout, is a series of palaces.

The Palace, or "House in the Woods," is a royal rural residence reached by one of the loveliest park drives imaginable. It is here that the Peace Conference of 1907 was held. The homely, unpretentious appearance of the exterior gives no hint of the excellence within. The paintings in fresco in the dining room are unique. Done in black and white, the imitation of stucco or marble sculpture is so perfect that the visitor feels impelled to test the matter with his hands, when he finds they really are flat paintings. The embroideries of the Japanese rooms were presented to a former King of Holland by the Emperor of Japan. Their richness and beauty are equalled only by the priceless Gobelin tapestries in the tapestry room. It is said that nine eminent painters, assisting Rubens and Jordaens, were twelve years painting the ball-room, which is covered on all sides from the floor to the top of the dome. The floors are beautifully inlaid.

The House in the Woods - The Hague

AMSTERDAM, with its half-million people, is situated at the mouth of the river Amstel on a branch or inlet of the Zuyder Zee. The Dam is a square in the centre of the city and the starting point for all tram cars (street cars are always "trams" across the "pond").

This extraordinary city—beyond all doubt the most extraordinary that Europe affords, not even Venice excepted, as to situation and rapid progress—dates back its origin to the 13th century, it being then a mere assemblage of fishermen's huts. Its superabundant products of land and water and its position as a market was its first claim to prosperity, and to its poor but industrious people we owe the result.

The numerous canals of Amsterdam divide the city into 90 different islands, communicating by 290 bridges. The entire city, like Venice, is built on piles. Erasmus said: "The people, like crows, live on the tops of trees." Unlike Venice, its streets are wide, and travelling about is quite like any other city. In some part of even the finest houses, generally in the gable, may be observed a beam of wood projecting a few feet, for hoisting up furniture. Whatever is wanted in a Dutch house goes in from the top.

HOLLAND MILK WAGONS

Especially in Antwerp are dogs used instead of horses.

"Sarter Resartus"

Of the Jews' quarters we can but quote:

"The mixed odors—the commingled throng
Of salt and sour, and stale and strong."

"The Palace of the Marble Hall" is the beautiful old Stadhuis, or Town Hall, of which Louis Bonaparte took possession when created King of Holland in 1808, and made it into a Palace. This building contains the finest room in Europe, the ballroom, 120 ft. long, 55 ft. wide and 90 ft. high—all finest polished marble. The Palace rests on 13,695 piles, and the Dutch consider it the eighth wonder of the world.

By the side of the Palace stands the New Church, which is 500 years old. In it the present Queen of Holland was crowned.

✦

"Life supplies the lemons. All we have to do is to furnish the sugar."

The Magnificent Station and Bridge across the Amstel, Amsterdam

The Weepers' Tower

Dating from 1482. So called because it was the farewell point for wives and children of Dutch sailors in old, adventurous days.

A Street in Amsterdam

HOLLAND SNAP-SHOTS

By Mr. H. B. Sessions

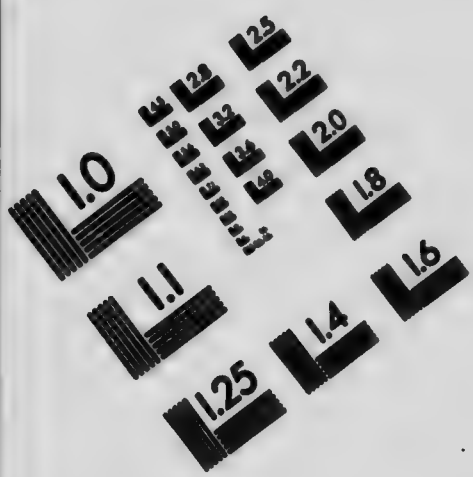
Conventional Gymnasium Suits

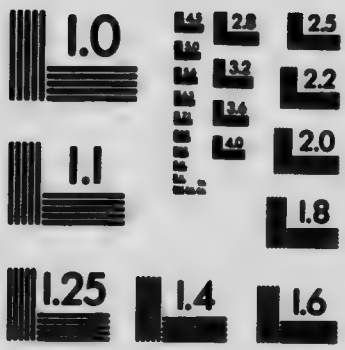
The largest windmills, it is claimed, will lift 10,000 gallons of water per minute to a height of four feet.

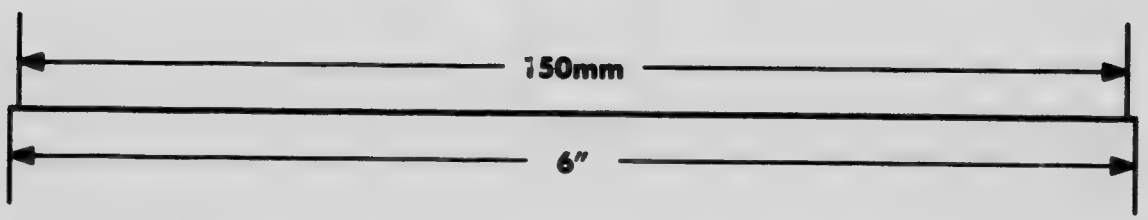
The Syndics (or Councillors)—By Rembrandt. Rhyks Museum, Amsterdam.

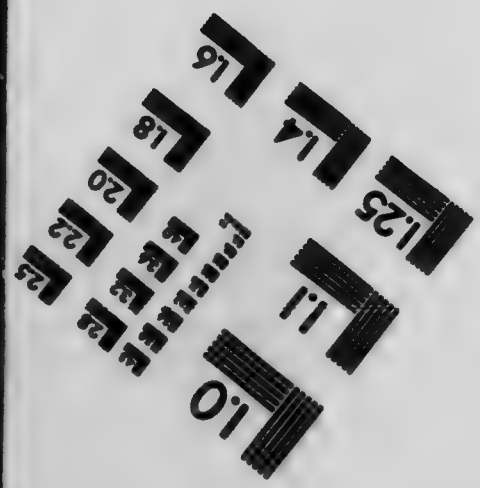
The Syndics are supposed to be listening to a case, not a court trial, but some civic complaint.

IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)









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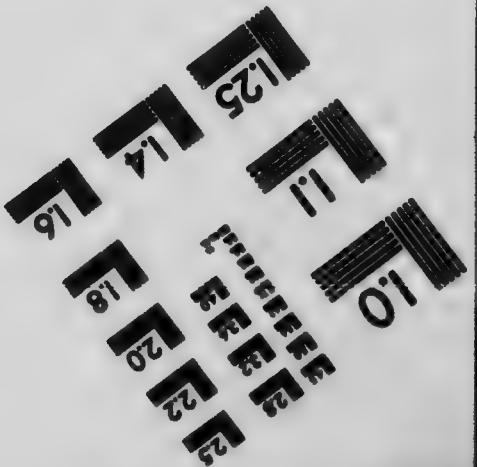
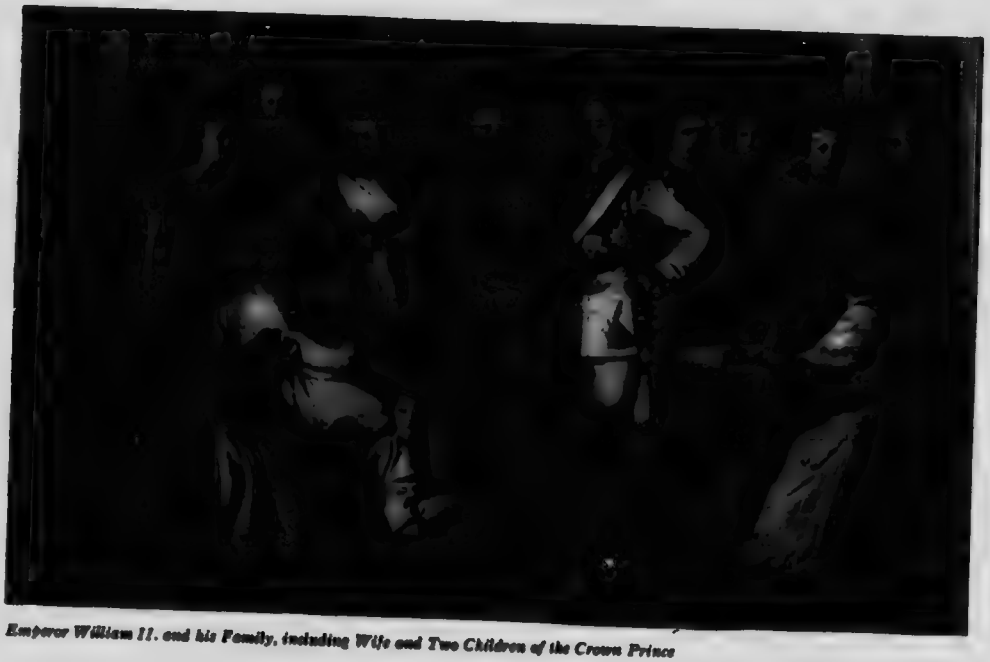


Lesson in Anatomy—By REMBRANDT. Rhyks Museum, Amsterdam

Apart from the skill and beauty of the work, it is unique and remarkable in that the artist prevented a gruesome subject from being repulsive.

The Night Watch—By REMBRANDT. Rhyks Museum, Amsterdam

A wealthy gentleman offered the artist a large sum of money if he would paint a picture containing his (Rembrandt's) portrait. The central figure in black is the painter.



Emperor William II. and his Family, including Wife and Two Children of the Crown Prince

Germany

GREAT BRITAIN holds about the same relation to Germany as America holds to England. We really all belong to the "fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon race."

Charlemagne, the ancient but more spiritually minded Napoleon, the hero of legend and song, and one of the colossi of history, was the first great chief of Europe outside of Italy. He reigned A.D. 800.

In 53 campaigns and during a reign of 48 years he conquered and ruled—wisely—practically all of Europe, compelling all nations alike to be baptised.

Charlemagne's personality and genius was able to hold all these widely differing lands together, but none of his successors has ever been able to do so, and his vast empire soon fell apart. Charlemagne died childless.

The war of the greatest interest to us is that of the Reformation, commencing at the beginning of the fifteenth century and lasting for 150 years.

The discovery of printing and the process of making paper from rags had spread learning far and wide, and brought the Bible into general circulation. This hastened the Reformation, with its bloody wars.

As everyone knows, the greatest of these wars arose because the Pope, in order to build St. Peter's, authorized a sale of indulgences, and such bad use was made of that privilege that Martin Luther was moved to publish his ninety-five famous theses, thereby kindling a strife which was to involve all Western Europe. Unfortunately, these Reformers could not agree. Calvin at Geneva preached a different doctrine from Luther at Wittenberg. It was at the Spires Diet in 1529 that Luther's partisans offered a protest, whence they were termed *Protestants*, while Calvin's disciples were termed Reformed. Poor Charles V., worn out with all this ecclesiastical strife, gave the throne to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery.

At the beginning of these disastrous wars Germany had 17,000,000 inhabitants; when it was finally concluded by the "Peace of Westphalia" (which treaty released Bonnivard from the Castle Chillon) there were only 4,000,000 souls left, and the country split up into about 200 independent states. This cruel war put Germany back 200 years in character, in intelligence and in morality. Affairs began to look brighter under the wise rule of the Great Elector of Brandenburg, and this prosperity and advance was continued by his greatgrandson, Frederick the Great, who was a man of letters as well as a great soldier, and was a particular friend of Voltaire.

Emperor Frederick the Great.

From this time Germany took its place in the front rank of the nations in matters educational and as a leader of thought.

After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, Germany—united at last—chose old King William of Prussia as its head, hailing him "Emperor of Germany" in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

While each of the states comprising the German Empire still has its own constitution, and is nominally governed by its Duke or other ruler, the German Emperor alone, with the Reichstag, controls all foreign relations, the customs, the port, the army and navy, decides for peace or war, and commands the whole German army, which is trained in the same way in all parts of the Empire.

The University of Berlin

Every German is compelled to serve three years in the army.

William II. has, so far, proved an able and energetic ruler.

The Kaiser's Palace—Terminating one end of "Unter-der-Linden."

THE PALACE OF THE KAISER.

The residence of the German Emperor is plain, substantial and unpretending. The study of the aged Kaiser William was in the corner of the palace shown in our illustration. To the last day of his life he stood at noon in the window, dressed in full soldier uniform, and returned the salute of his soldiers as they marched past to change guards. When asked why he was so particular to fasten every button and clasp, he replied, "I wish to set a good example. It is the one clasp left unfastened that defeats an army."

The Throne Room, Emperor's Palace, Berlin

The magnificent crystal chandelier in the throne room of the Kaiser's Palace was brought from Worms. Under this chandelier stood Martin Luther on those memorable days, the 17th and 18th of April, 1521, when he, a poor monk, faced the Emperor and all the state of the Empire, undazzled by their threatening splendour, and conducted his own case. His defence was closed with the stirring words, "Let me be contradicted out of the Holy Scripture—till that is done I will not recant. Here stand I. I can do no other, so help me God. Amen!"

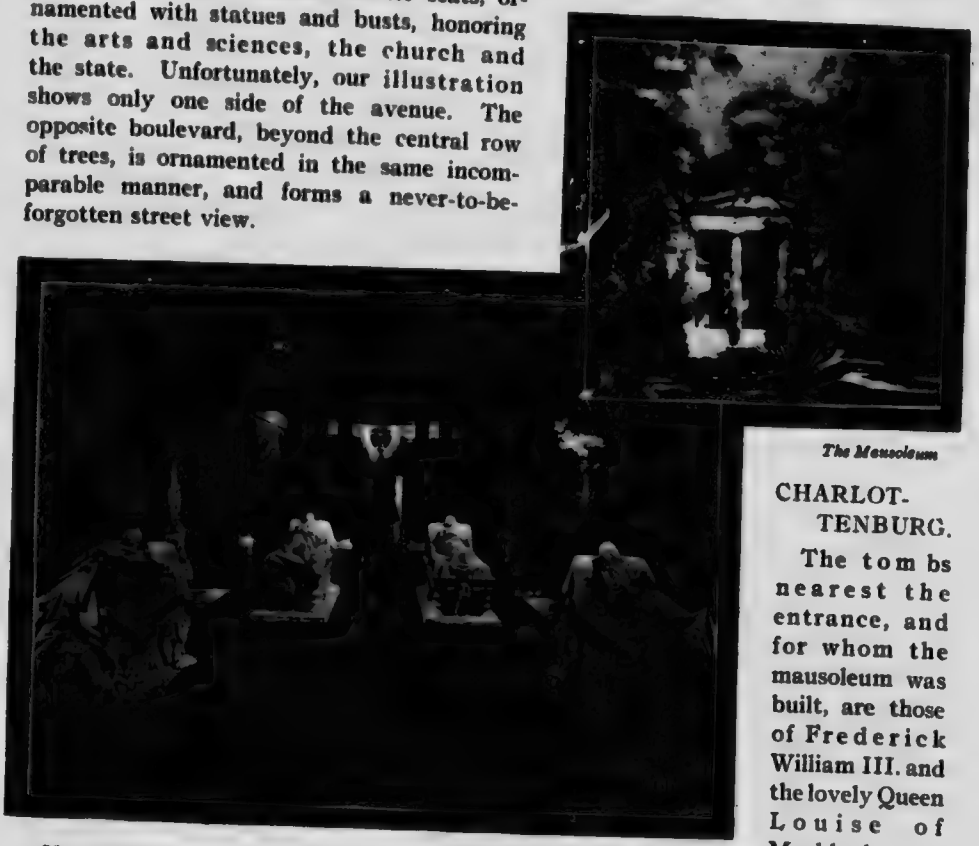
The Pelatial Hotel Zum, Reichstag

Unter-den-Linden, Berlin

BERLIN—population, 3,000,000—the capital of Germany. Benedict says of it: "Beautiful and interesting as it is, it is a striking example of what a royal residence will do for a town. Berlin has nothing in its surroundings to make it a natural site for a great city—unless it is economy of space—as it stands in the midst of a sandy, deso ate plain, good for nothing else but building a city."

Berlin's street, famous in song and story, possesses the euphonious name of "Unter den Linden," or "Under the lime trees," which are planted in two rows for one mile, or from the Royal Palace at one end of the straight, wide, beautifully clean road, to the Great Brandenburg triumphal gate, surmounted by its colossal quadriga of victory. This gate was taken to Paris by Napoleon, but was restored to its place again after his humiliation. Our picture shows the magnificent bronze statue of Frederick the Great.

Berlin streets are an example. They are washed every morning and dried with mops. The street our people consider the most beautiful in all Europe is in Berlin. Against a background of beautiful green foliage, far as the eye can see, are these chaste, snowy-white and polished marble seats, ornamented with statues and busts, honoring the arts and sciences, the church and the state. Unfortunately, our illustration shows only one side of the avenue. The opposite boulevard, beyond the central row of trees, is ornamented in the same incomparable manner, and forms a never-to-be-forgotten street view.



The Mausoleum

CHARLOTTENBURG.

The tombs nearest the entrance, and for whom the mausoleum was built, are those of Frederick William III. and the lovely Queen Louise of Mecklenburg.

Your sightseeing tour about Berlin should include a drive to the park adjoining the Palace of Charlottenburg, in which is this beautiful royal mausoleum. Our illustration shows the vestibuble and entrance. The entire

mausoleum receives its light from a glass dome above the marble angel in this vestibule. The arrangement and coloring is such that the light pervading the room is of a deep, wondrous purple blue, possessing a sheen that only the polished marble of walls and floor could produce. The reclining figure of Queen Louise is a wonderfully beautiful work of art. This tomb has only one rival—that of Maximilian, at Innsbruck.

POTSDAM is sixteen miles from Berlin, and Sans Souci is built in a beautiful park near the town. The illustration is merely of a pretty summer-house in the grounds. "Sans Souci" — meaning "without care" — was built by Frederick the Great, who loved to retire there, and, forgetting the cares of a great nation, indulge in his love for books and quiet meditation.

Orangery at Sans Souci, Potsdam, which is called the Versailles of Berlin

The idolized Queen Louise, Wife of Frederick William III.

Von Moltke

TIPS.—THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD. The system itself is just about the most universal thing in the world. In the different countries it is called pourboire, trinkgeld, mancha, backshish, etc. In the English language we call it plain *tip*. We are told that many years ago it was customary to place a money-box near the door or cashier's desk in English eating or coffee houses. This box always bore the letters T.I.P., abbreviation of the words "to insure promptness," and each client, on passing out, was expected to drop something into this box, the amount thus gathered being divided among the attendants.

Bismarck

One of the secrets of right living is letting that go which absorbs our energies and retards our progress. We should let our unfortunate past experience drop into the world of oblivion. We should never recall a disagreeable memory or mistake, unless it be to arm ourselves against falling into further errors. If the past torments and haunts you, cut it off sharply as if with a knife. Do not allow its shadow to darken your present, or rob your future of its possibilities. Profit by the lessons it has taught, but do not morbidly brood over them.

VIEWS IN DRESDEN

The Zwinger, Dresden

The Art Museum, Dresden

Beautiful Gardens on one side of the Art Museum

The Royal Palace, in which is the "Green Vault"

THE ART GALLERY, DRESDEN.—This gallery contains 2,400 paintings, and, like other galleries, there are certain masterpieces that have a world-wide reputation. Dresden is especially fortunate in this respect, and not alone in possessing a large proportion of these, but also because those they have are pictures that have reached the heart of mankind.

DRESDEN—population, 600,000.—As far back as 1216 Dresden is mentioned as a city or town. Since 1485 it has been the residence of the Albertine royal line. It is the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, and is charmingly situated on both banks of the river Elbe. Unlike Berlin, the city stands stately in the midst of rolling hills. Owing to its beautiful situation and valuable collections of art, it has become one of the most attractive cities in Europe, and it is one of the roomiest and cleanest cities in the world. The present building laws are very stringent, nowhere permitting the erection, in any street, of a building higher than the street is wide. The principal streets are 131 feet wide, and the new side streets are half that width. The city is 4 degrees north of Quebec.

THE PALACE (Schloss), residence of the King of Saxony.—The courtyard is considered architecturally fine, but the magnet that draws the visitor hence is the "Green Vault." This name is misleading, in that it suggests a sort of dark strong-box. It is, on the contrary, a suite of many rooms winding about one side of the palace, each room containing a certain distinctive class of precious treasure; for instance, there is the bronze room, the onyx room, the crystal room, etc., but the culminating point is the jewel room, containing, among treasures far too numerous to mention, the celebrated Insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece (seven sets); the Crown diamonds of the Royal Saxon house; the masterpiece of Dinglinger—Court of the Mogul—which took 14 workmen eight years to make; but chief of all is the "Green Diamond," after which all the rooms are named—a beautiful stone of wonderful size, but chiefly celebrated because of its rare color. The entire collection is considered the finest in the world, its value estimated at 9,000,000 marks. The Protestant Cathedral in this city is interesting. It is built of stone from foundation to dome, and is so solid in construction that when bombarded by Frederick the Great the shot and shell rebounded from the walls and did no injury. On the right and left of the desk hang portraits of Luther and Melancthon. (*Views on preceding page.*)

HOTEL BRISTOL

Dining and Assembly Hall.

It is a really delightful experience to live, if only for a short time, in these beautiful hotels. We feel thatit will give pleasure to a large number of our friends to see again, even in picture, the exquisitely appointed and elegant dining room and formal reception room of the Hotel Bristol. To reach the dining room we were ushered by liveried attendants through the assembly hall.

Chief of all the masterpieces in the Dresden Gallery is that of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." It is generally conceded to be the finest painting in the world. It was designed as an altar-piece for the cloister of San Sisto in Pracenza, Italy, and for this reason it is called "Sistine" Madonna. In 1753 it was purchased by the King of Saxony for $30,000.

No engraving can give anything but a suggestion of the beauty of this picture, because of the absence of color; the richness, yet soft, harmonious tones of the robes, the bodice of the Madonna being red and the mantle royal blue, while the hangings are of deepest green. Also any illustration fails to give the wonder of the background, which is composed of myriads of cherub faces, melting away into the distance. Notice the softly floating effect of figures that might appear heavy under any but a master-hand; but the chief charm of the picture is the life and radiance of the faces of mother and child. The wonder and far-seeing penetration in the eyes of the child, so expressive of the life to follow, all combine to make the picture what it is. An entire room in the great gallery is given to this one picture.

"The Magdalene" By Ribera— Dresden Gallery

Raphael's "Sistine Madonna"

"THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE."

By HOFMANN.

We bow our heads in proper humility and assent to the verdict pronounced by the artist brotherhood, but reserve the right to admire the picture we love the best and which we find hundreds of others loving with us. While we appreciated and studied the "Sistine Madonna," we found our way again and again to that little corner of the gallery where hung the picture of the "Child Christ Confounding the Doctors in the Temple." If merit that reaches the heart were any reason for so doing, we would dedicate a room to this picture also. It probably finds a warmer place in the hearts of the public than any other picture in any gallery.

Heinrich Hofmann

The face of the child Jesus in the original seems to possess a supernatural radiance, and is so expressive it all but lives. This face is the one perfect representation of the man and woman combined. It holds the grasp and strength of the man with the intelligence and sweetness of the woman The faces of the doctors are a study, and are sufficient to make a picture great.

"THE HOLY NIGHT," by Correggio, was completed in 1527, the artist, with a characteristic humility, accepting for it the pitiful sum of $40. Stoddard says: "No painter save Raphael is considered Correggio's equal in depicting sweetness and loveliness, especially in children; while in his treatment of light and shade he is unrivalled." This is well borne out by the dusky shadows of this picture, contrasting so wonderfully with the radiance emanating from the child Jesus, which so naturally lights up the scene and bares to our reverent eyes the mother love of Mary.

"The Holy Night"

"THE READING MAGDALEN."

Correggio painted several "Reading Magdalens." The one presented here is considered the most beautiful. Here, again, we have the contrast of light and shade; the rich blue of the mantle, the lustrous gold of the hair, all combine to make this one of Correggio's best.

"The Reading Magdalen"

"*The Madonna of St. Sebastian*"

The great Venetian artist once exclaimed: "Were I not Titian I should wish to be Correggio!"

Mendelssohn

Chopin

FAMOUS MUSICIANS—Reading from left to right—
Handel, Paderewski, Haydn, Schubert, Strauss, Wagner, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Gounod

Munich

MUNICH (population, 560,000), the capital of the kingdom of Bavaria, and the third largest city in Germany, is delightfully situated on the banks of the Isar. The long chain of the Tyrolese Alps, seen in all their snowy splendour, adds much to the beauty of its natural surroundings. We do not know what professional critics may say, but we thought Munich was the most beautiful, bright, clean city in all Europe. There is a good reason why German cities are the most spotless in the world—women do the street cleaning. "Street Angels" has become a humorous by-word for the white-clad men so occupied in America. Here we have it in fact.

The Peace Monument
Unveiled July, 1899. Of white marble and surpassingly beautiful.

Ludwig Strasse, the great street of Munich

In a drive about Munich or a tour through the Tyrol, the repetition of the name Leopold (or Ludwig, or Lewis, as King Leopold I. is called) becomes almost monotonous, and leaves the visitor with the idea that the Great King created Munich, and, indeed, he did make it what it is. Everywhere within the city are evidences of the astonishing taste and lavish expenditure of this king—the "mad king," he is called. He may have been architecturally or beauty mad, but it was a fine thing for Munich. Bless him! We could do with a few mad-along-the-same-line governors or presidents in this America of the ugly sky-scraper.

The library of Munich is the second largest in the world. In the old palace is a royal bedroom in which the bed hangings cost $160,000, forty persons devoting seven years to embroidering it.

The new palace will probably bear away the palm from all other royal palaces, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the simplicity, wealth and exquisite taste of King Ludwig.

Four of Munich's beautiful Gateways, and Wittelsbach Fountain

The Hall of Beauties is unique, and shows the king's admiration of the fair sex. Our account is taken from the travel history of Erastus Benedict. Whenever the king saw a remarkably beautiful woman he commissioned one of his favorite artists to ask her to sit for the king. His Majesty was guided solely by the mere fact of beauty in his selection, and, of course, his Hall of Beauties is hung with a collection of miscellaneous angels—royal and noble and plebeian. There is the noble and beautiful wife of a British Ambassador, and the pretty daughter of a shoemaker, or the handsome wife of a baker, and so on, and, conspicuously in a place of honor, the presentiment of that wild Irish girl of many names and titles, but best known by that of Lola Montez. She retains her place, chief among the beauties, although she cost the beneficent king his crown and throne. Beautiful, sparkling and reflective, cultivated and well informed, as sensible as she was beautiful, as wise as she was brilliant and surprising, she took such a strong hold of the old king's affection that she became his favorite—in short, she was the State. He ennobled her with the title of Countess of Landsfeldt, and made her fit—according to etiquette—to rank with the aristocratic ladies of his court; but a court and a city (often said to be the most licentious in Europe) professed in its jealousy, to be scandalized, with the result that King Leopold abdicated in favor of his son. Preferred love to a throne.

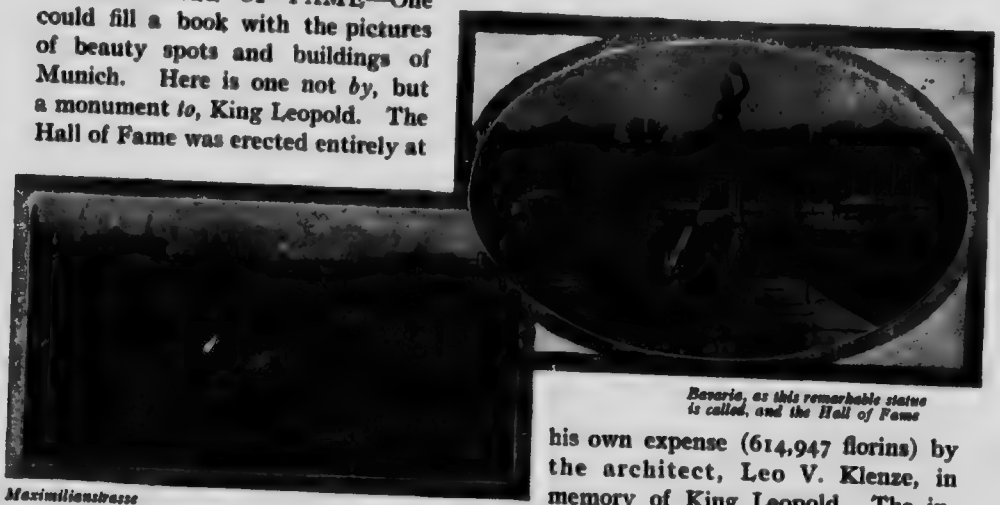
It was then that he built the beautiful and astonishing castles in the Tyrol. He was much loved by his people, and, erratic though he was, he deserved a much better ending to an immortal career than to have committed suicide in a temporary fit of insanity.

GATEWAYS OF MUNICH. (*See opposite page*).—The centre picture of this group is called the "Seigestor," or "Gate of Victory." It was dedicated by King Ludwig to the Bavarian Army, and modelled after the Arch of Constantine at Rome. It is surmounted by the figure of "Bavaria" in a quadriga drawn by four lions. This arch terminates the Ludwig Strasse, the magnificent street in which all the public buildings were built by the beneficent King Ludwig.

The "Karlstor"—the gate with the two clocks—is the oldest of the group, built in 1315. The "Propylaea," most beautiful of all, is built of white marble, in the pure Greco-Doric style.

The last of the group is called "Isartor," and once belonged to the outer wall of the town. Notice the size of the beautiful fresco above the central archways. This was added later, picturing the triumphal entry of the army after some battle.

THE HALL OF FAME—One could fill a book with the pictures of beauty spots and buildings of Munich. Here is one not *by*, but a monument *to*, King Leopold. The Hall of Fame was erected entirely at his own expense (614,947 florins) by the architect, Leo V. Klenze, in memory of King Leopold. The inscription on the pedestal of the "Bavaria" (which was erected by Leopold's successor) tells that the hall was erected "as a recognition of Bavaria's merit and glory." It is in Greco-Doric style and of pure white marble.



Bavaria, as this remarkable statue is called, and the Hall of Fame

Maximilianstrasse

The streets of Munich are a joy forever

BAVARIA.—A flight of 48 steps leads up to a block of granite-like marble, 29 feet high, and on it stands, cast in bronze, the imposing colossal figure of this majestic Teutonic woman, the patroness of her country. Beside her the Bavarian Lion. The woman's figure is 53 feet high, and to the tip of the oak wreath is 64 feet. It weighs 174,720 pounds, and the dimensions are stupendous. The circumference of the arm is 4 feet, the length of the face over 4 feet, and the length of the first finger 3 feet. A bronze door leads to the back of the head. Sixty stone steps take you to the knee, and a winding stairway of 60 steps more leads to the head, where there are bronze seats for six persons to rest while they enjoy the magnificent view of Munich and the Alps, through holes in the head, which are not visible from the ground.

OBER AMMERGAU is not in the least like a Swiss, a Dutch, an Italian, an English, or even a Rhine village; less prim and monotonous than the Swiss, less quaint and more refined than the Flemish, cleaner than the Italian, more rural and primitive than the North German, it rejoices in a far more intellectual and artistic population than would be found in any British hamlet equally remote. Glancing through the cottage windows, the traveller is struck at once by a display of exquisitely carved wood and ivory ornaments. Many of the inhabitants excel in this delicate handicraft, which must have a certain effect in refining and cultivating the artistic taste of the workers. This may account in part for a dramatic and scenic skill which has so astonished the world. Both the singing and acting of the great Passion Play are rendered by natives of this little village. There is something classic in that rare union of perfect placidity, contentment and simplicity with high artistic skill, something that reminds one of the Greeks. The men wear long hair, curling to their shoulders, and are veritable giants.

Dr. Anton Lang's Home, Ober Ammergau
Dr. Lang at the Gate.

Ober Ammergau
Houses are much the same throughout the village.

It is in this little Bavarian village that the famous Passion-Spiel is enacted every ten years, in fulfilment of a solemn vow made by the villagers in 1633.

ORIGIN OF THE PASSION PLAY.—The well-known origin of the play is as follows:—Over two hundred and seventy years ago, at the time when the long Thirty Years' War—that last spasm of the Reformation, incited by eloquent but inflammable Loyola, the Catholic partisan—was devastating Germany, a severe attack of plague broke out in the villages and valleys of the Bavarian Tyrol.

The little secluded village of Ober Ammergau was, however, exempt from the visitation; and, in order to be safe from infection, the village authorities drew a cordon about the hamlet, and forbade any one of the inhabitants to pass from the happy valley into the perilous outer world; while the conditions, of course, included that none should penetrate from the plague-stricken region into the village.

However, a native of the village, who had been for some time working in a neighbouring town, was seized with sudden home-sickness, and, unknown to any of the villagers, returned, finding his way at night over the mountains. Three days afterwards he lay dead of the fell disease, and no less than forty of his fellow-villagers succumbed to the same cause. In their agony of terror it occurred to the good people of Ober Ammergau that a pious vow might possibly propitiate Heaven, and turn the vengeance from their hearths and homes. They then and there, in solemn assembly, consulted as to what would probably be most efficacious, that is to say, pleasing to the Almighty, and finally it was resolved, then and every ten years afterwards, to perform with all due reverence and solemnity a play which should set forth the life, death and mediation of the Redeemer. From that time, it is asserted, the plague was stayed in the village, and the vow has been kept strictly and religiously.

The Stage
Open-air setting. There are about 700 performers in this great spiel.

The Last Supper
Every part of the Scripture scene is carried out, even the ceremony of the foot-washing, reverently, religiously and completely.

The Crown of Thorns

The Crucifixion

The Resurrection

The Ascension

The Passion Play consists of eighteen acts or scenes, together with a prologue or introduction. The play itself begins with Christ's entry into Jerusalem, but a series of tableaux vivants from Old Testament history alternate with the acted, spoken scenes of which they are emblematic, while, in order that the spectators may understand the meaning of the living pictures and their connection with the scenes of the acted tragedy, a chorus is introduced with duties similar to those of the chorus of the classic Greek plays. Their part is to explain and make intelligible the action of the drama, and to engage in a kind of running commentary upon it, which is presented, for the most part, in a musical form in a series of very beautiful vocal pieces.

Let professional criticism say what it may, thousands of the elite of the most cultivated and highly civilized nations in the world visit the play, and go away charmed, awed, reverent, and, from an artistic point of view, satisfied. There is nothing spectacular or suggestive of any creed or doctrine; nothing to offend any sect or denomination. It is all simple, earnest and *real*.

The best compliment one can pay to the acting is to say that it is done so naturally you forget that it is not reality. Although the play lasts from eight in the morning until six at night, with two hours' intermission at noon, the time is all too short.

JOSEPH ALVIS DAISENBERGER
The Parish Priest of Ober Ammergau who composed the "Passion Play."

Ober Ammergau in Winter

COLOGNE has a population of 370,000, and is both wealthy and renowned. In the camp of Germanicus was born Agrippina, mother of Nero, and she always retained a love for her birthplace, sending to it in after years a colony of Roman Veterans, and giving it the name of Colonia Agrippina, whence comes the name Cologne. Even yet the native inhabitants are said to differ from their German neighbors both in features and complexion.

Cologne was at one time noted for forty distinct smells, but has lowered that number to one—and that a very pleasant one—Eau-de-Cologne. Coleridge writes:—

Ye nymphs who reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash our City of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine

CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.—The Cathedral is the visitor's chief attraction in Cologne. It is generally conceded to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, although many prefer the Cathedral at Milan. Unfortunately its immediate setting is unworthy and crowded, and does not show to advantage the beauty and proportions of the building. It is 500 years since the church was commenced, but it was completed only 25 years ago in the presence of the old Emperor William and nearly all the Princes of Germany. It is unique in the history of building, in that it is not known who the original architect was. The edifice might be called a monument to an unknown genius. The twin towers are 511 feet high—much higher than any other in Europe—and the length of the building exactly equals the height of these towers. Among its relics are the bones of the "Three Wise Men of the East." As their names are not recorded in the Bible, it may be interesting to mention them here, as they are duly recorded and inscribed in rubies on the place of their skulls. They were Gaspar, Melchior, and Belthazar. Their shrine is among the richest in Europe, estimated to contain treasures worth $1,200,000.

The Rhine

"The River nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear."—BYRON.

ONE realizes, after visiting the Rhine, how beautiful and apt are Byron's poetical descriptions. There is no locality on earth, perhaps, so full of legend as the Rhineland. We can give but one of these, Rolandseck, illustrated in our second group picture.

The Castle on the height, which is not so far from the island as the camera makes it appear, is said to have been built by the brave Knight Roland, who once found himself the guest of the Lord of Drachenfels. He very properly fell in love with the peerless Hildegunde, daughter of his host, and the two young people were soon affianced lovers. But their happiness was brief. Roland was summoned by his uncle Charlemagne to the Crusade. Time went on, and anxiously did Hildegunde await his return. But sad rumors came: the brave Roland was said to have fallen by the hands of the infidel, and the inconsolable Hildegunde took refuge in the Convent of Nonnenwerth. The rumors, however, of the death of her betrothed were unfounded. Although desperately wounded, he recovered, and hastened to the halls of Drachensberg to claim his bride, only to find that she was lost to him forever. In despair he built the castle, of which one crumbling tower remains, and there lived in solitude, catching an occasional glimpse of a fair form passing to and fro to her devotions in the little chapel. At length he missed her, and the tolling bell and a mournful procession conveyed to him the heart-rending tidings that his Hildegunde was no more. From that moment Roland never spoke again. For a short time he dragged on his wretched existence, but his heart was broken, and one morning he was found rigid and lifeless, his glassy eyes still turned towards the convent chapel.

How times have changed! Is the day of romance over?

The casteled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.

MAYENCE (or MAINZ) is situated at the confluence of the Main and the Rhine. Population, 90,000. A Rhine River trip will either commence or end at this point, as the finest scenery is between Mayence and Cologne.

The foundation of the city dates from B.C. 14.

Rhine Boat Landing at Mayence
Government Buildings left centre, Reinischer Hof (Hotel) between the two centre towers

From half-a-hundred views, quite as picturesque and interesting, these pictures were selected as types. The rest of the Rhine trip is a variation of what we have here.

Cologne—Showing Cathedral and Bridge of Boats.

Rolandseck—In mid-stream the Island with Nunnery, and in the distance, crowning the hill, Roland's Tower.

Lurli

The Rhine is strewn with these gems of Castles, some inhabited, others picturesque ruins.

—

The Rhine land is the wine-land. Even the steepest, sunny hill-sides, with enormous labor, are converted into terraced vineyards.

Grape Vine Terraces

Heidelberg Castle and the River Neckar

HEIDELBERG, charmingly situated on the left bank of the Neckar, is one of the most interesting towns in Germany, and the Castle is considered the finest ruin in that land, while the beauty of its situation is one of the finest in any land. Like a soft, beautifully-tinted green rug and mantle the great forest rolls up the hill and enfolds the picturesque rambling building of many styles of architecture built by many ages of royalty. The vaults contain the famous Tun or wine cask, at one time the largest in the world, but now surpassed by one in California. The capacity of the Tun is 800 hogsheads, or 283,200 bottles.

The noted University was founded in 1386, and numbers about 700 students. It adds greatly to the local interest of a visit to this picturesque ancient city to see the students everywhere, wearing caps of various colors, and wearing, also, to our eyes, very disfiguring scars across their faces, scars won in their duels and of which they are very proud. The authorities have become somewhat ashamed of that ancient paganism, and have made these duels unlawful, but the students manage to get the scars just the same.

ONE FOR STRASBURG.

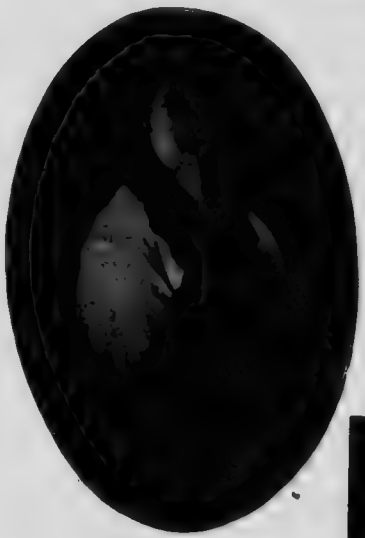
Extract from *Almanach des Gourmand.*

Paté de foie Gras, the expensive side-dish famous throughout the ultra-fashionable world, originated in Strasburg. "This dainty! save the mark, is made of the *diseased liver* of the goose. The poor animal, with his feet nailed fast to a plank, is placed before a hot fire, crammed with food and deprived of drink. This soon gives the bird a morbid appetite and a bad liver complaint. The liver grows to an enormous size, sometimes even to the weight of *three pounds*, when the goose is killed and the diseased liver made into a delicacy for the luxurious."

Do we long for the luxuries of wealth? Think of it—we could revel in the flavor of this "torture Paté;" also enjoy anchovies (little water snakes); Caviare (rotten fish eggs); Roe is about the same dainty not so badly decomposed; *and*—the cheeses! The poor man must be content with roast beef and apple dumplings!

Austria

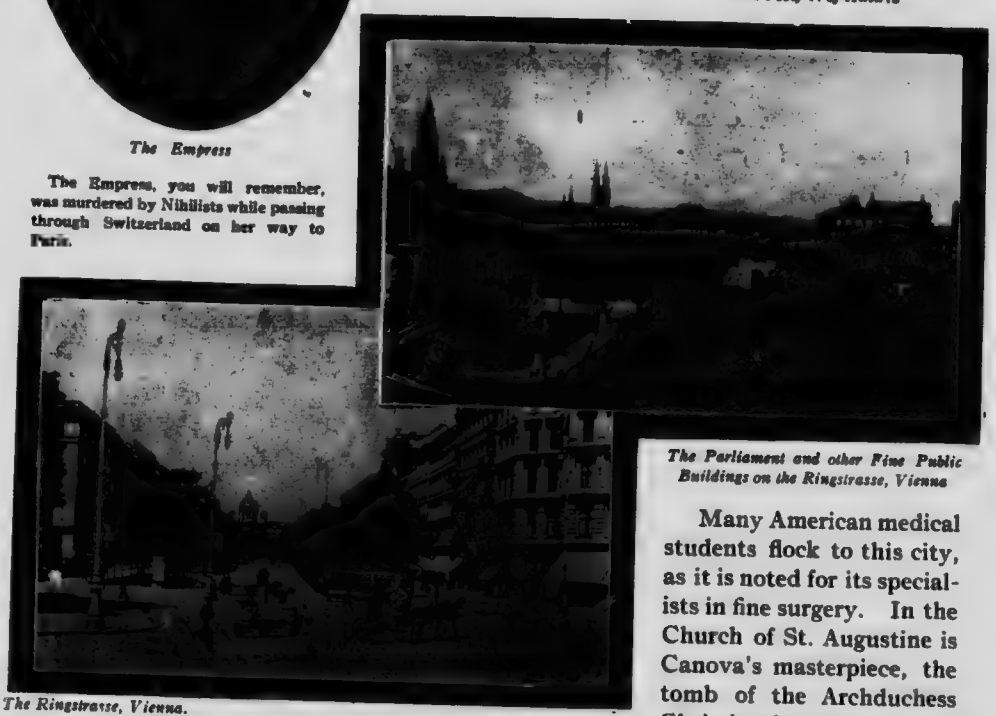
VIENNA—or Wien, as the Austrians call it—the capital of the Austrian Empire, is situated at the conjunction of the insignificant Wien with the Danube. The *bodies* of the Imperial family are buried in the Capuchin Church, the *hearts* in the Church of St. Augustine, and their *bowels* in the Cathedral of St. Stephen.



The Empress

The Empress, you will remember, was murdered by Nihilists while passing through Switzerland on her way to Paris.

Franz Josef I. of Austria



The Parliament and other Fine Public Buildings on the Ringstrasse, Vienna

The Ringstrasse, Vienna.

Many American medical students flock to this city, as it is noted for its specialists in fine surgery. In the Church of St. Augustine is Canova's masterpiece, the tomb of the Archduchess Christina, favorite daughter of Maria Theresa. Canova designed it as a tomb for Titian. It is not known why it was not so used.

The best-known "feature" of Vienna is the Ringstrasse, or circular street, which winds entirely around the old town, and is claimed by the Viennese to be unsurpassed

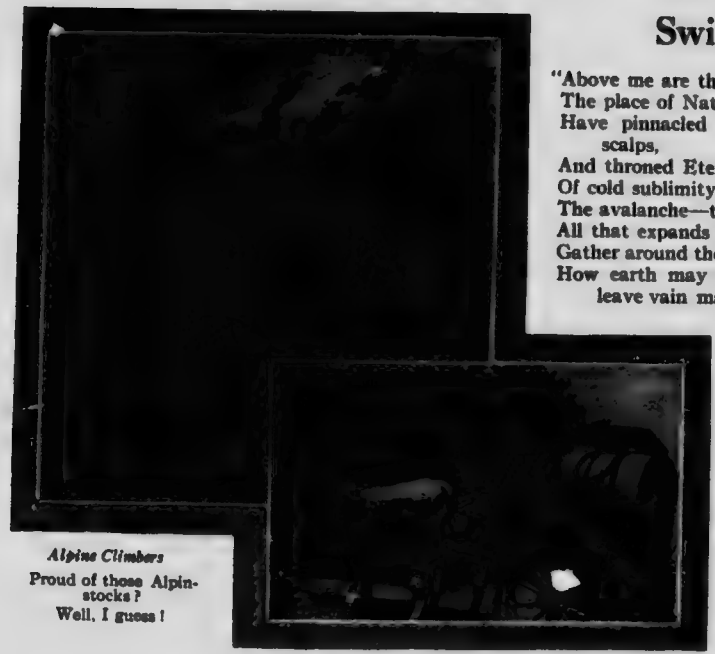
by any other street in Europe for architectural magnificence. The street is laid out on what was once the site of the fortifications, which were blown up and levelled in 1858. Thus the old city resembles an island in the midst of its suburbs.

Within the old city are the residences of the aristocracy and offices of state, also the Royal Palace.

Hotel Archiduke Charles, Linz

The "Blue Danube" at Linz is sepia color at times, and at others a fine Quaker grey.

The illustration shows the little waiting room and landing place at Linz—exactly across the road from the Hotel.



Alpine Climbers

Proud of those Alpin-stocks?
Well, I guess!

The Water-Wagon, Italy

Switzerland

"Above me are the Alps,
The place of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where frowns and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce the Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

WE MAKE no attempt to describe the indescribable. The best that can be done has been written by others.

A word about the industrious, thrifty inhabitants may be interesting. Enwrapped, as the traveller is, in admiration of Nature's glories all about him, still there must be room for appreciation of the thrift of the so-called lower classes. Where cows cannot pasture, sheep and goats scramble about, and where grass grows on ledges inaccessible to cattle of any kind, men or women are lowered, by means of ropes, to cut, dry, and gather in bags the precious fodder for their live stock.

The traveller will find here, and in fact in most parts of Europe, that every twig and leaf is picked up to be used either as fuel or as bedding for stock, so that even extensive forests often have the tidy, well-swept look of a city park.

Everywhere in Europe, as one speeds along in the train, he gets interesting and instructive food for thought while witnessing what "forestry" or "conservation" is doing for these old lands.

Another reason for the prosperous appearance of Switzerland and its lack of that poverty which makes the one heart-breaking feature of a trip in Great Britain, is the system of popular and free education, dating back as far as 1535. Switzerland took the lead of all countries in this respect, and also in the law compelling parents to send their children to school from six to twelve years of age—under penalties.

Swiss Chalet

Switzerland has 12 mountains over 14,000 feet high. Colorado alone has 42 over 14,000 feet; and what of the Canadian Rockies?

BERNE (population, 48,000) is the Capital of the Swiss Federation. Its situation is marvellously beautiful; but then, so is that of every town in Switzerland, and each has its distinctive superlative.

From the bridge in Berne, up and down the Rhine, the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps are seen in a glorious panorama.

The story goes that when a name was to be selected for the Capital it was decided to name it after the first wild animal shot on the mountains. This chanced to be a bear; thus Berne, from Ber, or bear. Everywhere in Switzerland the carved-wood "Teddy" is found; and few tourists leave the country without one of the "pets" in his suit-case. It has become the Swiss national animal.

INTERLAKEN (population over 6,000), as its name suggests, lies between the Lakes Brienz and Thun. It is one of the four most frequented places in this glory land; the others being Geneva, Montreux and Lucerne, although there is no doubt that Interlaken and Lucerne will double the number of summer visitors of Geneva and Montreux. Interlaken's pride is the Jungfrau, and to witness a sunset on its eternal snows is an epoch in one's life. The mountain is 14,000 feet high, or the same height as Pike's Peak, Colorado.

The Jungfrau Glacier, Switzerland

The old Monastery Church here is unique. It is so divided that the Church of England, Presbyterian, French Protestant and Roman Catholic services are held within it.

Interlaken is the place of places to purchase carved wood, which is a national industry. All winter, while the snow lies heavy on the mountains, the natives carve wood to supply the voracious tourist in summer.

LAKE GENEVA (or Lake Leman, as it is so often called) is 55 miles of incomparable loveliness, commanding a fine view of Mont Blanc. The current of the river Rhone can be distinctly traced from end to end.

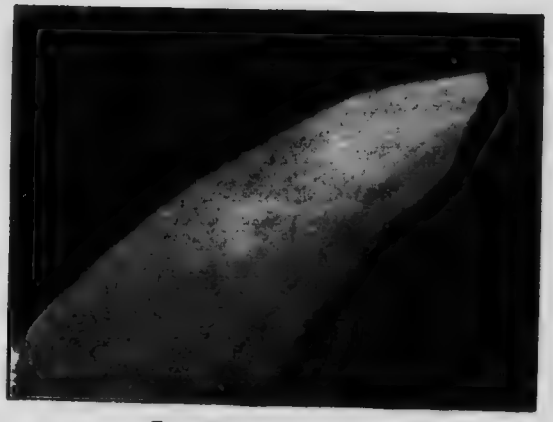
CHAMOUNIX is but a short drive from the town.

GENEVA was the home of Calvin, and near it lived Gibbon and Madam de Stael. Its special industry is watches and jewelry.

Eden Hotel, Interlaken

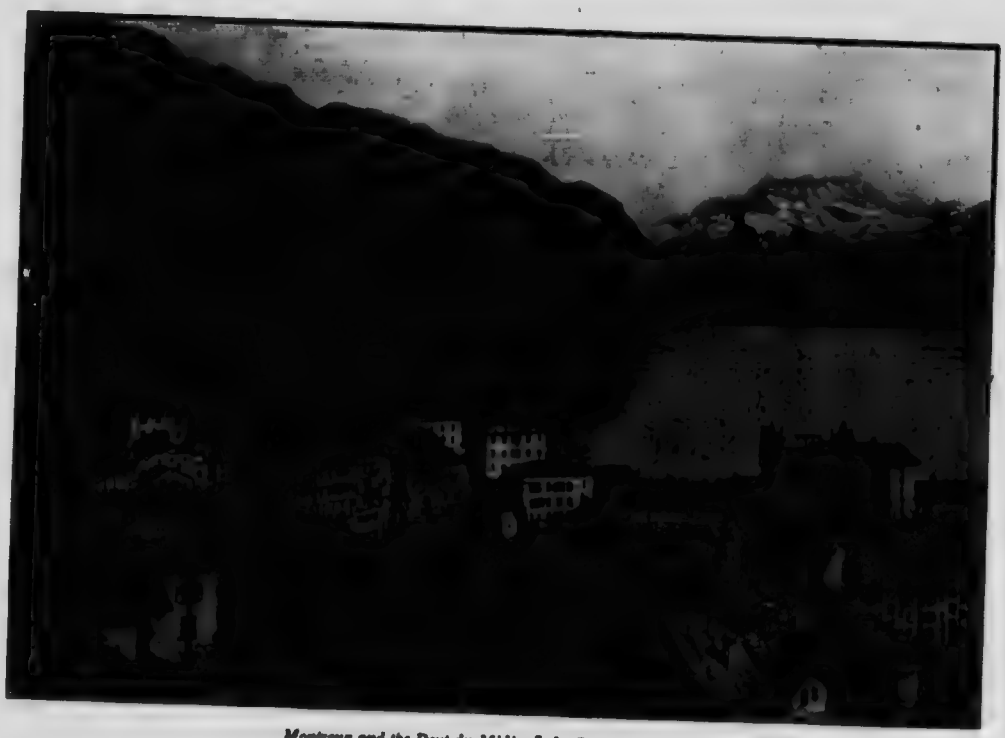
Edelweiss—The National Flower of Switzerland

Staubach Falls, Switzerland



Trummelbach Falls, Switzerland

The most beautiful drive from Interlaken includes the two falls, Staubach and Trummelbach. Staubach Falls, 980 ft. So high a fall for so small a body of water forms the finest bridal veil of spray.



Montreux and the Deut du Midi—Lake Geneva, Switzerland

MONTREUX, VEVEY and LAUSANNE are all beautifully located, and command magnificent views of Mont Blanc and the Deut du Midi in all their immaculate splendour.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, which Bonnivard's patriotism and Byron's poetry have combined to immortalize, is situated in a suburb of Montreux. Many romantic stories have been woven about the Hero of Chillon, but the plain, unvarnished history is as follows: The Castle stands on a little island connected with the mainland by a drawbridge. Bonnivard, the scholar and the man of letters, struck for the freedom of his country and was made prisoner by the tyrannical will of the Duke of Savoy. In 1536 the Genevese and Bernese combined to strike for freedom, and the Castle Chillon held out till the last, but finally surrendered and Bonnivard was set at liberty. When tyranny chained him to the dungeon, Geneva was a Roman Catholic canton, subjugated to Charles V. of Savoy. When they burst into his dungeon joyfully proclaiming, "Bonnivard, you are free!" the white-haired, emaciated patriot hoarsely enquired, "And what of Geneva?" rejoicing in his own freedom only when he heard "Geneva is free also!"

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Bonnivard's Prison *Lake Geneva Sail-boats* *Castle of Chillon*

The patriot was chained to the third pillar in the illustration. Thus for eight long years he walked round and round the cruelly small space, wearing a groove in the solid stone floor. This really artistic dungeon is hewn out of the solid natural rock, as the floor in the foreground plainly shows. The waters of Lake Geneva dash against the outer wall, as shown in the moonlight scene.

AS BYRON HAS THE PRISONER TELL IT.

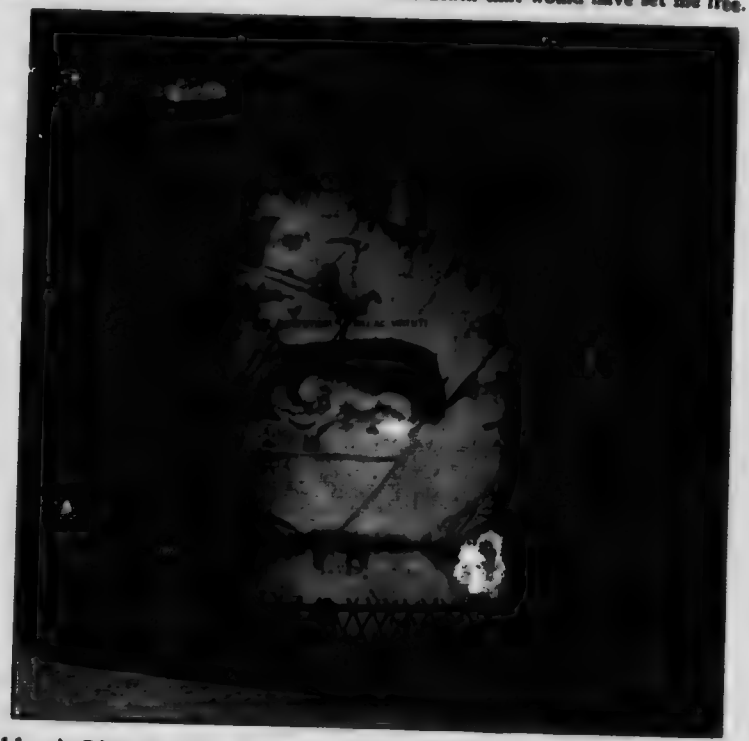
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old:
There are seven columns massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick walls is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp;
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's wall
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;

• • •

A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made,—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
And I have felt the wintry spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

LUCERNE



"In true art the simplest idea carried out by a master hand never fails in its effect."

"Thorwaldsen's Lion," 28 feet in length, is carved out of the solid sandstone rock in memory of the Swiss Guards who died defending the Royal Family of France in August and September, 1792. Wounded by a lance, the Lion shelters the Bourbon Lily with its paw.

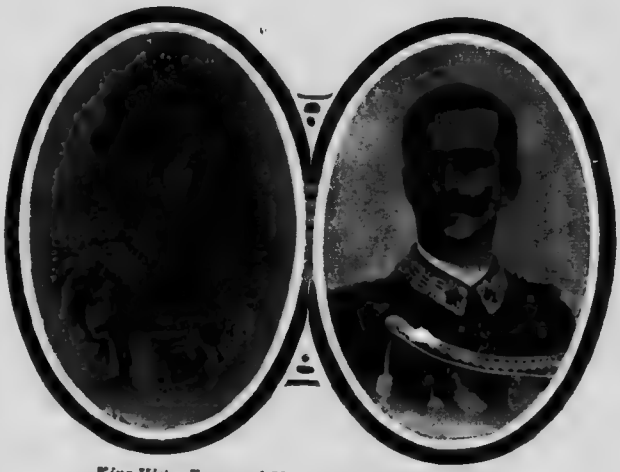
Lucerne and Mount Pilatus

LUCERNE (population, 28,000).—Its special view is Mount Pilatus, 7,000 feet high. Upon this mount Pontius Pilate is said to have committed suicide in remorse for his surrendering of Jesus. The Rigi is also best reached from this point. The sights of Lucerne are: The old Roman Lighthouse (Lucerna), to which the city owes its name; the ancient wooden bridge, with quaint paintings hanging from every spandrel; Thorwaldsen's Lion; the Pot-holes, formed by the action of glaciers in the Ice Age. The city's specialty in souvenirs is the pretty jewelry set with the rock crystals, amethysts, garnets and other stones, found by professional crystal-hunters in the mountains.

Most travellers either arrive at or leave Lucerne on the little steamer which plies from one end of the pretty "Lake-of-the-four-Cantons" to the other, a distance of 22 miles. The steamer skirts the shore that good views may be obtained of the chapels and points of interest in this the land of William Tell. After leaving the boat at Flüelen, the visitor passes through St. Gothards Pass and Tunnel en route for Italy. This wonderful evidence of Man's genius is nine and one-half miles long.

The picture shows the old covered bridge and towers at right of new bridge, also station at extreme left, and hotels Savoy and Metropole across the road from the depot.

Italy



King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Helena of Italy

IN 1879 Pope Leo XIII. and King Humbert came into power, while earthquakes, floods and the cholera were doing their best to retard the progress of the country, which was laboring besides under great financial drawbacks.

Humbert, the second King of United Italy, was assassinated in 1900, and since then Victor Emmanuel III. and his wife Helena of Montenegro have reigned so acceptably that progress in education, industry and finance has been marked. Two daughters and one son now play in the Royal nursery, and it looks as if the hard-won *Unity of Italy* were at last secure.

Many of the aristocrats of Italy complain because the present King and Queen do not entertain or hold court with the lavish display of former days; but the world looking on, and particularly the visitor to Italy, can see something much better to be done with Italian money. The people love the Royal pair, and the world approves and admires. Like the King and Queen of Holland, this was a real love match.

Much of the history of Italy is practically the same as that of France and Germany. That is, the great rulers or conquerors of one also ruled or conquered the the other. Charlemagne's beneficent rule included France, Germany and Italy; Napoleon's victories were over the three nations. The war started by Martin Luther also swept over Italy, but here we have Savonarola added to the list of the martyred great.

The history of the travellers' Italy dates back to the Cæsars. To find contemporaneous great ones for these would take us into Asia and Africa. Julius Cæsar crossed the Rubicon 49 B.C., and was murdered—on the Ides of March 44 B.C., at a time when Britain was in a barbarous condition.

Trajan, 98 B.C. to 117 A.D., not continuous.

Nero, 54 A.D. to 69 A.D.

Vespasian, 69 to 79 A.D.

Hadrian, 117 A.D. to 138 A.D.

Constantine the Great, 284 A.D. to 395 A.D.

Charlemagne (800 A.D.) and St. Augustine in England were contemporaries. All these lived many years before Alfred the Great or Edward the Confessor.

The great Italian patriots Mazzini and Garibaldi lived during the reign of Victor Emmanuel I., who was the first King of United Italy. Up to the reign of Victor Emmanuel, Italy, like Germany before the Treaty of Westphalia, was divided into a number of States, each with its independent ruler, and always at war with the other States. Garibaldi was the Bismarck of Italy.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

The journey from Lucerne to Milan skirts the famous Italian Lakes, whose beauty is perhaps without a parallel in the way of lake scenery. To Americans accustomed to our "inland oceans" they seem as toys, but fully realize that—just as in Ireland, England, Scotland or Switzerland—their smallness constitutes their graspable beauty. The entire group—excepting La Garda—is included in a space of about 55 miles by 35 miles. The Lake of Como is generally considered the most beautiful of the group,

SNAP-SHOTS

Different Conveyances in Different Cities

Dr. Kennedy, M.A., LL.D., and the Pigeons at St. Marks

At Pompeii

although Lakes Lugano and Maggorie are scarcely less lovely. The shores of each are studded with charming villas of white against a background of forest and mountain reflected in the deepest blue of the sparkling waters. Dotted here and there are charming picturesque villages washing their feet in the limpid waters and looking from the distance so white and spotless; but it is too true that the charm of many of these so-picturesque-at-a-distance Italian villages is dispelled as soon as one gets within smelling distance of them. They certainly need more than their feet washed.

THE CLIMATE OF ITALY IN SUMMER.

So many people are frightened away from Italy in summer, a word about the climate may not be amiss. England probably gave Italy her character for excessive heat, but let us remember that England knows not the high temperature of America during the summer, and to English travellers the climate there seems really hot. So far as our experience goes, we declare spring and summer the most pleasant seasons, for then the flowers and vines, the festoons of grapes, and the almond, the olive, the lemon and orange lend their charm to the landscape.

Many are not aware that Naples is in the same parallel of latitude as New York, and Florence, Geneva and Milan are further north than Boston.

It is said that no other city in Europe is supplied with such good drinking water as Rome. It is brought at enormous expense and great distance from the mountains.

MILAN, (population 500,000,) the Capital of Lombardy, is one of the largest and wealthiest cities in Italy; more French than Italian in appearance. The visitors interest is centred in its marvellously lovely Cathedral and the Church of Maria della Grazie, in the refectory of which is the fast vanishing fresco, Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which was somewhat restored in 1909.

The CATHEDRAL OF MILAN is the largest in Europe, except St. Peters at Rome and the Cathedral at Seville in Spain. It holds 40,000 people; was commenced in 1386, carried on under Napoleon (whose statue is on the roof), and is not yet fully completed. There is no such thing as a comprehensive picture of this edifice, and no genius of description can give any idea of this dream in white marble; unique and absolutely unlike anything else we have ever seen. Milan Cathedral stands alone, the loveliest piece of marble lace work in existence.

Milan Cathedral

Hotel Metropole

To grasp the magnitude and appreciate the individual beauty of the building, ascend to the roof, stand amid the bewildering army of 98 pinnacles, each surmounted by a life-size statue, many of them masterpieces—and some by Canova. There are 2,000 statues, and room for 1,500 more. From such a setting, look out upon the city and the glory of a semicircle of the Alps, the Appenines completing the horizon.

The choir windows are the largest—and many think the finest—in the world.

The Saint is St. Charles Borromeo, whose tomb is in the crypt beneath the dome. This great Bishop, who during his lifetime so despised worldly pomp and grandeur, declining all costly adornment, and who so loved the poor, himself acting as nurse to the plague-stricken people during the Great Pestilence, now lies in state, his body mummified, clothed in richly embroidered, jewelled vestments and mitre. The body is almost covered with gold, silver and precious stones. Among these a cross composed of a dozen or more emeralds as large as marbles, an offering from Maria Theresa; a beautiful crown of jewels from a French King, and a plain gold cross from Cardinal Wiseman. The walls of the little chapel are entirely lined with silver, exquisitely worked. The body is preserved in a case of crystal and silver. His soul is surely sad in Heaven!

VENICE.—Population, 163,000.

Venice would be an impossibility if it did not exist.

ALTHOUGH books innumerable have been printed about this lotus-land, the visitor is never prepared for it. Always it comes as a delightful surprise, more fanciful and fairy-like than anything the imagination had been able to picture. Nowhere else has the hand of time left such mellow, rich tints, or is it that nowhere else is there such a setting for the antique? The question arises: How came a people to select a vast marsh on which to build a city?

The rapid rivers that for ages brought debris and earth from the Alps and Appenines into the head of the Adriatic shoaled its harbor with sand-bars and islets. Fugitives from the sword of the barbarians who rushed down upon Italian cities nearly 2,000 years ago sought refuge in the midst of these almost inaccessible islands and there commenced to build this wonderful city, which now, built entirely upon piles, covers 3 islands and 113 islets, parted by 157 canals and linked together by 380 bridges. To the tides, which here, rising from two to six feet, send their pulsations through every vein, the city owes its healthy, saline atmosphere. The Lagoon is separated from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sandbank, divided by several inlets. The one known as the Lido was anciently the main entrance, and is now a pleasure resort, Malamoco being the deepest channel.

The natural difficulties encountered in constructing a city out of such environment and material was bound to produce a tenacious and capable race of people. Gradually their power became felt all along the coast of the Adriatic. At one time Constantinople and Genoa belonged to Venice, and at the close of the fifteenth century it was the grand focus of the entire commerce of Europe, and was universally respected and admired. It numbered at that time 200,000 inhabitants. The opening of the new route to Asia materially effected the commercial prosperity of the city.

During the process of conquering and ruling these new territories there gradually arose a class of aristocrats, or nobles, who declared themselves hereditary in 1297 and shut out the rest of the people from all share in the government. The supreme authority lay with the Great Council, which consisted of all the noble families. At first the executive was entrusted to a Doge, or Duke, and six Counsellors. After the conspiracy of 1310 the highest authority became vested in a secret "*Council of Ten*," who kept the whole administration of the city, and also the management of its foreign policy, entirely under their control. The members were secretly selected to act for a certain time, and as during their verdicts and sessions they were always robed and masked in black, no one knew who they were nor could they endanger the lives of the Counsellors while not on duty. From this Council the Inquisition was developed in the sixteenth century. The first Doge is said to be Anafestus in 716. In 819 the Doge first took residence in the palace—almost 100 years before Alfred the Great in England—but the foundation of the greatness of Venice as an eastern power was laid by Enrico Dandola from 1192-1205.

This despotic aristocracy tolerated no voice of freedom and no murmur of complaint. The Senate Chamber, the Hall of the Council of Ten—often ten tyrants—the Lion's Mouth—who was safe from its fearful utterances?—the Tribune, the Council of Three, in their small apartment, secret, silent, unknown, they sat wrapped in black satin and masked, and there passed their unrecorded and unannounced sentence of death. Then, from before them, by a private and dark passage or short precipitous

stairway, their victims were hurried into their dungeons below and there were decapitated, or perhaps ordered to sit down in what seemed an armchair, but, as soon as they were seated, by concealed and resistless springs, they were strangled. Sometimes they were allowed to look for the last time upon canal and city as they passed over the Bridge of Sighs to their death. Through all these palatial rooms, unexcelled in their richness and grandeur of decoration, as well as through the horrible dungeons, the visitor now has access.

The "Lion's Mouth" just mentioned is not merely a figure of speech. At the entrance to the Palace is a bronze or stone (we have forgotten which) lion's head with open, cruel mouth. Into it Venetians could drop a written complaint or accusation against any citizen. These accusations were read and judged by the Council of Ten. Think what an opportunity for political villany and petty spite or jealousy! One of the "Council" might be the accuser, and as no signature ever accompanied the writing, no one would be the wiser. Often the accusation had not the slightest foundation, but it served to remove a dangerous rival. There was no trial, no hearing allowed the accused.

Venice is a strong rival of Brussels in the making of beautiful lace, and the Venetians are the cleverest manufacturers of glass in the world. So highly was this art regarded in early days that to make some specially beautiful, graceful vase or other article, or to discover some new and wonderful color, was sufficient to raise a so-called plebeian into the aristocracy. The artist was regarded very much as a Florentine would regard a Michael Angelo who could create a "Marble David." President Roosevelt seems to be the only one who puts a premium on *live* Davids.

Santa Maria Della Salute

Just across the Canal opposite the Hotel D'Italie stands this exquisite little gem of a church. Built of white marble, it looks as if made to be kept under a glass case.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.—So many churches there are throughout Europe, yet no monotony. St. Mark's is totally unlike any other we have visited, and no one attempts to gainsay its beauty. It was built in the eleventh century on the site of a former church burned in 976. It is in the Romanesque-Byzantine style, with Gothic additions of the fourteenth century and Renaissance alterations of the seventeenth century. Above the portal are the celebrated bronze horses (the only horses in Venice) which Constantine carried from Rome to Constantinople, and Zeno brought to Venice in 1205; they were taken to Paris by Napoleon in 1797, but restored to Venice in 1815. No other building in the world contains such mosaics. Including the exterior and interior, they cover an area of 45,790 square feet, or more than an acre; and the decoration in gilding, bronze, and rich marbles is equally profuse and splendid. There are 500 pillars of Oriental marbles, pillaged during decades of wars from almost every church and temple in the east, some even from the temple at Jerusalem. The different coloring and artistic grouping give an indescribably pleasing effect.

Just inside the main entrance to St. Mark's, and in the floor of the vestibule, is a small square bronze plate let in the pavement. Strike it with cane or umbrella and you will find it gives back a hollow sound unlike its surroundings. This marks the spot where were buried the peace contract, and where 700 years ago Pope Alexander III. and Emperor Frederick I., after bitter hostilities, were reconciled at a personal interview. The Emperor prostrated himself in submission on the spot marked by the tablet, and the Pope placed his foot upon his head and repeated the prophetic words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder"—words of humiliation to the Emperor, perhaps of warning to the proud Lion of Venice.

The three lofty flagstaffs in front of the church, arising from pedestals which make them resemble gigantic candelabra, once bore the banners of Cyprus, Candia and Morea. On Sundays and festivals the Italian flag now floats from them.

St. Mark is the tutelary saint, and his body is said to be buried under the high altar, brought to Venice from Alexandria in 828. (Just at this point our guide shrugged his shoulders and said: "Faith is faith!")

The church occupies one entire side of a square, the Plazza of St. Mark. A Loggia surrounds the other three sides, forming one of the most pleasing shopping promenades in the world. This square is the great Venetian centre of business, and, in the evening, of amusement. This is the point where the inhabitants congregate, and until ten o'clock the scene is most animated, especially on the evenings when the military band plays. The entire square is paved with trachyte and marble, three sides being enclosed by imposing structures, which appear to form one vast marble palace discolored with age and exposure to the weather. They were once the residence of the nine Procurators, the highest officials after the Doge.

The pigeons of St. Mark's Square are almost as noted as the church. As the clock tower chimes out 2 p.m., thousands of these birds flock to the square to be fed. According to tradition, Admiral Dandolo, while besieging Candia at the beginning of the thirteenth century, received important intelligence from the island by means of carrier pigeons. This intelligence practically assured his success. He then despatched the birds to Venice with the news, and since that period their descendants have been carefully tended and highly revered by the citizens. For a few centimes the visitor purchases little paper cones of corn from the vendors about the square, and as they feed them the pretty birds alight on hand, arm or head.

This is the camera's opportunity.

St. Mark's, Venice

THE DOGE'S PALACE.—The first Palace dates from 1301. Five times has it been destroyed by fire. The present structure as it stands dates from 1422. Ruskin declares it to be "the great work of Venice, the principal effort of her imagination, employing her best architects in its masonry and her best artists in its decoration for a long series of years."

The marble steps in this courtyard, leading to the entrance, are known as the "Giants' Stairway," because of the mighty statues of Mars and Neptune at their summit. This stairway is over 400 years old, and for centuries at the head of the steps the Doges of Venice were crowned.

Just beyond, inside the grand entrance, is a flight of steps leading to the upper storey, called the Scala D'Oro, or Golden Stairs, from the magnificence of its ornamentation.

In the "Hall of the Grand Council" hangs Tintoretto's great picture, "Paradise," the largest oil painting in the world; Milan claims the largest fresco painting. Ruskin says this is the most precious possession of Venice. This colossal picture, filling one entire end of the great Hall, is in three parts, blending unnoticeably into each other. It is told of the artist that he took his wife as model for the chief figure in each of the three parts; that during the first year of their married life he painted "Paradise" and enthroned her there. The figure is conspicuously dressed in soft radiant blue, which shows out admirably in the second part, "Purgatory," which was painted after they had been married five years. After ten years had passed Tintoretto painted her in "Hell," and possibly she was, figuratively. It is said that Genius makes a poor husband.

Courtyard of Doge's Palace

KNOW, FIRST, WHERE KNOWLEDGE IS RECORDED

Never take trouble to remember what can be easily searched out in a reference library or in reference books of your own. It is much better to know where information on a hundred points can be obtained than to know all about five points so that you can give your knowledge as if from a book. Most human knowledge is recorded somewhere. Make it your business to know where whatever you want to know is recorded. When you read, read with that end in view. Keep a memorandum that will refresh your memory as to the exact sort of information to be obtained from a particular book. Let your reading cover a wide field, but don't load down your mind with what it is bound to refuse to carry.

The old Palace of Marco Paolo, now the Hotel d'Italie

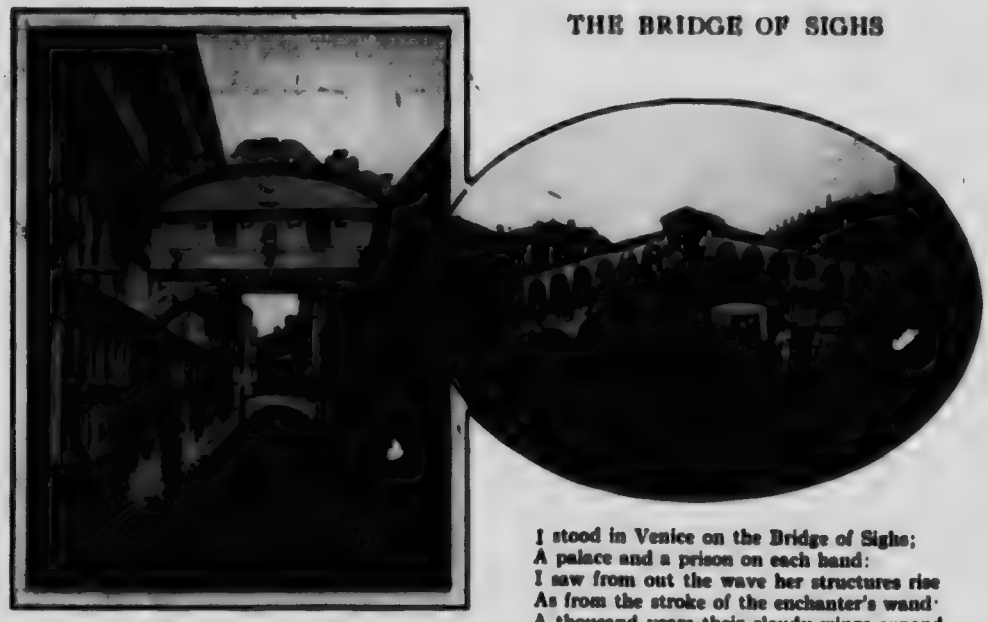
Notice the Venetian street car, last boat on the right. Five minute service on the Grand Canal

THE HOTEL D'ITALIE.—This hotel is situated on the Grand Canal, at the point where it widens out into the lagoon, like a pretty bay leading to the Lido. To sit in the evening among the palms and flowers on the white marble balcony of this hotel, and watch the myriad lights along both shores and from numberless gondolas, to listen to the music, softened by distance, float over the water—for every evening professional musicians are out in their gaily lighted gondolas—is an experience that is not even arrived at by the word ecstasy. "See Venice and die!" but don't die until you see Venice.

Grandma's Cablegram

The love bird from the Venice wedding cake.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS connects the Doge's Palace with the State Prison. Through its two windows many a condemned prisoner has taken his last look of earth and sunshine.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her thousand isles.

—BYRON'S "CHILDE HAROLD."

THE RIALTO.

THE GRAND CANAL is broad and deep—the Broadway or Fifth Avenue—the State Street of Venice, two miles long, winding through the city in the shape of an inverted S. On each side were built most of the palaces of the nobility in the early days of Venetian glory. There is nothing else in this wide world sufficiently similar to compare with this great thoroughfare. It stands alone. Spanned by but one bridge, the most famous bridge in the world's history—it too stands alone—this great white marble arch, made so familiar to us by Shakespeare's great play "The Merchant of Venice." Almost in its shadow was opened the first bank of deposit in the world, and on this bridge was sold the first newspaper ever published. It was bartered for a coin called the Gazetta, which has given a name to many of our modern journals

The history of the building of the Rialto is interesting. There was a man so wise, so good, and so greatly loved, that contrary to custom—as he was a plebeian and poor—he was elected as Doge of Venice. Unfortunately we have forgotten his name. Not only are the houses, but also the classes of Venice are divided by the Canal. The poor all dwelt on one side, the aristocrats on the other, and no means of communication existed except the gondolas. This Doge was so poor that it taxed his means to go each day to the Council. On behalf of the poor people he tried again and again to win the consent of the Procurators to build a bridge across the Canal, but was always refused. At last the Doge put it this way: Would the Council consent if the people would build the bridge? They laughingly consented, thinking the proposition

Doge's Palace *The Piazzetta* *National Library and Mint*

impossible, particularly as they stipulated that it should be, in appearance, worthy of the palaces and the city. The Doge then held a meeting—many meetings—of the people. Plans were laid, money borrowed, and soon the bridge was a beautiful reality, and a success from the first day it was opened. All the profits from the shops on the bridge went to pay for it, the people backing up the enterprise heartily. Thus the most famous bridge in the world was built by the poor people. It was called the Rialto, from *Riva Alta*—meaning deep water or deep river.

The footpath up the bridge is steep, but easy of ascent by means of low steps. It is 21 feet high, thus allowing boats to pass under it freely, and is divided into five portions—a double row of shops on each side with a pathway between them, and a great central roadway 21 feet wide between these double rows—all extending the full length of the bridge. On the outside of the archways or shops is another walk 11 feet wide, with a handsome marble railing.

In the days of Venetian glory the Rialto was crowded from morning to night with royal merchants. The people had got into the habit of going there. The shops are still doing business.

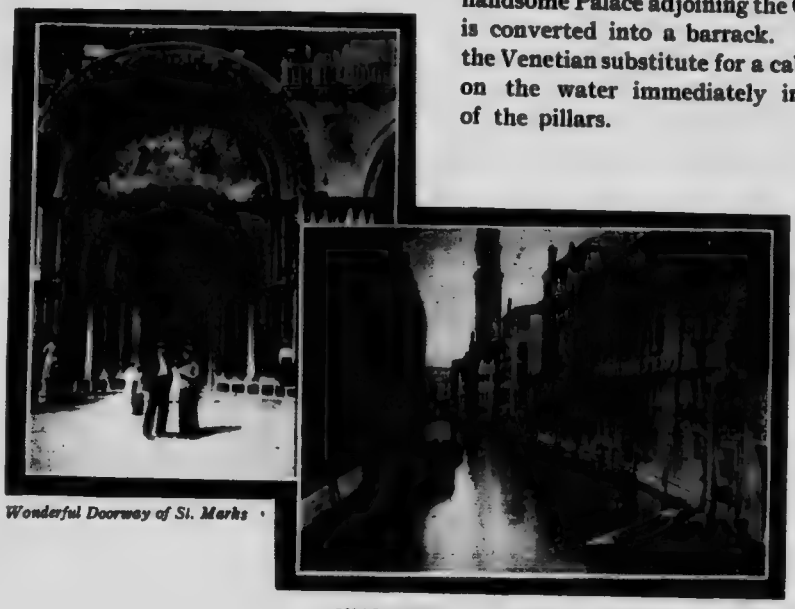
THE PIAZZETTA, or little square, a short but wide, beautifully paved and imposing street leading from St. Mark's Square to the Grand Canal. The extreme right edge of our illustration of St. Mark's shows how closely the Doge's Palace is connected with the Cathedral.

In one respect this Palace stands unique among buildings. Have you ever seen another where the top storey is the heaviest? This reverses the usual order and defies all architectural technique. Also, each storey is of a different style of architecture, yet the effect is certainly pleasing.

Small as is this square, it is a very monument of Venetian history. The two centre columns of the second-storey Loggia of the Palace are marble, different in color from the others. Between them the crier read to the populace below the public death sentences and such information as the "Ten" vouchsafed to give. It was their "yellow journal" of the Middle Ages.

The two stately columns at the end of the street were brought from one of the Greek islands, trophies of the war of 1127. There were originally three, but one fell into the sea and was never recovered. On one was elevated the "Winged Lion" of Venice, and on the other a statue of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the republic before St. Mark was brought from Egypt. The only place in Venice where gambling was allowed was between these two pillars. The Doge of Venice promised to fulfil any "fair request" made by the one who would safely land and erect these two columns. The successful architect demanded that gambling should be permitted between them. The Doge kept his promise, but to make it utterly impracticable he ordered that all public executions should take place between these two columns. The gambler's superstition is proverbial. This spot was considered so unlucky no one would play. To-day no true Venetian will pass between the pillars. It is called by them "the accursed spot."

The handsome building on the island is St. Pietro di Castello. It was formerly the Cathedral or Patriarch Church of Venice. St. Mark's, although so extravagantly beautiful, was only raised to the dignity of Cathedral by Napoleon Bonaparte. The handsome Palace adjoining the Church is converted into a barrack. Notice the Venetian substitute for a cab stand on the water immediately in front of the pillars.



Wonderful Doorway of St. Marks

Bird's-Eye View of Florence

Cathedral, showing dome, Campanile, and the round building in front, the Baptistry—Santa Croce, showing white just above the roof of Cathedral—Palazzo Vecchio, with tower at the right.

FLORENCE (population, 192,000), in Italian Firenze, the Roman Florentia, is equally noted for the beauty of its situation and its attractions for tourists. For many centuries it has been one of the most historical cities in Europe, and one of the most celebrated for art and learning. Situated on both sides of the river Arno, it is spanned by six bridges. Leghorn is the shipping port for both Florence and Pisa. The making of the straw braid for what we call Leghorn hats is the chief industrial resource of the people in and about Florence. All the way through the country the peasant women and children busy themselves making this braid, which they sell to the manufacturers.

The Cathedral of Florence, were it built of any other color, would undoubtedly be one of the most beautiful churches in the world. As it is, few people, at any rate from America, admire such funereal coloring. The Catholic Cathedral in London is of the same colors—alternate blocks of black and white marble. The architect, in 1298, was instructed by the Florentines to erect a temple which should exceed in magnificence anything that the world had yet seen. The dome, the widest in the world, was a model for Michael Angelo for St. Peter's. "I will make her a sister dome, larger, yes, but not more beautiful," said the great artist as he was leaving Florence for Rome. The curiosity of some painted windows on the interior is interesting. Unless it were pointed out, you would never imagine them other than stained glass. In reality they are skillfully painted dummy windows. More interesting is the spot from which Savonarola thundered forth his invectives against the abuses of the church and the world.

The Campanile, the unrivalled work of Giotto, stands 292 ft. high, coated with many colored marbles and adorned with statues and reliefs by Donatello and other masters. Ruskin says: "The characteristics of power and beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another, but altogether and in their highest possible relative degrees they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto in Florence."

CAMPANILE.—Protestant Americans so often ask, What is a Campanile? (pronounced cam-pan-éel-e), it may be well to mention here that it is a bell tower for the cathedral. In the construction of many of these great churches there is no convenient place for the bells, which form such a large part in Catholic ceremonies. Not to spoil the perfect architecture of the church, the Campanile is erected a few rods away.

THE BRONZE GATES OF GHIBERTI.

Across the street and in front of the cathedral is the Baptistry of St. John, which was originally a pagan temple dedicated to Mars. All the Catholic children in Florence are baptised at its very fine font. Its chief glory is its two bronze doors, or gates as they are called. They are the most wonderful specimens of their kind in existence; said by Michael Angelo to be "beautiful enough for the Gates of Paradise." They cost over 30,000 florins. As the doors are on a level with and quite close to the sidewalk, one can admire them at his leisure. They are not the commonly used doors to the baptistry. One door represents events in the life of Christ; the other the most striking events in the Old Testament. The two small heads down the centre and just below the third scene are Ghiberti and his son, who assisted him.

Michael Angelo *Galileo*

Alfieri—By Canova

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past and this,
The particles of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones and his
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returns to whence it
rose.

—Byron.

SANTA CROCE (pronounced Cró-che) is the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The same architect who designed the cathedral built this church; in fact, they were in course of erection at the same time.

It contains the tombs of Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri, Machiavelli and other famous names given to the world by this favored city, which also boasts Americus Vespucius and the Medici (Méd-i-che) family.

Within a circle on the front of Santa Croce are the original letters I.H.S., which we so often see on Episcopal and Catholic churches. They were first used in this instance by St. Bernardino, who made up the sentence to denote the Saviour's name and mission. *Jesus hominum Salvator*—Jesus the Saviour of Man. In the Latin, J becomes I (Iesus).

So often we have been asked the significance of the letters I.N.R.I. above so many altars or in conspicuous church places, we take the liberty of calling to your remembrance the words, "*Jesus of Nazareth*, King (Latin Rex) of the Jews."

The Palazzo Vecchio, the old capitol of the Republic, built in 1298. Later it was used as the official residence of the Medici, that famous family which gave eight Dukes to Tuscany, two Queens to France and four Popes to the Vatican. The tower is 330 feet high, and contains the dismal dungeon (the side window high in the tower) in which Savonarola was confined. A large circular bronze tablet let in the pavement of the square in front of the palace marks the spot where the great reformer was first hanged then burned in 1498.

Palazzo Vecchio, Florence

The thoughtful visitor, on leaving Florence, must realize that pre-eminently this city stands as one great lesson in toleration. Even if we cannot always see eye-to-eye, let the world advance and accept the truth, come as it may.

Dante, the genius, was exiled; Galileo, the immortal, was poisoned; Savonarola burned, and to-day, having had the truth forced upon them, Florence erects great monuments to their memory and annually covers their graves with flowers.

All the Suffragettes require to make their victory complete is the martyrdom of Mrs. Pankhurst. St. Pankhurst sounds well, too.

The Loggia of the Uffizi Gallery

The studies from life on the benches below the studies in stone.

When Lorenzo de Medici begged Michael Angelo to plan for him another splendid ornament for this plazza, the sculptor said, "Carry this loggia entirely around it. Nothing finer can be invented than this simple, beautiful arcade of lofty arches, curving in perfect symmetry." His advice was never carried out. This loggia and gallery occupy one side of the Plazza Signoria, facing the Palazzo Vecchio on the opposite side of the square.

Here, in the small space of our illustration, you have Perseus holding aloft the head of the monster Medusa, Cellini's masterpiece, completed in 1553. The blood spouting from the neck has turned to snakes, and snakes coil all about the head instead of hair. You remember the old legend of how everyone who looked upon this monster turned to stone. Next to Perseus is "Ajax Supporting Achilles," brought from Rome in 1570. Back of the figure of the lion and hidden by the pillar is the famous "Rape of the Sabines," by John of Bologna, and beside the lion is the well-known group, "Hercules Slaying the Centaur Nessus." Under the first archway the group, "The Seizure of Polyxena by Pyrrhus," completed in 1866, sculptured from a single block of marble by Fedi. Before completing this wonderful work Fedi was toiling in poverty. With one bound he sprang into affluence and fame. When the city purchased the group, the artist was made to promise never to repeat it. The subject is the old legend of mythology. It shows the fine figure of Pyrrhus bearing off the captured child, while the mother, Hecuba, clings to her in piteous appeal, the brother lying unconscious at Pyrrhus' feet, having failed in the rescue.

occurred so long before or after the completion of "David." It formerly stood in the open square, but has been removed to a place of shelter in the Pitti Palace. Outwardly the demeanor of the young hero is composed and quiet, but the whole body is animated and braced for one action. The raised left hand holds the sling in readiness, the right hand, hanging at his side, conceals the pebble; next instant he will make the attack.

"The Reading Magdalen"—By CORREGGIO

"Magdalen of the Alabaster Box"—By DOLCI

"The Madonna of the Chair"

"The Blue Madonna"

"Virgin and Child"—By Murillo.
Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

The Pitti Palace—Florence

THE PITTI PALACE is still used as the residence of the King and Queen of Italy when they visit Florence.

To copy some of the pictures in this great gallery it is necessary to make application as much as ten years in advance, so many are there who desire the privilege.

The floors are exquisitely inlaid marble, the tables mosaic, malachite or lapis-lazuli, the cost of which is as much as $100,000, sometimes more.

Even the doors through which you pass have variegated marble frames.

The illustration shows "The Madonna of the Chair" on the left of the door, also a student's copy on the easel.

THE PONTE VECCHIO, built 500 years ago, is the most picturesque of Florentine bridges. It connects the two galleries, the Pitti on the one side of the Arno and the Uffizi on the opposite. The visitor can thus go, entirely under cover, from one to the other. It is only recently that the extension was added leading directly into the Uffizi, on the right of the illustration opposite. Formerly the bridge ended at the street, to which steps descended.

This view is especially interesting because just at the foot of these steps Dante first saw Beatrice. In the centre of the bridge are three porticos, from which fine views up and down stream are obtained. Readers of George Eliot's "Ramola" will remember these arches. Above them the row of irregular windows indicate shops, which for centuries have been used by jewellers and for merchandise of a smaller sort.

The Home of Dante—Florence

Dante and Beatrice

The Ponte Vecchio—Florence

"A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority from his not having seen what is expected a man should see." —BOSWELL'S "JOHNSON."

CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT ROMAN HISTORY.

B.C.	
13th cent.	Troy burned. Æneas' escape and adventures. Arrival in Latium. War. Cities founded.
753	Rome founded. Seven Hills: Palatine, Capitoline, Aventine, Esquiline, Quirinal, Viminal, Cœlian. Wall.
753-716	Romulus king. War with Sabines. Tarpeia episode. Temple of Jupiter Feretrius.
715-673	Numa Pompilius. Augurs, vestals, calendar. Egeria. Steps of Cacus.
673-640	Tullus Hostilius. Fight between Horatii and Curiatii. Ostia founded. Second Wall of Rome. Curia Hostilius.
640-616	Ancus Martius. Wall on Aventine. Mamertine Prison.
616-578	Tarquinius Priscus. Capitol founded. Cloaca Maxima. Agger. Campaigns against Sabines, Latins, Etruscans.
578-534	Servius Tullius. Wall. Temple of Fortuna.
534-510	Tarquinius Superbus. Temple of Spes. Capitol finished. Lucretia.
509	Royalty abolished. Aristocratic commonwealth.
508	Junius Brutus and Collatinus consuls. Conspiracy. Execution of Brutus' sons.
507	Capitol dedicated.
501-496	Latins and Tarquins make war, defeated at Lake Regillus.
494	Secession of plebeians, tribunes granted. Sacred Hill.
491	Coriolanus banished for opposing agrarian law.
488	Volscians under Coriolanus, retreat from Rome. Temple of Castor and Pollux.
477	Death of the Fabii.
458	Cincinnatus dictator.
456	Secular games.
451	Decemviri. Virginius slays daughter. Suicide of Appius Claudius.
440	Political reforms, famine.
431	Wars with Veientes and Tuscans. Temple to Apollo.
396	Camillus takes Veii.
391-387	Camillus exiled. Gauls besiege Clusium and Rome. Rome burned. Camillus drives away Gauls.
387	Rome rebuilt. Capitoline games.
384	Execution of Manlius Capitolinus.
362	Marcus Curtius leaps into Forum abyss.
350	Gauls defeated.
348	Treaty with Cartage against pirates.
343-290	Samnite Wars. Via Appia. Aqueduct. Aqua Appia. Temple of Concord.
330	Etruria subject to Rome.
282-272	Pyrrhus' campaign. Battles: Heraclea, Asculum, and Beneventum. Aqueduct II.
266	Rome mistress of all Italy.
264-241	First Punic War. First Roman fleet. Regulus' captivity, embassy, death. Truceless War and destruction of mercenaries at Carthage. Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia annexed. Temple of Janus closed.
228	First Roman embassy to Greece.
225-222	Invasion of Gauls.
218-201	Second Punic War. Hannibal and Hasdrubal leave Saguntum, Spain, cross Pyrenees and Alps. Temple of Fortune.
215-168	Macedonian War. Macedonia annexed. Temple of Juno Sospita, two temples of Jupiter.
184	Scipio's tomb at Literum.
167	First Public Library in Rome. Temple of Pietas. Emporium pavement.
149-146	Third Punic War. Masinissa, Cato. Siege and destruction of Carthage, Numantia, Corinth. Rome mistress of Greece, North Africa, Spain. Aqueduct III.
135-132	Servile War in Sicily.
133-121	The Gracchi, their life and death. Aqueduct IV.
111-106	Jugurthine War.
108-63	Mithridatic Wars. Milvian Bridge (Ponte Molle), Tomb of Cecilia Metella.
91-89	Social or Marsic War. Sieges. Temple of Fortuna Virilis (rebuilt).
86-78	Time of Sulla. Proscriptions.
78-60	Time of Pompey.
73-71	Revolt of Spartacus and slaves. Piracy ended.
65	Pompey conquers Syria, enters temple at Jerusalem.
64-62	Catiline conspiracy and Cicero.
60	First Triumvirate. Cæsar, Crassus, Pompey.
58-51	Gallic Wars.
55	Cæsar in Germany and Britain.
53	Crassus slain by Parthians.
50-48	War between Cæsar and Pompey, Rubicon. Battles of Dyrrhachium, Pharsalia. Death of Pompey in Egypt. Cæsar in Egypt. Alexandrian Library burned.
47	Thapsus and Zela. ("Veni, vidi, vici.") Forum of Julius Cæsar.
46	Death of Cato. Circus Maximus.
44	Cæsar refuses crown, is murdered.
43	Second Triumvirate: Octavius, Antony, Lepidus. Death of Cicero.
42	Battle of Philippi. Death of Brutus and Cassius. Mars Ultor Temple. Sallust.
32-31	War between Octavius and Antony. Actium. Death of Antony and of Cleopatra. Basilica Pauli Emilii. Theatre of Marcellus. Cloaca Agrippæ. Aqueduct V. Tomb of Caius Cestus.

B.C.

30 Egypt a Roman province. Octavius sole ruler.

27 B.C.–14 A.D. Augustus Octavius Emperor. Bridges of Æmilius and Cestius. Temple of Saturn. Virgil, Horace.

13 Pantheon Portico, Agrippa. Two Egyptian Obeliaks.

8 Peace in world. Temple of Janus closed. Arch of Augustus. Forum Augustus.

4 Birth of Jesus Christ.

9 A.D. Varus defeated by Hermann at Teutoberg.

9–18 Banishment and death of Ovid. Death of Livy. Dolabella Arch.

14–37 Tiberius Emperor. Death of Christ. Tyranny of Sejanus. Lupercal. Palace. Tiberius at Capri. Augustus' Temples.

37–41 Caligula. Domus Caligulæ. Obelisk. Aqueducts.

41–54 Claudius. Caractacus in chains at Rome. Drusus Arch.

54–68 Nero Emperor. St. Paul in chains at Rome. Burning of Rome. Circus. Death of Seneca, Lucan, Peter, Paul. Rebuilding of Rome. House of Nero. Thermæ of Nero.

68–69 Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Emperors.

69–79 Vespasian. Flavian Age 69–96. Jerusalem destroyed by Titus. Colosseum begun. Dacian War begun. Temple of Peace.

79–81 Titus. Destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Death of Pliny the elder. Titus Arch. Thermæ of Titus. Temple of Vespasian and Titus.

81–96 Domitian. Conquest of Britain complete. Arch of Domitian.

96–98 Nerva. Colosseum finished. Forum of Nerva.

98–117 Trajan, expeditions against Dacians, Parthians. Column in Rome. Ulpian Basilica. Forum of Trajan. Temple of Trajan. Tacitus. Martial.

117–138 Hadrian. In England builds wall. Temples at Rome and Athens. House. Mausoleum and bridge. Suetonius, Juvenal.

138–161 Antoninus Pius. Column. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

161–180 Marcus Aurelius, philosopher. "Meditations." Church of St. Prudentiana, Column.

180–193 Commodus. Thermæ of Septimius Severus.

193–212 Barrack Emperors. Arch of Severus. Byzantium taken and destroyed. Wall of Severus, Britain.

211–217 Caracalla. Baths. Temple of Vespasian.

A.D.

217–235 Marcinus, Heliogabalus, Severus. Goths tributary. Attacks of Goths, Vandals, Alani, Suevi, etc. Church of St. Maria in Trastavere. Thermæ.

248 Pompey's Amphitheatre burned.

250 Invasion of Goths. Catacombs of St. Paul and of St. Peter Arch of Gallienus.

260 Valerian flayed by Sapor.

269 Goths defeated by Claudius II.

270 Goths receive Dacia.

273 Aurelian. Fall of Palmyra under Zenobia. Wall of Aurelian.

284 Era of Martyrs. Diocletian divides rule, retires to Dalmatia. Palace at Spalatro. Basilica Julia.

287 Franks cross Rhine, settle in Gaul.

306 Constantius dies at York. Maxentius Basilica and Circus.

308 Four emperors at once.

312 Constantine's vision of Cross.

313 Christianity proclaimed at Milan.

325 Constantine convokes council at Nicea. Mausoleum. Helena. St. John Lateran

321–330 Constantine transfers capital to Constantinople (Byzantium). Arch. Thermæ.

337 Death of Constantine. Statue.

337–360 Sons of Constantine.

360–363 Julian the Apostate. Killed in Persian battle.

363 Jovian restores Christianity.

364–395 Stilicho and Alaric. Empire divided. 395–476 Western. 395–1453 Eastern.

379 Theodosius the Great.

395 Honorius.

404 Rome under Exarchate of Ravenna.

410 Alaric sacks Rome.

425–435 Valentinian.

451 Romans, Franks and Gauls meet Attila at Châlons.

455 Genseric sacks Rome.

476 Odoacer takes Rome. Master of Italy. End of Western Empire.

493–525 Theodoric.

527 Justinian.

536 Rome taken by Belisarius for Justinian.

546–549 Rome besieged and taken twice by Totila the Goth, once by Belisarius.

553 Narses takes Rome, which is annexed to Eastern Empire.

568 Alboin. Lombard king.

590 Gregory I.

600 Rome at low ebb.

728 Rome independent under Popes.

755 Temporal power of Popes. Holy See given by Pepin of France. Taken from Lombards.

774 Charlemagne adds to Holy See.

800 Charlemagne Emperor of the West at Rome.

The Capitol, Rome

ROME.—The interest of Rome and its seven hills is simply inexhaustible, for we have Old Rome and New Rome, the Rome of the Republic, of the Empire and of the early Christians. Then come mediæval Rome, the Rome of the Renaissance, Papal Rome, and now the Rome of United Italy.

Each foot of ground here recalls a great past, and each street unfolds a history.

In the year 313 A.D. Constantine issued his celebrated decree from Milan, according to Christianity equal rights with all other religions, and was himself baptised on his deathbed. This was the decisive step which led to the union of Church and State. The year 755 saw the Pope Temporal Ruler of Italy—and assuming to be ruler of the world. All power was thus vested in the Church, the Pope being the direct Ambassador of God. This continued—through much tribulation, it is true—until the year 1870, when an end was put to Papal supremacy, and Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome. Pope Pius IX. became a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, with a set income, besides jurisdiction over the churches of Rome and six suburban sees; inviolable ownership and sovereignty over the Lateran and Vatican Palaces, with their grounds, and collections, also Castel Gondolfo, the Papal summer resort.

THE CAPITOL.—In the very heart of the city is a majestic flight of steps, crowned at the summit by colossal statues of old Roman gods, found in the baths of Diocletian. At the summit of this staircase is the place where Brutus harangued the unwilling populace after the murder of Cæsar.

It was down the steps which these have now replaced that Rienzi, "Last of the Roman Tribunes," fled in his last moments to fall at their base, bleeding from twenty wounds; while from a window in their burning palace his beautiful young wife looked down and saw his tragic death. In the square at the top of the steps stands to-day

the famous bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only perfect equestrian figure which has come down to us of all that once adorned Imperial Rome. Hawthorne describes this beautifully in his "Romance of the Marble Faun."

ST. PETER'S is the largest and most imposing, but not the most beautiful, church in the world. Even as the visitor stands in the court and looks about him, it is impossible to realize the magnitude of St. Peter's. This is no doubt partly due to the harmony and completeness of it all. No other church has such a magnificent setting. The grand colonnades and court form a fitting approach for the richest treasure trove in the world—St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace. This courtyard contains seven acres. The columns of the colonnade are 61 feet high, surmounted by 192 marble statues. When you have walked up one side of this colonnade you have walked more than an eighth of a mile, and if you continue straight through the church from front to back you walk another eighth. To view the beauty of statue and painting in the interior of the church and return to the street would necessitate a walk of at least one mile. The obelisk in the court was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by Caligula, and placed in the Circus of Nero, which stood on the present site of St. Peter's. As it was a place of Christian martyrdom, the land is claimed as holy ground. The obelisk was brought to its present position by Pope Sixtus V. in 1586. It was elevated by Fontana, who employed 800 men, 150 horses and 46 cranes in its removal.

St. Peter's *The Vatican*

Michael Angelo's "Moses"—St. Peter's, Rome.

An interesting story is told of its erection. The people were desirous of seeing the feat performed, but Fontana feared lest the noise of the crowd might

distract his workmen and prevent their hearing his orders. The Pope, however, ingeniously satisfied both the people and the architect by allowing the Romans to view the unwonted sight, provided they neither moved nor uttered a sound, and death was the penalty if this order was infringed.

All went well; the silent, expectant multitude saw the huge monolith slowly rise towards the perpendicular. Just before that final point was reached, and while it was still at a dangerous angle, the hempen ropes began to relax, and the despairing architect saw the moment when, giving way entirely, they would let the obelisk fall back upon the pavement, where it would be dashed to pieces.

Just then the breathless silence was broken by the shrill tones of a sailor calling out, "Acqua alle funi!" ("Wet the ropes! Wet the ropes!"). A flash of comprehension lighted up the face of the architect. Water was quickly dashed upon the ropes, which, becoming taut once more, drew the obelisk safely into position.

The Pope not only forgave the sailor for breaking his commands, but promised him that his native village should from that time forth provide the Easter palms to St. Peter's.

The small door to the right of the main entrance to St. Peter's is only opened to admit the Pope on such occasions as he attends service in the church. The ceiling of this great edifice is 152 feet from the floor, or as high as the spire of a large church. The walls of the building cover over eight acres. On each side within are five chapels, each with its altar (there are 29 altars in the church), each chapel being in itself a magnificent church of respectable size. The dome is 139 feet in diameter inside, and to the top is more than 24 rods in a perpendicular line from the floor. The pillars which support this immense cupola have a circumference of 234 feet. Think for a moment what must be the proportion of the figures painted on this dome in order to look life-like in expression—so delicate in coloring, so sharp and clear and natural—from the floor. A near view would make of them monsters. What a wonderful achievement of art!

The Church of St. Peter's is built on the site of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and his tomb is under the high altar, or Baldachino, which, in turn, is directly underneath the dome. This altar is lighted day and night by more than 100 candles and cost $100,000.

It took 350 years to build St. Peter's, and it had cost, 150 years ago, fifty millions of dollars. It costs $30,000 a year to keep it in repair. St. Peter's has cost more than all the churches of all denominations in the United States put together.

At some distance from the main entrance and straight ahead are brass tablets set in the pavement of the floor, various distances apart. These mark the comparative lengths of the largest churches in the world. The measurements are graven on the brass in plain lettering. St. Peter's (of course, not given) is 205 yards, or including the outer walls 213 yards; St. Paul's, in London, comes second in length, 170 yards; Cathedral at Florence, 163 yards; Milan, 148 yards; St. Sophia, at Constantinople, 118 yards. It would be impossible to give any idea of the objects of interest in this church. There are 748 columns of marble, stone or bronze, 386 statues and 290 windows.

On the roof there is quite a village of small houses, occupied by custodians and workmen,

The Sistine Chapel—Vatican Palace, Rome

THE VATICAN PALACE, the largest in the world, is an immense pile of buildings commenced more than 1,000 years ago and by irregular additions brought to what it now is. It covers 20 acres, has about 11,000 apartments, including halls, and extraordinarily beautiful grounds. There is a secret passage between the Vatican and Castel Angelo, intended for the escape of the Pope. The keys are kept by the Pontiff. The public are admitted to the art galleries and library, which latter contains 24,000 manuscripts and over 50,000 books. By the colonnade entrance, past the gaily-dressed scarlet and gold Swiss Guards, up the grand stairway, the visitor is admitted to the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's Stanze and Loggie.

The Sistine Chapel, built by Pope Sixtus IV. in 1473, has deservedly become world renowned. The ceiling contains the most perfect work done by Michael Angelo. It represents the Creation—Almighty God creating the world, separating light and darkness. No language can exaggerate the grandeur and majesty of his figures, in this his greatest fresco work. For months after its completion the artist was unable to hold his head straight, from the constant looking upward. It was thirty years after its commencement before he completed the final picture on the altar wall, "The Last Judgment," a picture 64 feet in width. It alone occupied the artist seven years.

There is rather a humorous incident connected with its history. Paul VI. was displeased with the nudity of the figures and wished the whole picture destroyed. When told of the Pope's objection, Michael Angelo said: "Tell his Holiness to trouble less about the amendment of pictures and more about the reformation of men." The Pope, however, employed Volterra to cover the most prominent figures with drapery, for which that artist was afterwards known by the nickname, "breeches-maker."

Michael Angelo submitted to the Pope's will, but revenged himself on Messer Bagnio, the master of ceremonies, who instigated the Pope and first suggested the

indelicacy of the figures. He painted his figure in the right-hand corner of the foreground, standing in Hell, as Midas, with ass's ears and a serpent coiled about his body.

Bagnio complained to the Pope and asked to have the figure removed, but his Holiness, catching the humor of the situation, declared that it was impossible, for, though he had the power to release from purgatory, he had none over hell.

Whether the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel or the Stanze of Raphael are to be regarded as the culminating effort of modern art has long been a subject of controversy. (Stanze is the name of the room devoted to Raphael's paintings.) This chapel is used for important Papal ceremonies, especially in Holy Week.

The Vatican art collection is one of the finest in the world, not in numbers, but in selectness. Mr. E. J. Wareham, of London, says: "A Britisher may pace the art galleries of the Vatican with some just pride, when he remembers that the most valuable part of their treasures were replaced in their present position through the generosity and firmness of the British Government, which not only enforced the restitution by the French of the plunder accumulated in the Louvre by the rapacious armies of Napoleon, but even contributed some £30,000 ($150,000) to defray the expenses of the removal, no other Allied Power contributing a farthing."

"The Transfiguration"—RAPHAEL—Vatican Palace.
A Mosaic copy marvellous in its correct coloring, is in St. Peters.

This is considered by many to be the finest work of Raphael. It represents two separate incidents: The bringing of the boy possessed of the evil spirit to the disciples, and their evident inability to heal, but by their eloquent gestures they point the distracted parents to a higher source. Above this the ineffable peace, serenity and majesty of the Christ. No doubt Raphael's purpose was to portray the contrast between the peace and glory of heaven and the sorrow and suffering of earth.

The great artist died at the age of 37, and was at work on this picture only a few days before his death. It was borne through the streets of Rome in his funeral procession.

"Old Father Nile"—The Vatican, Rome

One of the treasures of the Vatican Museum is this mighty statue of antiquity discovered 300 years ago buried in Rome. The sixteen pygmies playing about the recumbent figure's limbs and shoulders represent the sixteen cubits of the yearly rise of the Nile. One of the figures stands erect in the cornucopia, with folded arms, as if he symbolized the sixteenth cubit, and stood in the midst of the abundance, complacently surveying the result.

POVERTY.

If four blank walls be mine, and every wind
That goes careening through the vasts of sky
Makes free with my shrunk casement, and my hearth
Shows but a feeble flame, and the rough floor
Has but the dust for carpet, am I poor?
Nay, I am a very Croesus, that, and more!

For no swart Mede can rob me of the dreams
Wherewith I hang a rapt Madonna there,
A face Murillo painted, drape rich folds
Of gold shot damask round yon oriel
And heap about me rugs of velvet pile
Deft wrought upon the looms of Kermanshah!
Poor! Is he poor who has God's gift of dreams?

—*Clinton Scollard in New Lippincott.*

ST. PAUL'S, outside the gates, is especially celebrated as being built on the spot where St. Paul was buried, his tomb being beneath the high altar. This church was originally built by Constantine the Great, and was, before St. Peter's, perhaps the most wonderful church in the world. After the gilding and profuse ornamentation of the scores of churches we had visited, St. Paul's came as a sort of benediction, with its eighty-nine cool, gray granite columns, plain, unornamented, rich. Our own verdict was that this was the most beautiful interior in Europe, and, after many visits, we still retain our first impression. This church bears out the poet's words:

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, LATERAN.—Constantine assisted with his own hands to dig the foundations for this church. It is now and ever has been the first church in Rome, having precedence over even St. Peter's. It is in this church the Pope first enters upon his office and here he is crowned. Naturally, such a church would be rich in relics. Here is the stone on which the soldiers cast lots for the Saviour's garments; here the mouth of the well of Samaria "Woman of fame; here is the "Woman of also a cracked column of the Temple, split when the veil of the Temple was rent asunder; and, best known of all, attached to a building in the court-yard is the holy staircase.

Santa Maria Maggiore

Cloisters of St. John the Lateran

St. Paul's outside the gates—Rome

THE CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS—grotesque, horrible. The earth for the little courtyard burial-ground was brought from the Holy Land. It is the rule that when a monk dies they open the grave of his predecessor who has been buried longest, take out his dry bones, and deposit in their place the last mortal coil that has just shuffled off. The bones last exhumed are used for ornamenting the walls of the monastery. Some specially seasoned old relics refused to turn to dust in the orthodox manner, but became mummified. These retain their whiskers and their priestly robes, but we hope their present expression of countenance is not true to life. Others, less tenacious, form roses, daisies, and fresco patterns all over the walls. There is one pathetic group—two little children, Princes of the Medici family, who had been dedicated to the priesthood.

THE SANTA SCALA.—This flight of twenty-eight marble steps is said to be from the house of Pontius Pilate, which Christ ascended and descended when taken to be judged by that Governor. No one is permitted to ascend except on his knees. It was brought from Jerusalem by the mother of Constantine, and has been venerated by the Roman Catholics for 1,500 years. The steps have been covered by a wooden casing, to preserve them—a wise precaution, as this casing has repeatedly been worn out by ascending pilgrims.

The Santa Scala—Sacred Stairway

"QUO VADIS."—There is a Basilica on the Appian way, built on the spot where the foot of Christ rested when He surprised Peter that dark day. This story is made vivid by the master pen of Henryk Sienkiewicz. You remember when Peter asked, "Quo Vadis, Domini?" ("Whither goest thou, Master?"). When discovered, 300 years afterwards, this footprint was at once recognized, and a church erected over the holy spot.

Close by this little church are the Catacombs, that vast labyrinth of galleries, enormous in extent, for they are excavated in different levels, sometimes five storeys high. It has been estimated that if all these galleries were extended in a straight line they would reach hundreds of miles.

THE ROMAN FORUM is the most celebrated, the most classical spot in Ancient Rome; the heart and centre of all the characteristic interest of the place. This is where the Senate assembled to discuss the destinies of the world. Here Scipio, Cæsar and Cicero were familiar figures, and here also was the Rialto of Rome, "where merchants most did congregate."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "What surprises me, all over the old world, is to see how deeply the old civilizations contrived to get buried. Everybody seems to have lived in the cellar."

Our illustration approves this. The street of the present Rome is 26 feet above the ground level of the Forum. The best view is obtained by standing on the broad path from which this picture has been taken. Notice the railing in the extreme left corner.

Make friends with one of the ubiquitous little Romans selling postal cards and he will name every pillar, almost every stone, for you, as well as give you the history of the place—correctly, too. Believe me, it is the most interesting way to view this part of the "Eternal City," which looks rather tempora' from this point.

Forum Romanum

About 100 feet back of you, as you stand by this railing, is the Tarpeian Rock, from whose summit traitors were hurled to death on the cruel rocks below. That was the famous "leap that cured all ambition."

In the immediate foreground, showing only the capitals, are three beautiful columns of the Temple of Vespasian. A little to the right of the centre of the Forum are three other columns, all that remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. They are of very graceful design and most perfect workmanship; perhaps the most beautiful fragment in Rome, or rivalled only by those of Vespasian. Thousands of copies of these, done in marble, are sold every year to tourists, both for their beauty and because, although marble, they can be conveniently carried.

On the right foreground is the ruin of the Temple of Saturn; on the left the Arch of Victory of Septimius Severus, and at the right front corner of this arch is a large round stone, which marks not only the centre of Rome, but of the then centre of the Empire. Quite near this arch is the Rostra, or orator's tribune. On the east side of the Forum stands the tribune of the orators. It was from this tribune, at the funeral of the murdered Cæsar, 44 B.C., that Mark Antony delivered the celebrated oration which wrought so powerfully on the passions of the populace.

Just across the street from this Arch of Severus is the Mamertine Prison, the dungeon in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined, amid its filth and darkness; where Jugurtha was starved to death; where the accomplices of Catilina were strangled, and Sejanus was slaughtered. The pillar and ring where the Apostles were bound is still there, also the limpid little spring of pure water, said to have sprung up miraculously while the Apostles were there, to enable them to baptize their jailors.

THE CASTLE SAN ANGELO.—This title was bestowed upon it in 590 by Pope Gregory the Great, who was leading a penetential procession to St. Peter's in order to offer up prayers for the staying of the pestilence, when, as he crossed the bridge, he looked up at the mausoleum and saw, an angel on its summit, sheathing a bloody sword. A colossal marble angel was afterwards erected where the angel had appeared.

The Castello San Angelo, and Bridge across the Tiber

The Gate of St. Paul and Tomb of Caius Cestius

The imposing building is, in reality, the mausoleum of Hadrian, erected by that Emperor as his tomb 1,700 years ago. Stoddard briefly, but graphically, describes this tomb: "The curving wall was originally covered with pure Parian marble, and decorated with Corinthian columns and finest Grecian statues, among these such famous pieces as the 'Barberini Faun' at Milan and the 'Dancing Faun' at Florence. These were hurled down upon the heads of an invading army, who were, nevertheless, successful, and who threw to the Tiber's waves the ashes of Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus and Hadrian himself."

THE BRIDGE.—The original intention of this work was for an approach to the mausoleum, and that only, as there was another bridge close by.

The first two statues are of St. Peter and St. Paul, erected by Clement VII., but the row of angels erected by Clement IX. receive much adverse criticism, and are called the "Breezy Maniacs of Bernini," although that great artist merely designed them. They certainly give the bridge a fine appearance from a distance.

PORTA PAOLO, or gate of St. Paul, is the most noted of the twelve gates of Rome. Just within it is the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. As this tomb and gate were erected many years before the Christian Era, no doubt St. Paul's eyes rested upon

this scene as he went forth through the gate to his martyrdom. Within a few paces of this tomb is the place where Papal Rome suffers her Protestant residents to bury their dead. Among the names there are Shelley, also John Keats, whose tombstone bears this melancholy inscription, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

THE COLOSSEUM, the largest theatre and the most imposing structure in the world. It was commenced by Emperor Vespasian, A.D. 72, and finished by Titus, A.D. 80. It is said that 12,000 Jews were employed in its construction. The building covers six acres of ground. At its inaugural contests, which lasted 100 days, 5,000 wild animals were killed.

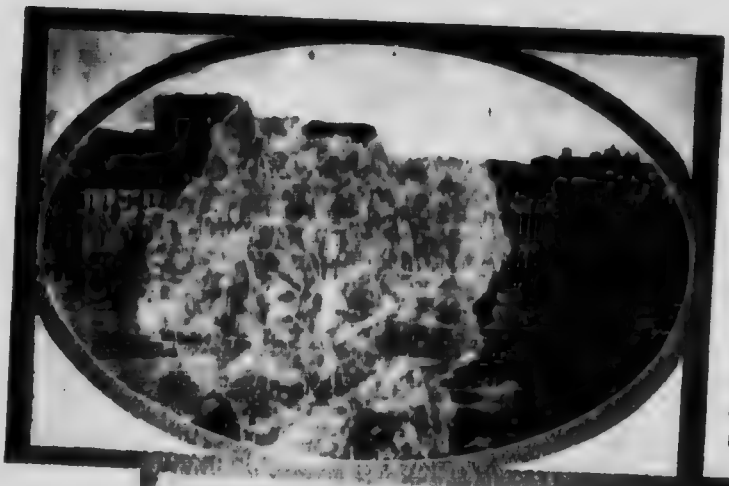
The amphitheatre contained seats for 80,000 spectators, and every fourth arch contained a staircase. The foremost rows of seats were destined for the Emperor, Senators and Vestal Virgins. Above these rose three other classes of seats, the first allotted to the Knights. In a colonnade on the roof were stationed sailors of the Imperial fleet, for the purpose of stretching sail-cloth over the whole amphitheatre to exclude the glare of the sun. Notice in picture No. 2 the apertures in the exterior and the masts on top for the necessary ropes.

Primitive Christianity is sadly associated with this great building. The first martyr was St. Ignatius, who was devoured by the lions.

This brutal slaughter of gladiators and prisoners was stopped in 403 A.D. by the heroic devotion of a monk named Telemachus, who came to Rome to protest against the cruel sport. Telemachus rushed into the midst of one of the scenes of butchery, protesting and appealing, only to fall a victim to the rage of the people at having their favorite amusement interrupted.

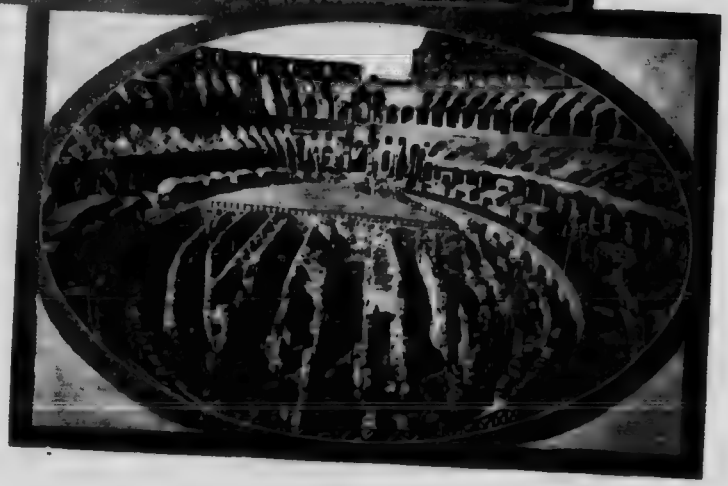
This noble act did its work, however, inasmuch as it set the people thinking in their soberer moments, and the result was that thenceforth no human victims were sent into the arena.

Only one-third of the masonry is supposed to remain. At one time 4,000 men were employed removing stone and marble, with which to embellish the Farnese Palace.



The Colosseum and Arch of Constantine, the best preserved and most beautiful of the Roman Arches.

Centre picture is the Colosseum as it appears on ancient coins. The exterior covered with marble and in each archway a marble statue.



The interior of the Colosseum showing the underground passages, also the chambers for the gladiators and the dens for wild beasts.

NAPLES (population over half a million) is of the ancient most ancient, dating from 1056 B.C. Owing to the beauty of its situation, it has been the favorite residence of Roman magnates since history began. Virgil composed some of his most beautiful poetry here, and somewhere in its lovely suburbs or on the nearby islands Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Titus and Hadrian had their sumptuous villas. Today it is the resort of artists and writers from all over the world.

The locations of the Hotels Royal and Victoria are extremely pleasant

'As a history-maker Naples is simply out of the reckoning. She owes her fame entirely to the beauty of her situation, which is rivalled only by that of Monte Carlo and Genoa. The bay is thirty miles long at its greatest diameter—thirty miles of the most limpid, dancing, joyous blue. It is certainly the surroundings and not the city about which poets rave. The city proper is the most populous in Italy and with characteristics all her own. The Neapolitan is an unmistakable product, and the city noted for being the noisiest in the world. No one disputes it. Sound sleep is impossible. At daybreak the tourist wakens with a start, sure that all Bedlam has broken loose.

Mount Vesuvius from Naples and the Harbor

Naples from the Bay

Wheels are clattering over the cobble-stones, whips are cracking, donkeys braying, minstrels singing, men, women and children screaming, shouting, and quarrelling. At two o'clock in the day all is as quiet as it should be at midnight. Stores are closed, everything sleeps. The fun starts again towards evening.

"No more amusing set of indolent vagabonds can be found than the Neapolitan Lazzaroni. Men in rags will recite whole cantos of Italian poetry; they are at once the most joyous and the most indolently careless race in Europe. Their idea of practical morality is summed up in three maxims: First, never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow; second, never do for yourself what you can get anyone else to do for you; third, never pay for what you can possibly get on credit."

About one thing they are honest. They drive the goats to the customer's door and "milk while you wait." Their equipages are unique. You see a man and a donkey harnessed together—rather well-matched team, to be sure. At times a donkey, an ox and an imitation horse, as in our snapshot. Naples is not a horse-lover's paradise.

Young Neapolitan Boys

Old Neapolitan Boys

A Neapolitan Turnout

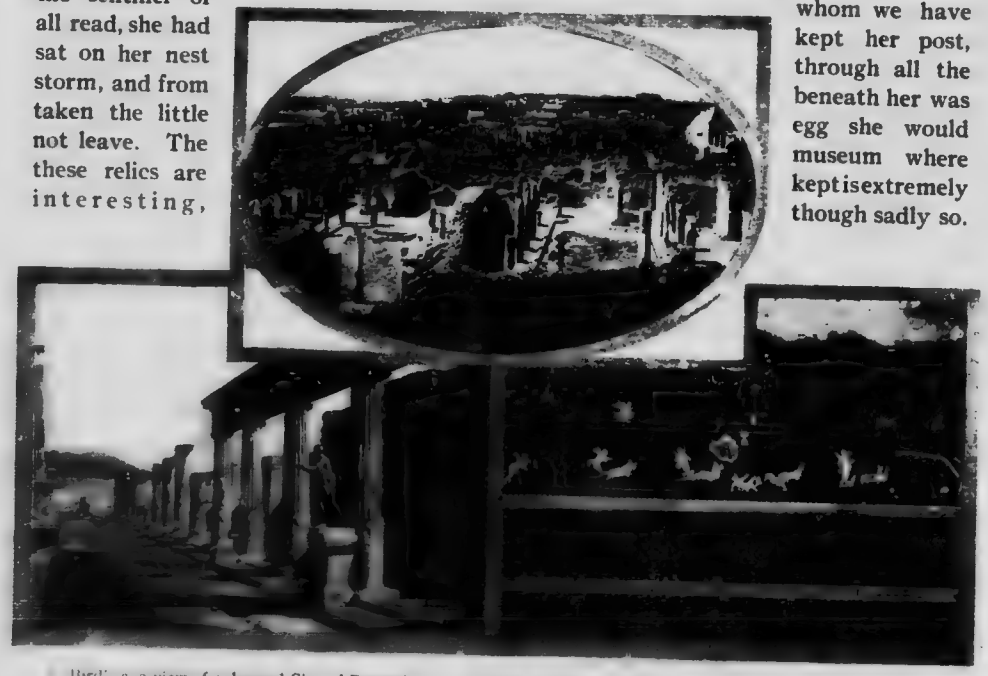
Unique Street Scenes—Wash day in Naples

POMPEII (former population about 30,000) was a favorite resort for distinguished Romans, and was originally on the shores of a beautiful bay. Now it is over a mile from the water. In its prime its situation and surroundings were of extraordinary beauty.

Cicero had a favorite villa here, and is said to have written many of his best works at Pompeii. Seneca also resided here.

On August 24th, 79 A.D., suddenly, without any previous warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a great height it spread a shower of ashes three feet deep over many a mile, and darkness was as profound as night. This was followed by a shower of red-hot pumice stone and streams of black mud which took, for the most part, its way towards Herculaneum, and, as it hardens firm as rock, is much more difficult to remove. The lighter covering of Pompeii made the work of excavation comparatively easy. About half of the city is now uncovered. The admission fees of visitors contribute to the work. This amounts to about $10,000 a year.

Buried 79 A.D., the cities were forgotten until, in 1748, the digging of a well brought to light some statues from their beds in the ashes. Seven years later the actual work of excavation was begun. Many pathetic incidents were connected with this exhuming. The skeleton of a little dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. The little bird could easily have escaped during the first shower of ashes, but, like the sentinel of all read, she had sat on her nest storm, and from taken the little not leave. The these relics are interesting, whom we have kept her post, through all the beneath her was egg she would museum where kept is extremely though sadly so.



1. Bird's eye view of exhumed City of Pompeii. 2. Temple of Apollo, Pompeii. 3. The walls of the houses were decorated with frescoes which artists of to-day delight to copy. The light, graceful decorations give a fine impression of the art of 2000 years ago.

1. The Berlin Auto. Built for sunshine or rain. Plenty of California sunshine on top of this one.

2. The Luggage Problem.

PARTY SNAPS

3. Bake-shop in Pompeii. All those ages ago the baker had placed the loaves in the oven, closed the door, and eighteen centuries after the oven was opened and the batch removed.

4. Drying macaroni.

5. A German stove. No chance for the souvenir hunter. These stoves look like great China tombstones. Also, one of the party. Query—Which one?

Capri.—A beautiful island in the Bay of Naples, about four hours' run from that city. The grandeur and variety of its scenery is its most remarkable claim to distinction. Every nook of this charming little rock-bound Eden affords tempting material for the artist, and the whole scene is rich in views suggestive of poetical ideas.

The *Blue Grotto, Capri.*—Illuminated only from the entrance and by the reflection from the bottom, 60 ft. below. The water "like a lambent sheet of blue flame," gives the walls and everything within the grotto an indescribably magical appearance. If a boatman dives he immediately appears to turn to silver, as do the oars, a visitor's hand, or anything placed in the water.

Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples

The Padre

Snap-shot from the steamer

It is a pretty sight to watch the towing of the small boats by the steamer. After visiting the Blue Grotto in these small boats, the traveller climbs up the ladder to the steamer, which then tows the dozens of little boats to Capri, each attached to a long rope.

✦

PISA (population about 30,000).—Were it not for the "Leaning Tower," this quiet little town would be one of those "born to blush unseen." Aside from this erratic wonder, the Cathedral, commenced in 1063, the Baptistry and the Campo Santo—or burial ground—form a group of buildings almost without parallel; with this leaning campanile added, it is of exceptional interest. The tower is 180 feet high and is 14 feet out of the perpendicular. The visitor who ascends the tower for the first time is sure to grasp the parapet on looking over, with a gasping sensation as if the building were toppling over.

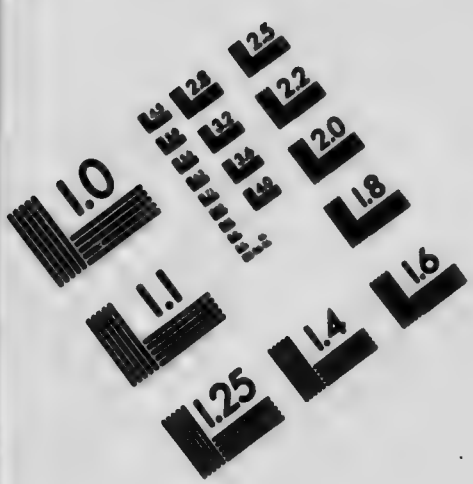
At the close of the twentieth century, after the loss of the Holy Land, Archbishop Ubaldo had fifty-three shiploads of earth brought hither from Mount Calvary in order that the dead might rest in holy ground in the Campo Santo.

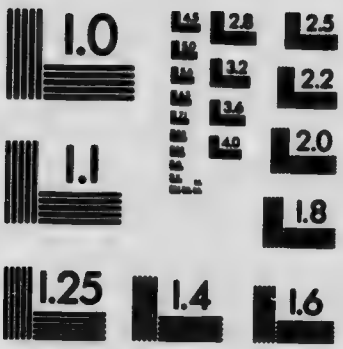
The Leaning Tower of Pisa

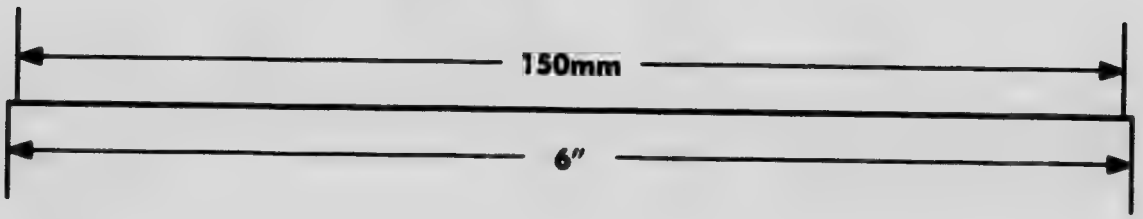
The Cathedral possesses at least one claim on the world's attention. It was the swinging of the suspended lamp in that edifice which set Galileo's mind working on the laws which govern the action of the pendulum. Naturally enough, one's thought goes back to Paris and Faucault's grand experiment at the Pantheon, which followed this of Galileo, and was, no doubt, suggested by it. (See Pantheon, Paris.)

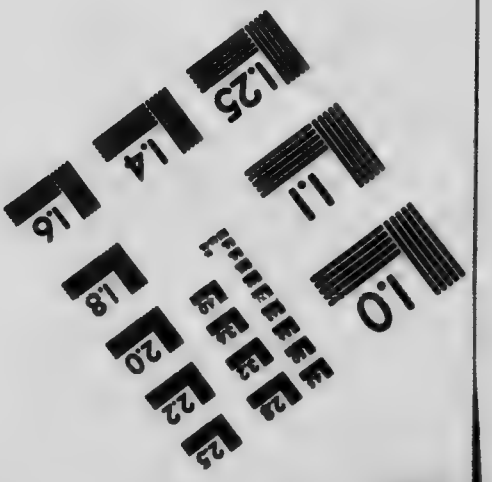
Holmes says: "While the great mathematician was meditating on this great physical problem, the priest may have been holding forth on the dangers of meddling with matters settled by Holy Church, who stood ready to enforce her edicts by the logic of the rack and the fagot." An inference from the above remarks is that what one brings out of a church depends very much on what he carries into it.

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)









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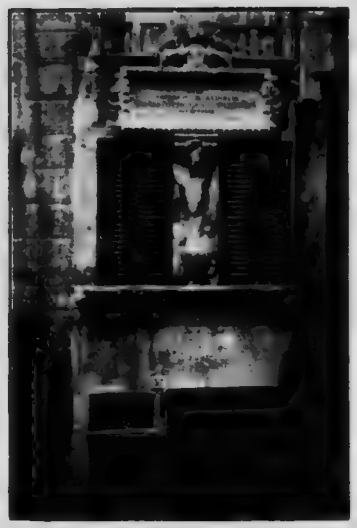
Not far from Pisa the train passes in full view of the dazzling heights of Carrara, whence marble of the greatest purity and whiteness, also lasting qualities, have long been quarried. As one gazes at these great mountains of snowy whiteness he feels a sense of gratitude that the supply is not likely to run out.

Situated on the river Arno, not far from Pisa, is a little town called Pistoja. It was here that pistols were invented, and they take their name from the name of this place.



House in which Columbus was born, 1435—Genoa

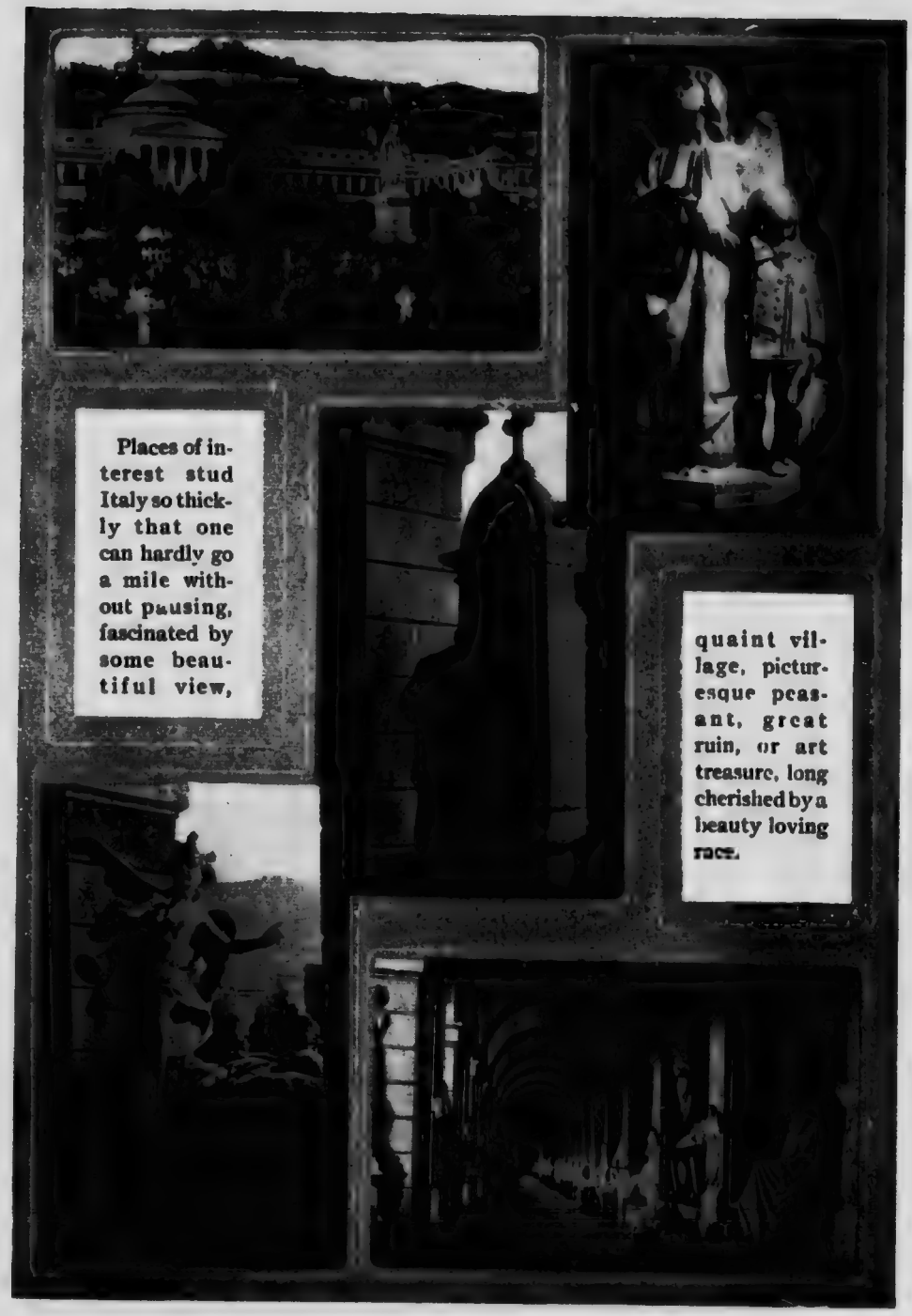
GENOA merits its name of "The Proud," as seen from the Mediterranean—its unrivalled situation, its exquisite bay, and its old terraced town, garden upon garden and height upon height, lined with maginficent marble palaces, memorials of the ancient splendor and opulence of the city.

Genoa is the principal commercial port of Italy. It has the honor of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus and of Garibaldi. The very fine monument to the old navigator is the first sight you see in Genoa. It stands in the square in front of the station.

The CAMPO SANTO of Genoa is one of the finest burial grounds in the world. Our first picture of the group shows the white, imposing structure which surrounds and encloses the open graveyard. Around this building runs a cloister-like gallery, but a small portion of which is shown in the last picture of the group. There is a double row of sculptured tombs down this gallery, a wonderful figure or group in each archway. So life-like and natural are some of these, that the visitor will pause, delicately fearing to disturb some great grief. The frost-like sheen on some of these marbles is indescribable. Some of the angel figures are so light and airy they seem to float, ponderous marble though they are. Of such is the group in the lower left corner, which represents the soul departing from the body of an aged man, rejuvenated, buoyant, free. "Old Father Time," the first figure in the gallery picture, is considered a masterpiece.

Marble Group in the Campo Santo—Genoa

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:
More offend from want of thought
Than from want of feeling.



Places of interest stud Italy so thickly that one can hardly go a mile without pausing, fascinated by some beautiful view,

quaint village, picturesque peasant, great ruin, or art treasure, long cherished by a beauty loving race.

Monte Carlo

The Casino, Monte Carlo

THIS gaming house was founded by Monsieur Blanc. It is at present in the hands of a French company, and, while France supplies the greatest number of players, Russia squanders the most money here. Many Germans play, but for smaller stakes, while England and America look on more in amusement than in earnest. It is said that there are about fifteen suicides here every month. This spotless little turquoise blue and white town looks as if made to be kept under a glass case. Its situation is unsurpassed in the whole world.

The Prince of Monaco, occupant of the smallest throne in the world, has forced himself into the role of international peacemaker. Formerly he owed his notoriety mainly to the fact that the gambling palace of Monte Carlo is located within his domain —in fact, furnishes the income which maintains it—but now the Prince is taking himself more seriously. Diplomats give him the credit of doing more to bring about a new and closer relation between France and Germany than all the statesmen of both countries combined.

In fact, now that modern ideas have to some extent made their way in Russia and forced the granting of a Douma, Prince Albert remains, perhaps, the only absolute monarch known to civilization. Within the confines of the little principality of eight square miles that make up his kingdom he is the head and front, the centre and the substance of all authority. The power of life and death over 15,000 people is vested entirely in him No problems of rebellion can arise to give him trouble, for taxation, that most troublous of all subjects that come to steal the sleep of the

Sovereigns, never need bother the happy Albert Taxes are unknown in this favored garden spot on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. There is no budget, yet the treasury is always filled to overflowing. Revenues derived from the great gambling syndicate suffice to keep Prince Albert in lavish means to maintain his kingdom, to live on a scale of luxury, and to pursue his fads of scientific research.

Diplomats have said that it is a misfortune for the world that a man of the gifts of Albert should be called upon to govern the smallest, instead of the largest, kingdom in the world. He has abundant qualifications for control. No one denies that. The greater part of his fifty years of life he has devoted to scientific investigation, making a specialty of deep-sea exploration. His books on the subject are accepted as classics, and he is a respected member of many of the foremost scientific societies of the world.

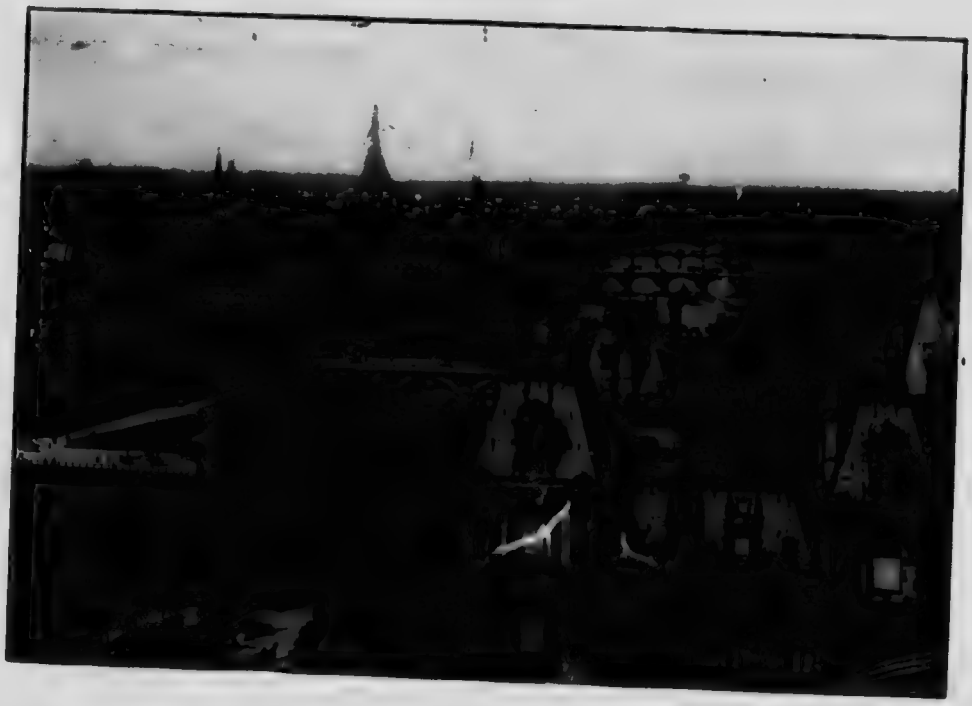
He administers the affairs of state with as much thoroughness as though he were the Kaiser of Germany. The smallness of his domain enables the Prince to watch every detail of the work. Each street must be clean as Spotless Town, or the derelict workman is called upon to explain to the despot why the work has been so poorly done. No native is allowed to play at the Casino, for gambling is a vice which the Prince especially abhors. Let foreigners come and spend their wealth liberally if they will, that is their own matter, but he will not have the poor of his own kingdom dropping sums they cannot afford, with the inevitable harvest of discontent, misery and tragedy.

For diversion this curious ruler, who has the power of an Ivan the Terrible, but who lives more like a Herbert Spencer, sets out on his trips of sea exploration. Like most other wealthy Europeans of scientific bent, the Prince is giving considerable attention to aerial navigation, and has had a number of dirigible airships, so called.

The palace in which lives this interesting monarch is almost as old as the venerable rocks on which it picturesquely stands. It has been patched and gone over from century to century, and in its various parts it shows traces of a dozen types of architecture. But, while all that is ancient has been studiously preserved in the exterior, the interior has every device for comfort that modern knowledge can suggest. The fittings are on a scale of elegance to rival the finest palace of Europe, and are modelled along the lines of the classic Versailles.

The palace contains about twenty-five suites of apartments, the poorest of which would be fit for the reception of His Majesty King George himself. The only portions of the building that are unostentatious are the private rooms of the Prince. His habits are very simple and democratic.

It would, indeed, be a curious circumstance if the man who profits in largest measure by the most pernicious gambling system in the world should become the leading peace power of Europe. Such would certainly be the title of the man who could heal the old wounds left by the Franco-Prussian War.



Paris

PARIS.—Population, 2,763,393.—The river Seine, which divides the city into two nearly equal parts, is spanned by 28 bridges. The Eiffel Tower, visible in the illustration, reaches a height attained by no other work of man. It stands 985 feet above the Seine. The great Ferris Wheel shows at the extreme left, behind a small tower.

The delightful buoyancy of the French as a people should make the whole world smile with them. Paris has been afflicted with every known ill—foreign invasion, famine, flood, civil war, plague, everything—yet here it is to-day brighter and gayer than ever.

THE LOUVRE.—The foundation of this wonderful gallery is of great antiquity, dating from the year 1200. It was first a fortress, then a royal residence to the time of

Central view of the Louvre—Paris

Louis XIV., who removed his court to the Palace at Versailles. Every monarch from Francis I. to Napoleon III. added something to this beautiful edifice. Here was solemnized in 1572 the marriage between the gallant Henry of Navarre (Protestant) and the fair Margaret of Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medici, and five days later, on the night of the 24th of August, the signal was here given for the massacre of the Huguenots on the Eve of St. Bartholomew. The window is shown where Charles IX. fired upon the fugitives. The mortality accounts vary from 2,000 to 100,000. The Huguenots, as you will remember, was the name given to the Protestant party from 1560 to the seventeenth century.

Gallery of Apollon—The Louvre, Paris

In 1871 the Communists tried to destroy even this collection of priceless gems of art, and succeeded in burning the library, containing 90,000 volumes. Stoddard calls it "a piece of vandalism which disgraces the nineteenth century." Fortunately the Versailles troops arrived in time to save the art treasures and greater buildings.

"THE VENUS DE MILO," Paris, forms the special glory of the Louvre. This beautiful but mutilated statue was found in 1820 by a peasant in the Island of Melos (or Milo), in the Greek Archipelago.

The original posture of the figure is a matter of dispute. Some artists suppose that, while one hand retained her drapery, the other held above her head the apple awarded her by Paris, according to the story told by Homer in the Iliad. Others, again, claim that she was holding on her extended knee a mirror or shield of Mars. Certain it is no sculptor will ever be allowed to alter it.

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" (by Murillo), Paris.—In the Salon Carre of the Louvre hangs the masterpiece of the Spanish painter, Murillo of Seville. It represents the Virgin Mary in snowy robe and mantle blue.

Murillo has portrayed this subject twenty-five times. His daughter Francesca often served him as a model. Murillo died April 3rd, 1682, from having fallen from his scaffolding while painting "The Marriage of St. Catherine."

"Venus de Milo"—The Louvre

"The Immaculate Conception"—MURILLO.
The Louvre Gallery.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE is the finest building of its class in the world. The busts and other sculptures about it form a complete historical gallery of lyric art, and the site, facing the magnificent Avenue de l'Opera, is admirably adapted for the artistic and architectural display. If its exterior is imposing, its interior is dazzling.

The Foyer

Grand Opera House—Paris

The steps of the "Stairway of Honor" are of white marble, the balustrades are of alabaster, the hand-rail of African onyx. The grand salon or foyer is 165 feet of superb gorgeousness. Begun in 1861, it was opened in 1878, and cost in the neighborhood of $15,000,000.

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.—The exterior of this church is a splendid reproduction of a Greek temple.

Church of the Madeleine—Paris

That noble type is realized again
In perfect forms, and dedicate—to whom?
To a poor Syrian girl, pitiful and frail,
As ever wore her life and sin and shame.

Over the high altar is a fine marble group representing Mary Magdalene borne to heaven by angels, while on the facade of the church, showing clearly in our illustration, is an immense relief portraying the Last Judgment and Mary Magdalene interceding with Christ for the condemned.

Napoleon had the building transformed to a "Temple of Glory," and during the death struggle of the Commune, in 1871, 300 insurgents took refuge in the church and were slaughtered to a man by the government troops. The building is 354 feet long and 100 feet high. One striking peculiarity is that there are no windows in the church, which is constructed entirely of stone, and receives its "dim religious light" from the roof. The cost of this unique and beautiful edifice was *two and a half million dollars.*

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL is the metropolitan and historical "First Church" of Paris. Founded in 1163, on the site of a church of the fourth century. During the Revolution the church was re-named the Temple of Reason, and a woman enthroned on the high altar as Goddess of Reason. When full, the church holds 20,000 people. Its greatest treasures are the Crown of Thorns and a nail from the true Cross. It was to contain these relics that St. Louis had the beautiful Gothic Saint Chapelle erected. It stands in the south court of the Palais de Justice and was built in the thirteenth century.

Notre Dame Cathedral

THE PANTHEON is also historically worth a visit. Four times has it been turned from its original purpose as a church and has been converted into a Pantheon or Temple of Fame, and four times restored to its present use. In its vaults are the tombs of Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Marat, Voltaire and Rousseau. When visiting the Pantheon, give a thought to Faucault's grand experiment, one of the most sublime visible demonstrations of a great physical fact in the records of science. "Faucault took advantage of the height of the dome, nearly 200 feet, and had a heavy weight suspended by a wire from its highest point, forming an immense pendulum—the longest, probably, ever constructed. Now, a moving body tends to keep its original plane of movement, and so the great pendulum, being set swinging north and south, tended to keep on the same direction. But the earth was moving under it, and as it rolled from west to east the plane running through the north and south poles was every instant changing. Thus the pendulum appeared to change its direction, and its deviation was shown on a graduated arc, or by the marks left in a little heap of sand, which it touched as it swung."

The Bourse—Paris

THE BOURSE.—This building is to the Parisians what Wall Street is to New Yorkers or the Board of Trade to Chicago.

Napoleon's Last Days at St. Helena

Napoleon the exile, but Napoleon still

The great appear alone, even in a crowd

To rise from the obscure position of Lieutenant of Artillery, to be conqueror of half of Europe; to place his family on the thrones of Holland, Spain, Italy and Westphalia; to wed a daughter of an Austrian Emperor, and then to lose it all, and, forgotten by those whom he had benefited, abandoned by his Austrian wife, denied communication with his idolized child, yet to live on, dying a lingering death on a lonely sea-girt cliff. What tragedy of fiction can compare with this?

Napoleon's last days at St. Helena

The Mother of Napoleon

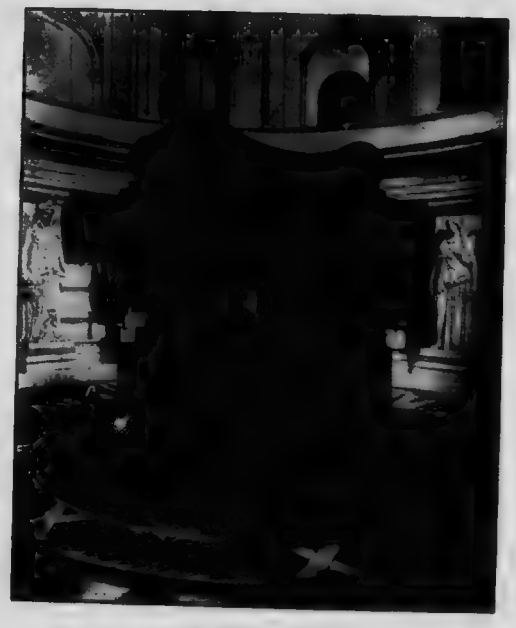
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S TOMB.—There is, perhaps, no tomb on earth where universal man will stand more deeply impressed than at this of "Des Invalides" of Paris. On a marble mosaic pavement representing a laurel wreath, and beneath a lofty dome, rises the sarcophagus of porphyry—a single block of stone brought from Finland, weighing 67 tons. Around the crypt of polished granite are twelve colossal statues of Victory and several groups of battle-flags captured in the various wars of Napoleon. At the entrance to this crypt are two lesser sarcophagi, in which are buried the Emperor's two dearest friends—Duroc, who fell in battle, and Bertrand, who followed his loved chief to St. Helena, and shared his pitiable captivity until death released them.

Above the crypt is an inscription taken from Napoleon's will. "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have so well loved." His wish has been fulfilled, and his body rests in one of the most magnificent sepulchres on earth.

THE CARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON is gorgeous in the extreme, being one mass of gilding and carving. It is the carriage in which Bonaparte went with Maria Louisa of Austria to solemnize their marriage in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. That "abyss covered with flowers," as Napoleon himself afterwards called his marriage following the divorce of Josephine, who had been his lifelong friend and confidante; had, in fact, contributed much to his success, her intuitions making her a useful counsellor and trustworthy advocate at home while he was away on battlefields, where Josephine could not follow.

Maria Louisa, on the other hand, was a simple, inexperienced girl, from whom Napoleon with the greatest care masked his designs lest they become common court property. The one weak and vacillating; the other a heroine, sacrificing to the interest of France the most enviable throne in Europe, and, greatest of all, the man she loved. "It will not bring him good fortune," said the common people, and they were right. Two things Napoleon accomplished—he opened the way for ability of all kinds, and he dealt the death-blow to the divine right of kings and all the abuses that cling to that superstition.

Napoleon's Carriage



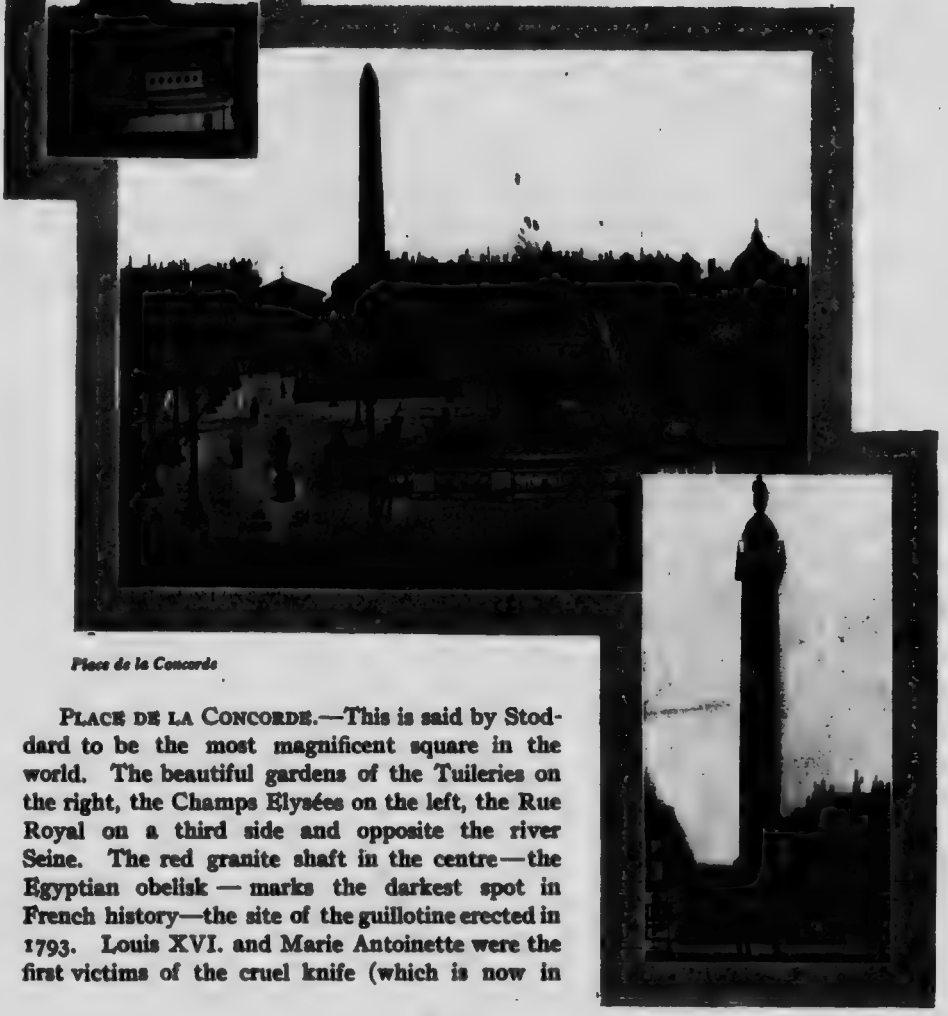
Napoleon's Tomb

THE THREE GREAT COLUMNS OF PARIS

Two of them marking spots forever recorded in history's blackest pages

THE COLUMN OF JULY was erected in honor of the patriots who fell in the three days' battle in July, 1830. On its summit stands a statue of Liberty, holding in one hand a torch and in the other a broken chain. It marks the site of "La Bastille," or state prison, which name is synonymous in our minds with cruelty and infamous injustice. The square surrounding the column is called the Place de la Bastille.

The Column of July



Place de la Concorde

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—This is said by Stoddard to be the most magnificent square in the world. The beautiful gardens of the Tuileries on the right, the Champs Elysées on the left, the Rue Royal on a third side and opposite the river Seine. The red granite shaft in the centre—the Egyptian obelisk — marks the darkest spot in French history—the site of the guillotine erected in 1793. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were the first victims of the cruel knife (which is now in

The Column Vendome

Madam Tussaud's Exhibition in London), and between January of that year and May, 1795, over 2,800 persons were beheaded, the last of these being Danton, Robespierre, and the leaders of the Revolution. Châteaubriand well said that "All the water in the world would not suffice to wash away the blood which had been there shed." The obelisk, which is 76 feet high, was placed on this site in the reign of Louis Philippe. It had stood for 3,000 years at the entrance to the Temple of the Sun God in "hundred-gated Thebes."

THE COLUMN VENDOME—named after the square in which it stands, which was once the site of the palace of the Duke Vendome, son of Henry IV. This column was erected by Napoleon Bonaparte in imitation of the Column of Trajan at Rome. On both these are plates of bronze, adorned with figures in relief ascending towards the top, the Paris column illustrating the victories of Napoleon. The bronze for these plates was made by melting down 1,200 Austrian and Russian cannons. Upon the summit, 142 feet high, stands a statue of Napoleon. The Communists, in their endeavor to ruin Paris, actually pulled down this great column, but the fragments were rescued and re-erected in 1875.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—Almost every great city claims to have the most beautiful street in the world, and when the visitor is present and driving down each in turn it seems that each has a legitimate claim. Afterwards, in a reflective mood in his own study, it would seem that the Paseo de la Reforma of Mexico City, the Champs Elysées of Paris and the street of marble in Berlin, with something of an accent on Berlin, is about right. The Champs Elysées, however, has one superlative on which all agree, the Arc de Triomphe, which is the finest triumphal arch in existence. It is sometimes called L'Etoile (the star), as from it as a centre radiate twelve beautiful avenues. There was a purpose in this arrangement. Napoleon III. had them so constructed and of such straight and wide proportions that, in the event of a revolution, he could rake the streets with cannon at any angle. The archway was designed by Napoleon I. (Bonaparte) to commemorate his victories in 1806. Built after the style of the old Roman arches, it surpasses them in dimensions and effect. It is 160 feet high, 146 feet wide, and has the names of 656 generals within the arches. It cost $2,000,000.

The Champs Elysees, showing Arc de Triomphe

Palace of Versailles

VERSAILLES—a town of 50,000 inhabitants—was simply a dependency of the palace. Louis XIV. built a palace for himself, and then built a town to harmonize with the façade and grounds. If you gave but five minutes to each room, to make a complete tour of the palace would take you three days of five hours each. Voltaire called this building the "Abyss of Extravagance." When you consider that the building of the palace entailed an expenditure of over *two hundred million dollars*, and at a time when men, women and little children throughout the land were starving, in order to pay the heavy taxes imposed on them to meet the building, and afterwards the maintaining in corresponding extravagance of this great palace, you can but regard the Revolution as a natural outcome. It was surely enough to make a nation sceptical about the "Divine right of Kings."

Louis XIV.

Louis XV.—great-grandson of Louis XIV.—was one step worse. Louis XIV. set the pace and Louis XV. certainly lived up to it. Selfish, sensuous and utterly regardless of his subjects, he foresaw the trouble in the future, but carelessly shrugged his shoulders, comforting himself with the belief that the crash would not come during his lifetime, yet cynically wondering how his grandson would solve the problem. His death was worthy of his life—alone he struggled with and succumbed to that loathsome disease, smallpox.

This great palace has witnessed some fearful scenes of violence. Within the mighty courtyard gathered the mob of starving men and women crying for bread. Finally they burst into the palace and forced the royal family to go back with them to Paris. The kind-

hearted, inoffensive Louis XVI. and his beautiful wife, Marie Antoinette, with her innocent son, "solved the problem" on the guillotine, and from the ghastly confusion of the Revolution rose "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" to the tune of the thrilling "Marseillaise."

Marie Antoinette

◆

THE OTHER SIDE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live;
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care.
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Louis XV.

Louis XVI.

ROYAL BEDCHAMBERS AT LE TRIANONS

Napoleon's Bedchamber at Le Grande Trianon

The Queen's Bedchamber at Le Petit Trianon

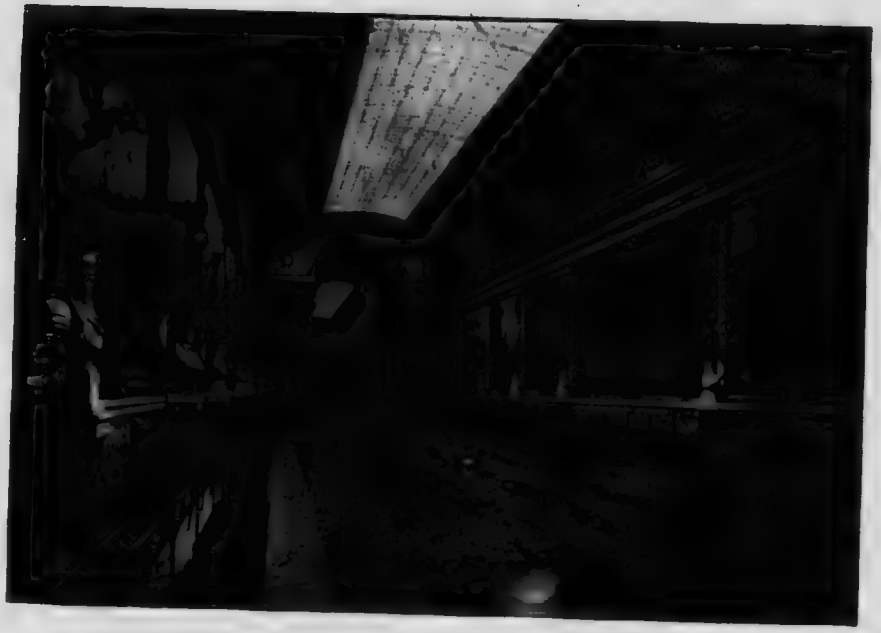
The Gallery of Mirrors—Versailles

The Grand Trianon—Versailles

THE GRAND TRIANON, a handsome villa of one storey, is exquisitely furnished and adorned. It was erected in the park, about three-quarters of a mile from the palace, by Louis XIV. for his mistresses, Madam de Maintenon and Madam Pompadour.

The Petit Trianon—Versailles

Close by is the "PETIT TRIANON," built by Louis XV. for his mistress, Madam du Barry. Afterwards it belonged to Marie Antoinette (the daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria), who loved to retire here from the overpowering magnificence of the palace, and spent her time planning châlets, or in her now famous dairy, with her court dressed in fancy attire as shepherds, shepherdesses or milkmaids, imitating Arcadia. Later it became the favorite château of Empress Josephine.



Gallery of Battles—Versailles

GALLERY OF BATTLES, VERSAILLES.—This gallery is, perhaps, the most imposing and splendid of all the apartments in this great palace. It is 400 feet long and lighted from the roof. It is greatly to the credit of the Germans that, during the siege of Paris in 1871, when the troops occupied the palace and part of it was converted into a hospital, they carefully covered the paintings and preserved them from injury, notwithstanding that many of them represented humiliating defeats which their nation had suffered.

THE FOUNTAINS AT VERSAILLES.—Since the violent evacuation of Louis XVI. the palace has not been regularly inhabited, and was converted into a national museum by Louis Philippe. The site of Versailles was not suitable for either town or park, as water, both for use and for its ornamental ponds, had to be conveyed from a great distance at a vast expense. The playing of the fountains on the first Sunday in every month in summer forms a great attraction.

Baths of Apollo

Basin of the Lizards

The beauty of the grounds is simply indescribable. The water in some of the larger fountains rises to
a height of 74 feet, and, although they play only twenty minutes, the cost for that short time is $2,000.

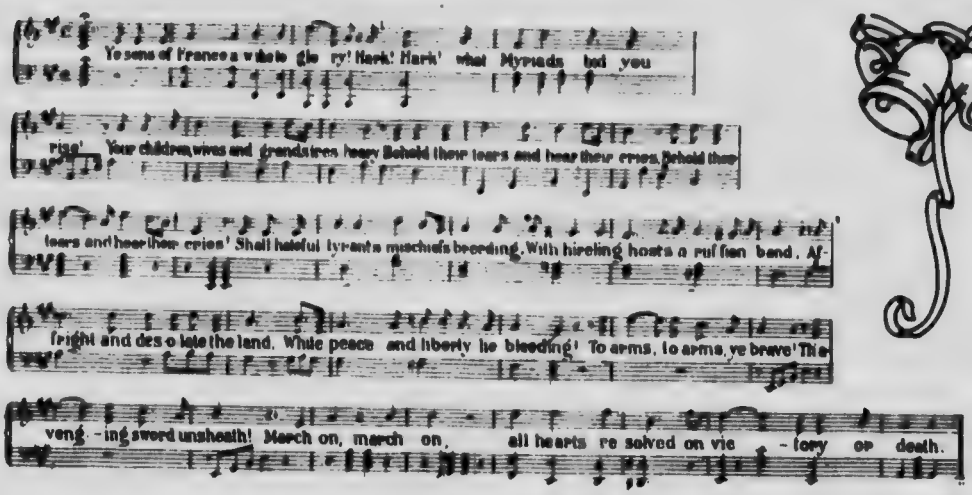
Animal Fountains

Basin of Saturn

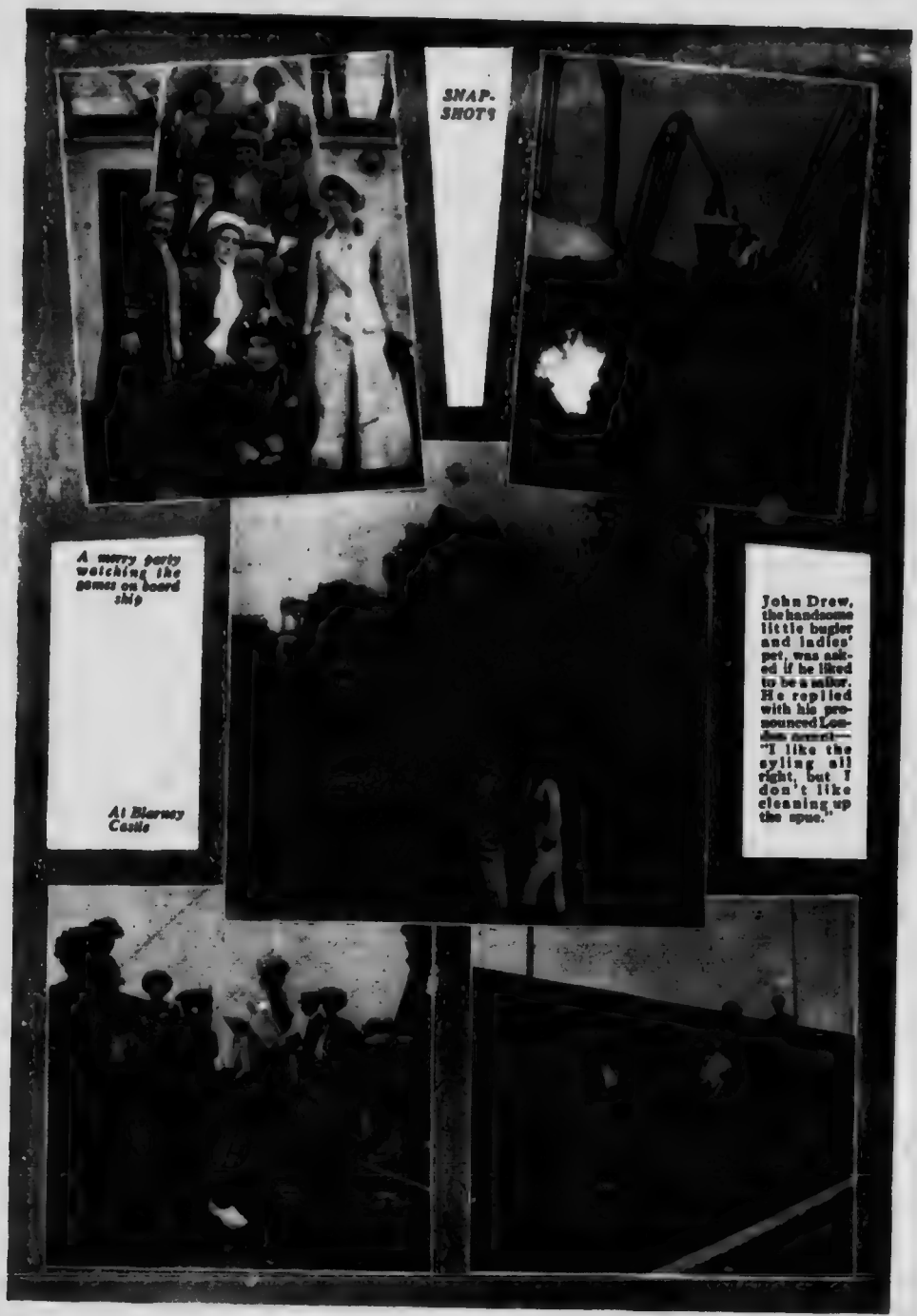
Basin of Latona

THE FOUNTAINS AT VERSAILLES

THE MARSEILLAISE


Ye sons of France a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! Hark! what Myriads bid you
rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hear Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their
tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding, With hireling hosts a ruffian band, Af-
fright and des o late the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye brave! The a-
veng - ing sword unsheath! March on, march on, all hearts re solved on vic - tory or death.

Rouget de Lisle singing the "Marseillaise."—Pils, Louvre


SNAP-SHOTS
A merry party watching the games on board ship
At Blarney Castle
John Drew, the handsome little bugler and ladies' pet, was asked if he liked to be a sailor. He replied with his pronounced London accent—"I like the styling all right, but I don't like cleaning up the spue."

Party Fun in Holland

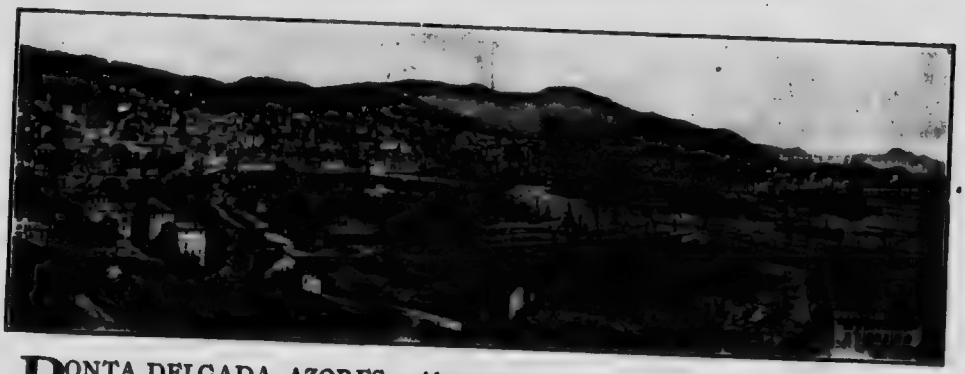
Snaps while you wait

PART III.

MEDITERRANEAN TOUR

THE HOLY LAND
and EGYPT

THE MEDITERRANEAN TOUR



PONTA DELGADA, AZORES.—About six days' journey from New York, the Azores make a welcome change to passengers crossing to the Mediterranean. Ever since their discovery in the fifteenth century by the Portuguese they have been in the possession of Portugal.

The landing-place is at Ponta Delgada, a clean and inviting little town; sub-tropical vegetation, quaint, flat-roofed, bright-hued houses nestle among the vine-clad hills, while the strangely garbed natives give to the scene the last touch required to make it a delight to the traveller.

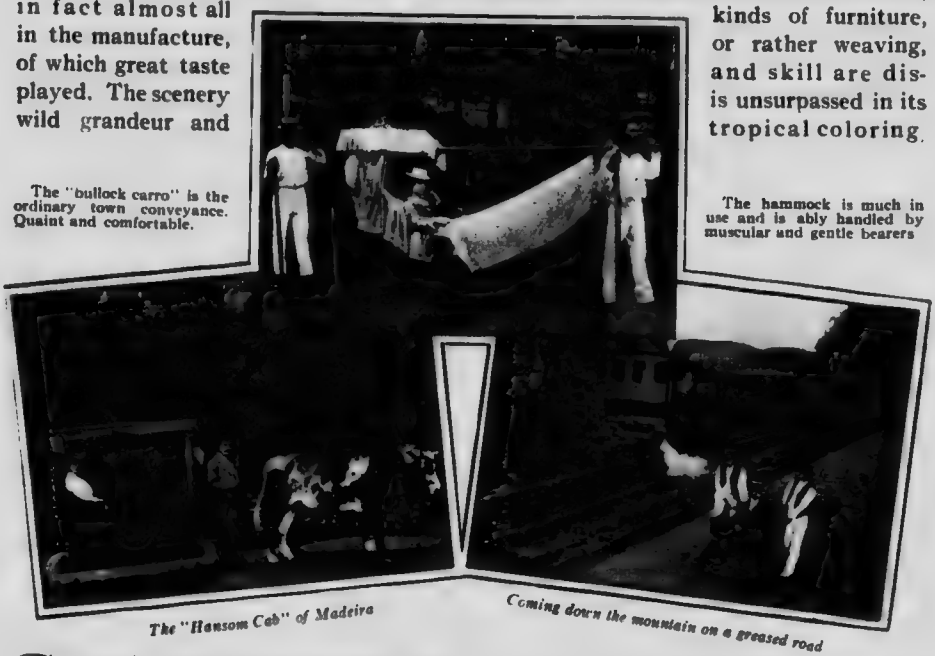
Funchal—Madeira

The Madeiras have been a favorite winter resort of the English for years, but are little known to Americans. Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Impressions of a Careless Traveller" gives a delightful account of the picturesque island and town, which

belongs to Portugal. Basket-work of every description is a specialty here; chairs, tables, in fact almost all kinds of furniture, in the manufacture, or rather weaving, of which great taste and skill are displayed. The scenery is unsurpassed in its wild grandeur and tropical coloring.

The "bullock carro" is the ordinary town conveyance. Quaint and comfortable.

The hammock is much in use and is ably handled by muscular and gentle bearers



The "Hansom Cab" of Madeira

Coming down the mountain on a greased road

GIBRALTAR—the portal through which Arabian refinement and learning entered the peninsula—is a tongue of rock jutting south to within twenty miles of Punta de Africa, opposite the "Pillars of Hercules" of the Homeric Era. During the War of Succession, Gibraltar was taken in 1704 by Sir George Rooke; since that time England has held it against all assaults. The town of Gibraltar is remarkable for the variety of races who use it as their market, and make its streets a delightful study of life and color.

The Rock of Gibraltar

At six o'clock every Spaniard must leave Gibraltar. Those within the city may use the streets until midnight; after that hour no one is allowed out without a night pass. Tommy Atkins is there, 6,000 of him, to see the law enforced. There is a strip of neutral ground between the town of Gibraltar and Spain.

The Alhambra—Granada, Spain

THE ALHAMBRA.—The pride of Granada and the boast of Spain is, of course, the Alhambra, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. The magnificent ornamentations of this renowned ruin have rendered it a lasting memorial of the talent and taste of its builders, and one of the chief objects of interest in Spain.

Stoddard says: "The view from the Alhambra hill is, in my opinion, the most beautiful that I have ever seen, and, when combined with the historic, romantic and literary associations of the place, it renders this Granadian Acropolis unequalled in attractiveness by any other portion of the world."

Salon of Maria De Padilla—Alcazar, Seville, Spain

SALON OF MARIA DE PADILLA

ALCAZAR, SEVILLE, SPAIN

The Alcazar (Al Kazar, house of Cæsar) is a Moorish palace begun by the Arabian Caliphs in 1181, and finished by the so-called Christian sovereign, Pedro the Cruel, who decorated the room in our illustration for the boudoir of the beautiful lady whom he loved and secretly married, but publicly married a royal lady a few days afterwards.

Greece

THE smallest of all European countries, yet she has exerted greater influence upon the world than China with her 400,000,000 people. Her language, literature, temples, statues; her philosophers, orators, historians, statesmen and heroes. We need but ask you to recall Solon, Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Aristotle, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Phidias and Xenophon.

King Frederich VIII. of Greece

The orthodox Greek Church of to-day is almost the same as the Roman Catholic in text, but the contrast in their form of worship is marked; just as in ancient days the Greek mythology overlaid the Roman so completely it is difficult to distinguish between their deities.

Celibacy is obligatory for the bishops, but not for the ordinary clergy. If a priest becomes a bishop he must renounce his wife and children. These Padres, or parish priests, are little superior to their parishioners, the difference mainly consisting in their dress when engaged in church service. These priests receive no payment from the State, and very little from any other source. They, therefore, find it necessary to carry on the same pursuits as the peasants; keep shop or tavern, where they help the "Papadia," serve the guests, or are ready to make up the required number at cards.

The Acropolis

ATHENS (traditionally referred to in 1259 B.C.; present population, 175,000), like Rome, consists of a modern city built around and beside the classic remains of the old town, fragments of which, in spite of all they have undergone, are still beautiful, and still prove that modern art has never yet equalled that of ancient Greece.

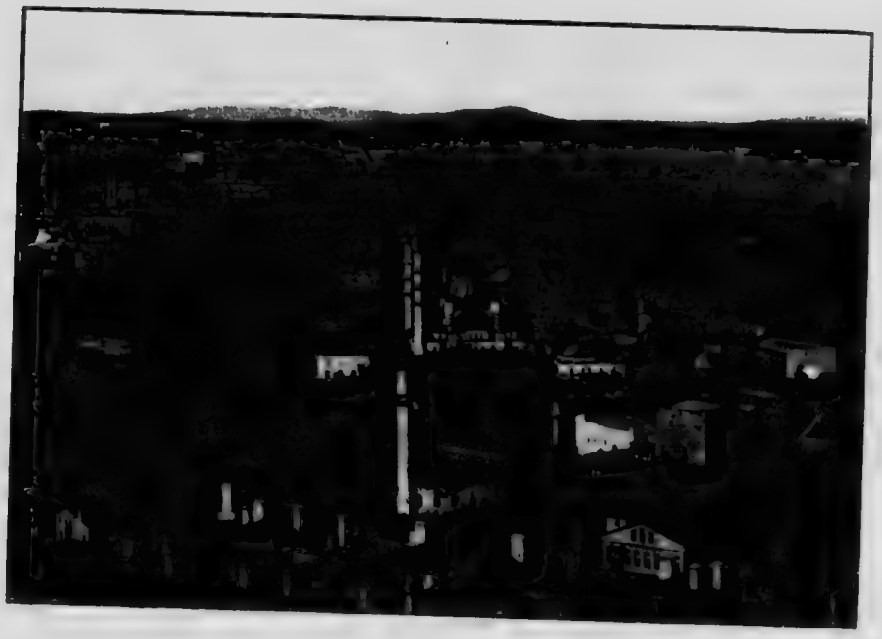
It is generally admitted by the most competent authorities that the highest perfection of ancient architecture is realized in the Hellenic temples alone, and that the PARTHENON is the most perfect of these. The general appearance is one of snowy whiteness, and no photograph can possibly do it justice.

SPEND UPWARD.

How many people ever learn to spend upward? Most of us spend downward, in the line of the lower tastes instead of the higher. It is a great art for those who have money, the art of knowing how to put it into that which will lead to mental expansion and the development of higher life.

Turkey

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The population of Constantinople is 1,200,000, and it is said to have two dogs to each inhabitant.



Constantinople and its wonderful Harbor

This—the capital of Turkey and of the Ottoman Empire—is situated at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. The inlet known as the Golden Horn divides Stamboul from Pesa, whilst the Bosphorus separates Scutari from the above, and the city is unique in that it stands upon two continents.

The view of Constantinople as you enter the Bosphorus is very beautiful. The Mosque of San Sophia, situated in plain view from the harbor, adds much to the scene.

It's a lucky thing for the average man that he doesn't know some of the things that other people know about him.

A man can start the whole current of a day wrong by losing his temper over a misplaced collar button, expatiating on the lukewarm condition of the coffee, or puffing about in impotent rage as he just misses a downtown car.

Whether we really enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little or little of much.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. The tongue that speaketh no evil is as lovely as the hand which giveth alms.

The Mosque of San Sophia—Constantinople

THE MOSQUE OF SAN SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.—This the grandest mosque in Constantinople is the only mosque in the world which has six minarets, all others having only two or three. Composed of pure white marble, they are very beautiful; the effect at a distance is remarkably graceful. They are useful as well as ornamental. Five times a day, regular as if moved by mechanical means, the muezzin or Mahommedan crier chants out upon the air, "God is great. There is but one God. Mahomet is the prophet of God. Come to prayer."

This famous mosque was built about 532 A.D. by Justinian, who, when it was completed, exclaimed: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" When it was converted into a Mahommedan mosque in 1453, the Christian pictures and crosses were partly obliterated and covered by huge round shields with texts from the Koran. Over one entrance there still remains a Christian relic which seems to have been overlooked—an open Bible carved in stone, with the passage in Greek: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."

It is said that 10,000 workmen were engaged under the direction of 100 master builders, and when the work was completed it had cost the imperial treasury about $5,000,000.

Russia

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.—Although our tours have never taken us to Russia, the Kremlin is of peculiar interest at the present time, and will probably figure in our "foreign news" for some time to come.

Moscow, the "Holy City" of Russia, lies in the form of two circles, one within the other and both surrounded by walls. The core, if we may call it so, of these circles is the Kremlin.

Originally in this Kremlin, like the Acropolis at Athens, lived the Czar, surrounded by all his nobles. More than 500 years ago a stone wall was built to replace the old one of oak. It is 60 feet high, loop-holed and with watch towers at frequent intervals. In this enclosure is the Imperial Palace, the Treasury, the Arsenal and many of the oldest temples in Russia.

The earliest history we have of the Russians is given us by one of the Greek poets, who describes them as "supernaturally gentle and good beings, enjoying blissful lives that lasted a thousand years." Sounds like poetic license, doesn't it?

THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL.—Built 300 years ago by Ivan the Terrible, beside one of the Kremlin gates. This church is not only one of the most extraordinary buildings in Russia, but in the world. It is painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and its cupolas sparkle with gold or shine with gaily colored tiles. "It is like a fantastic castle built of prisms." When it was finished, Ivan the Terrible found it so remarkable that he sent for the architect and asked if he could build another like it. The unsuspecting builder said "Yes." "That, by heaven, you shall never do," said the Czar, and had his head struck off.

The Church of St. Basil—Moscow

1 Jaffa *2. Bethany* *3. Bethlehem* *4. Nazareth—Population, 11,000*

At Nazareth one is brought very near to the heart of the Gospel story

The Holy Land

JAFFA, or Joppa (population, 40,000). —Approaching Jaffa from the sea, the traveller is struck with the singular beauty of the scene, and will have that strange sensation of gazing upon a land sacred above any earthly place. Here is the traditional house of Simon the Tanner and the home of Dorcas (or Tabitha).

Our Dragoman, or guide through the Holy Land

Damascus

DAMASCUS (population about 200,000). — The Arabs have, from a very early period, regarded Damascus as a reflection of Paradise. To the followers of Mahomet, emerging from the burning sands of the desert, the oasis of dense green foliage amid which glitter the domes and minarets of numerous churches, must indeed have seemed "The Pearl of the East," glorious as Eden.

Jerusalem and Damascus Gate

JERUSALEM (population, 60,000; 7,000 Moslems, 41,000 Jews, 12,800 Christians, only 1,400 of which are Protestants).—The history of Jerusalem is absorbingly interesting, but within the reach of every home. It is, therefore, needless to dwell here on any but a few salient points to refresh your memory.

We have written accounts (on tablets) of the city as far back as 1500 B.C. War seems to have been their chief occupation all down the ages; more of defence than as conquering heroes.

In 1077 A.D. Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Turks, who practiced such outrageous barbarities upon the Christians that the indignation of all Christendom was roused. The first Crusade was organized. What a grand, what a magnificent, page of history. All the countries of Europe united in a common, a great humanitarian, cause. In 1098 the Christian host, commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon (whom we mentioned in our account of Brussels), entered Syria. The next year Jerusalem was captured, and for almost 100 years the Crusaders ruled Jerusalem.

In the twelfth century the Mahommedans of Syria took the city and it has been a Moslem city ever since. From 1840 it has been under the sway of the Turkish Sultan.

The Jerusalem of to-day, as a city, is somewhat disappointing after reading the glowing descriptions of the Bible. The visitor must remember that the city about whose streets Jesus trod was a third larger. There are now ploughed fields where once stood palaces. Like other cities of Europe, this also has "contrived to get itself buried." To find the city of Solomon it would be necessary to dig from 30 to 100 feet. Excavations show that in some places the ancient walls are 130 feet below the present level. Here is a city of 60,000 inhabitants with no water supply, no gas—in fact, not anything modern, not even an efficient police.

There is no other place on earth where fanaticism and rank superstition runs so rife as here in the city where Jesus taught the doctrine of peace and love. This Jesus, who had all power to retaliate, accepted every kind of abuse, but lifted not His hand. To-day, with their little divided-off corners of the Holy Church, if a person of one sect so much as accidentally steps on a piece of the carpet of another sect, he is knifed before he can utter a prayer. There is a little window in a church that has not been cleaned for nearly forty years, because it cannot be decided which denomination should clean it. One sect is not considered fit to even clean the chapel of the other. The Sultan of Turkey decides on the house-cleaning.

The River Jordan

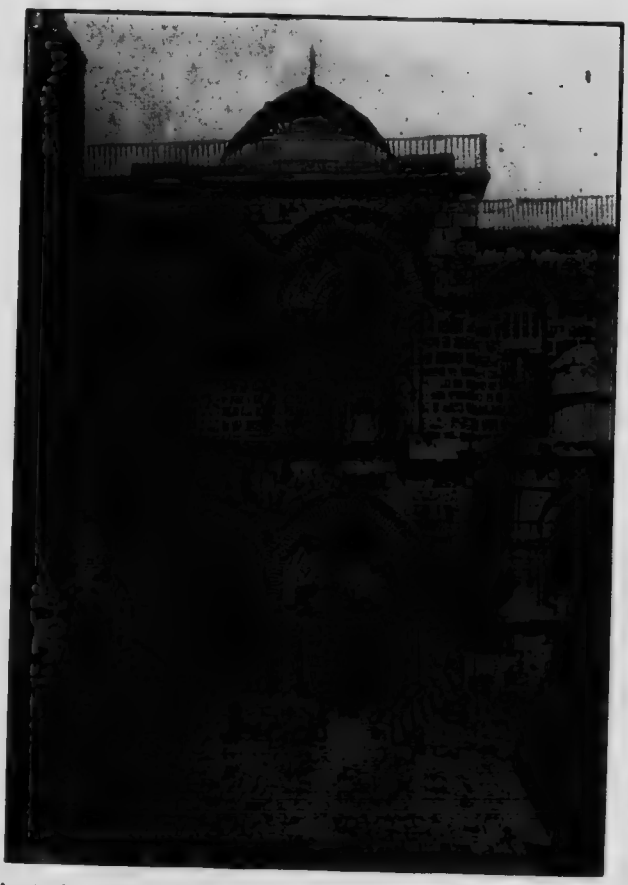
To their shame, be it said, the so-called Christians (not Protestants) are among the most aggressive, and their priests foster the most foolish superstitions, instead of working for truth and the advancement of the world. Take the ceremony of the Holy Fire on Easter Eve. The bishop enters the sepulchre, *alone, of course*, and fire descends from heaven and lights up the altar. Through two holes in the wall the priest then hands out tapers lighted at this flame, and thousands of pilgrims rush in wild excitement to light their candles at the heavenly fire. In 1834 four hundred people were killed in the mob's excitement; and all done in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus. What should be done to a priest who will deliberately act such a lie to delude a simple-minded race? Then there is the other side of the question. In 1910 how can a community be simple enough to be hoodwinked by such trumped-up nonsense? The priest knows very well where the fire came from. No doubt he struck a match in the orthodox way on his trousers and thus lit the altar candle—or do priests wear trousers?

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.—On Friday evenings, just as the sun is sinking, the Jews repair to this spot, wailing plaintive hymns, crying and tearing their hair;

some of them chanting the words of their psalmist: "Oh, God, the heathen have come into thy inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled."

STODDARD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—"It is an enormous edifice, with no claim to architectural beauty, founded about 300 years ago by Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. Beneath its enormous roof are many chapels, altars, shrines, hills, caves, valleys and monuments commemorating all the localities mentioned in the Bible which can by any possibility be situated in Jerusalem. Among the places identified within the limits of this church are the sepulchre of Christ; the summit of Mount Calvary; the places where Christ was scourged, crowned with thorns, and anointed for burial; the spot where the true Cross was found; the point where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene; the space where the Centurion stood during the crucifixion; and the grave of Adam. All these are the property of various Christian sects—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians and Abyssinians; all more or less jealous of each other and sceptical of each other's relics. Genuine or not, there is no doubt that the site of the sepulchre itself has influenced the fate of nations more than any other spot on earth. It caused the greatest event of the Middle Ages — the Crusades — and for its possession and defence the bravest blood in Christendom has been shed."

The Jews' Wailing Place—Jerusalem



Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Jerusalem

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR (or, more properly, the Dome of the Rock).—This magnificent mosque is to the Mohammedan a place second in sanctity to Mecca itself. It is built in the form of an octagon, each side being 66 feet long. The lower part is white marble, the upper part porcelain tiles, whose colors intersect each other in beautiful designs. Passages from the Koran are also interwoven in this decoration. The structure covers the site of Solomon's Temple, and beneath the dome is the "Sacred Rock," 60 feet long, the natural summit of Mount Moria. The Jews claim that it was here Abraham offered up Isaac, and that the Ark of the Covenant stood on this rock. The Moslems say it is the foundation of the world. They greatly revere the rock, for Mahomet is believed to have knelt there in prayer and to have ascended thence to heaven, the rock wishing to follow, but was held down by the Angel Gabriel, the print of whose fingers is still shown. This rock really appears to be suspended.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, JERUSALEM.—This garden is entered by a locked gate, under control of the Franciscans. The eight olive trees are undoubtedly of great age, and may have sprung from the roots of those which were here in the time of our Lord. Looking out upon the scene, one writer says: "Over there in Jerusalem His body was crucified; but here was the scene of the crucifixion of his soul."

The Great Pyramids and Sphinx—Egypt

Egypt

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX, EGYPT.—If the Pyramid of Cheops were hollow instead of being solid, the whole Cathedral of St. Peter's, dome, cross and all, could be contained within it—and then some.

The SPHINX, a monster cut out of the natural cliff on the edge of the desert. It is considered the oldest inhabitant.

CAIRO (population, 700,000).—So much is known of the history of Palestine and Egypt, no attempt will be made to add description or information to our illustrations.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt for 1,000 years, is modern in the sight of the other antiquities. It is the winter resort, *par excellence*, of wealthy Americans.

Citadel and Mosque

THE CITADEL AND ALABASTER MOSQUE, CAIRO, EGYPT.—Far above most of the mosques and dwellings of Egypt's fascinating capital is a massive fortress, built in 1166, on a hill commanding a magnificent view not only of the entire city, but of the Nile, the Desert, the Pyramids and the Sphinx. It is largely constructed of stone taken from some of the Pyramids. The mosque was built by Mahomet Ali, founder of the present dynasty. The story of the massacre of the Mamelukes, which occurred in this citadel by order of Mahomet Ali, is graphically told by Stoddard: "Mahomet invited them to a banquet, and they came, magnificently attired, to the number of 470 men. Hardly had they entered the courtyard when the gates were closed behind them, and a murderous fire opened on them by the Viceroy's troops, which suddenly appeared upon the walls. Unable alike to defend themselves or escape, they fell in one red, writhing mass, with the exception of one man, who, spurring his horse over the weltering bodies of his comrades, forced him to leap on and over the parapet to the plain below. It was a fearful distance. One moment he was in mid-air, the next he was freeing himself from his faithful but mangled steed, amid a shower of bullets; yet he escaped, as if by a miracle, into the adjacent desert, the only one saved from all that brilliant band."

POMPEY'S PILLAR, ALEXANDRIA.—Almost the only remaining relic of Alexandria's past glory, the city founded by Alexander and named after himself, 332 B.C. The priceless library, containing 900,000 volumes, was burned during Cæsar's time.

Antony and Cleopatra are buried together.

The Alexandrian school was one of the most remarkable that ever existed, and is to-day, in its effect, a greater monument than any stone could be. Among its scholars were numbered Strabo, the geographer; Hipparchus and Ptolemy, the astronomers; Archimedes, the mechanician; and Euclid, the mathematician.

Pompey's Pillar— Alexandria

PART IV.

THE AMERICAN TOUR

THE UNITED STATES *and* CANADA

THE AMERICAN TOUR

◆

The United States

There is no country like our country;
No state like our state;
No town like our town,
And no place like home.

EUROPE—the land of the past.
AMERICA—the land of the future.

"YANKEE DOODLE" may be considered burlesque, but it is now discovered to be among the most precious musical archives of many nations. It is among the martial airs of France, Italy, Switzerland and Greece. Cromwell led his troopers to its resistless quickstep; blind Ziska's Invincible Brethren strode to his miraculous triumphs to its measure, and the staple air of the Grand Quadrille of all nations is "Yankee Doodle."

The Executive Mansion, more commonly called "The White House"—Washington

The site for the White House was chosen by George Washington, and by him the corner-stone was laid in 1792. Its first occupant was President Adams.

NO one can make the "Grand Tour" without realizing that Europe is finished—complete—and no one can return to America without realizing equally vividly that here is the land of golden opportunity. We are new, but we have all the experience of past centuries to profit by and improve upon. Our responsibility is so much the greater.

With the mighty lessons of the past before us, lessons of how countries and progress have been impeded by superstition, fanaticism and dogmatism in the name of religion; by pride and ambition without conscience, leading to awful wars; and by the curse of drunkenness, such as we see in Great Britain, it is little credit to America if she leads the world, but it will be an everlasting shame to her if she fails to do so

Nothing can take the place of a tour through Europe, and each country has its own peculiar and distinctive interest; but, when all is seen and done, we are bound to confess there is no other country on earth with natural scenery equal to that of America. We have the mightiest rivers, the greatest lakes, mountains, falls, trees and diversity of climate. On a tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific you get three of the nine "wonders of the world."

The old Santa Fe Trail

Formerly there were seven; now there are nine. Two of these are on the Santa Fe route from Chicago to California—the Petrified Forests and, the greatest of earth's natural wonders, the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There are two direct routes to California, the Santa Fe and a union of the Chicago and North-Western with the Denver and Rio Grand, via Salt Lake City. Most people make the circle by going one route and returning the other. Only a few years ago it took months to accomplish this trip to California; now the journey is made from Chicago in three days. Do but reflect that a quarter of a century back the journey you now make in perfect comfort was a matter of wild adventure, at cost of months of arduous travel and at hazard of life, not only because of human foes, but for scarcity of food and water.

1880

It is but thirty years since Comanches and Pawnees made almost every toilsome mile of the slow passage through Kansas dangerous for the wagon trains that wound slowly across the plains, laden with traffic for the South-West. The stories of these days make picturesque reading for the traveller who passes by rail, swiftly and luxuriously, along this very pathway.

One never appreciates the full stride of American progress until he has traversed in a Pullman car such a territory as this, where "Valley of Death" and "Journey of the Dead" are names still borne by waterless tracts, and justified by bleached bones of cattle and lonely mounds of scattered graves.

Merchandise to an enormous value was often carried by a single caravan. In spite of the protection of a strong military escort, the trail was almost continuously sodden with human blood and marked by hundreds of rude graves, dug for the mutilated victims of murderous Apaches and other tribes. Every scene recounted by romances of Indian warfare had its counterpart along the Santa Fe Trail. The ambush, the surprise, the massacre, the capture, the torture, in terrifying and heart-breaking detail, have been enacted over and over.

Bloodthirsty as are the past records of our own country, are they worse than those of other lands? The savage had no knowledge of a higher law than might; but what of Europe? Can we surpass in horror the record of those luxurious, richly-clad, sumptuously-housed beings who made merry at a garden party, the beautiful grounds of which were illumined with burning Christians, human torches by hundreds, and among them frail women and tender children; or is the vast sandy arena of this old trail worse than the Colosseum at Rome? Is it much worse than the present day bull-fight or men selling liquor to bring lingering torture to thousands of just such frail women and tender children?

1910 Parlor Car

Only with the advent of the railroad did the era of peace and security begin. To-day the Apache is decimated and harmless, and, with the Pueblo Indian and the Mexican, forms a romantic background to a thriving Anglo-Saxon civilization

ON THE TRAIL.—Leaving Chicago on the Santa Fe Railway, there is nothing of special interest to the traveller until after passing Kansas City, unless there is a flood in that vicinity, as is so often the case. To be sure, the inevitable question is asked as soon as the suburbs of Chicago is reached, "Why the home-made, much-scalloped" mountains along the way? and the answer is sufficiently interesting. They border the drainage canal constructed to divert, by changing the current of the Chicago river, the drainage of that great city from its overflow into Lake Michigan, and make

it run into the Mississippi river. The cost of this great enterprise approximates $40,000,000. When certain improvements are complete, there will be direct navigation between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.

That river is crossed at Fort Madison, four or five hours' run from Chicago, and the muddy Missouri is crossed just as you reach Kansas City. From this point on, the road practically follows the old Santa Fe Trail, beginning with the Kansas region, famous for the historic exploits of John Brown and the guerilla Quantrel.

This is the business man's road, his aim being to reach his destination in the shortest possible time, but we advise the traveller for pleasure to linger along the route. There is, perhaps, no one railway in any land that has such a diversity of sights as this, if one takes the time to branch off the main line for short distances. We can illustrate these but imperfectly.

COLORADO first presents itself as a plateau, elevated 4,000 feet above the sea. A short distance from Holly, and consequently just over the Colorado line, is the little colony established by the Salvation Army in 1898, under the name of Fort Amity. As a measure of practical benefit to certain elements in the crowded quarters of great cities, the Salvation Army obtained 1,800 acres of land here, and settled upon it 250 colonists. The undertaking is eminently successful.

At La Junta (pronounced La Hunta) a branch line runs north to Colorado Springs and Denver. Everyone has read of the unique rock formations of the Garden of the Gods and of the wonder of the Cave of the Winds; also from this point the ascent of Pike's Peak is made—14,180 feet. The salubrious climate of Colorado is well known, as well as its turquoise sky, famous as that of Italy.

Passing Las Animas the railway follows for many miles the old stage road, and at one point Kit Carson's home is pointed out, and a short distance from the summit of the wildly picturesque Raton Pass (pronounced Ra-toon) is the old adobe dwelling where for so many years Dick Wooten collected toll. At that dismantled toll-house every caravan, every prairie schooner, stage, emigrant or soldier cavalcade must stop.

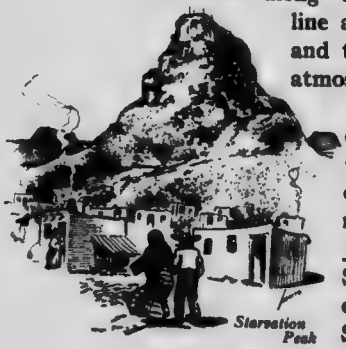
Moki Indians

Denver—Colorado

THE OLD PALACE, OR GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OLD SANTA FE.—It was in the corner room of this interesting old adobe house that General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur."

The Old Palace—Santa Fe

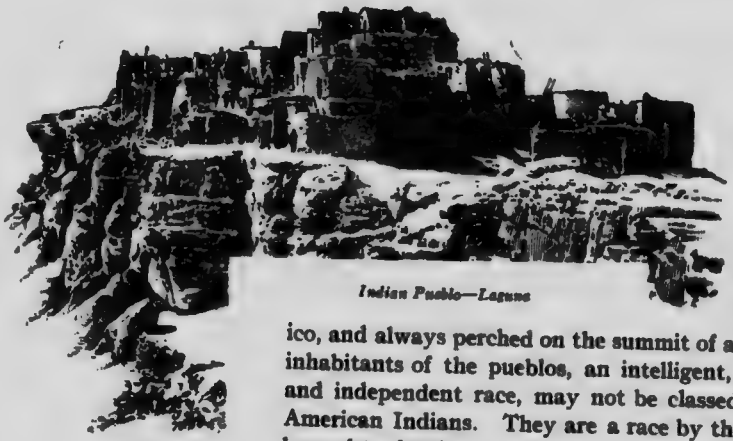
NEW MEXICO.—Rescued from centuries of horror and planted in the front rank of young rising states by the genius of our generation, New Mexico is a land of broad ranges, where hundreds of thousands of sleek cattle and countless flocks of sheep graze upon the nutritious grasses, where grain and fruit abound, and where rocks lay bare inexhaustible veins of precious metals. Scattered along the main line are sleepy Mexican villages, ancient Indian pueblos, still inhabited, and those older abandoned ruins which give to the region its peculiar atmosphere of mystery.



Starvation Peak

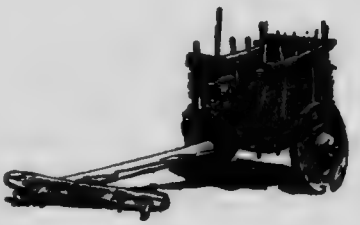
STARVATION PEAK.—Travelling from Las Vegas to Albuquerque the Glorietta range of the Rockies is crossed at an altitude of 7,453 feet. The up-climb takes you near Starvation Peak, with its crosses marking the spot where a large band of Spaniards were surrounded by Navajos in 1800 and starved to death. At Lamy Junction a short side trip of only a few minutes takes you to Old Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, as well as its most picturesque town. Nineteen American and seventy-six Mexican and Spanish governors have successively occupied the old palace. Albuquerque is, perhaps, the most interesting station along the line, not only because of Fred Harvey's well-nigh unrivalled Indian collection—Moki, Navajo, Zuni, Apache, Pima and Mexican—but because of the beauty of the architecture of station, museum and hotel. It has been appropriately called "a distinct architectural achievement."

Rocks in the Garden of the Gods—Colorado



Indian Pueblo—Laguna

PUEBLOS.—The Indian word pueblo signifies a village (pronounced Pway'-blo). More than a score of these many-chambered, communal homes are scattered over New Mexico, and always perched on the summit of a hill. The aboriginal inhabitants of the pueblos, an intelligent, complex, industrious and independent race, may not be classed among other North American Indians. They are a race by themselves. Many are housed to-day in the self-same structures in which their forbears were discovered, and in three and a half centuries of contact with Europeans their manner of life has not materially changed. The Indian tribes that roamed over mountain and plain have become wards of the government.



But the Pueblo Indian has absolutely maintained the integrity of his individuality, self-respecting and self-sufficient. The extent to which he has adopted the religion of his Spanish conquerors or the teaching of the government amounts to only a slight concession from his persistent conservatism.

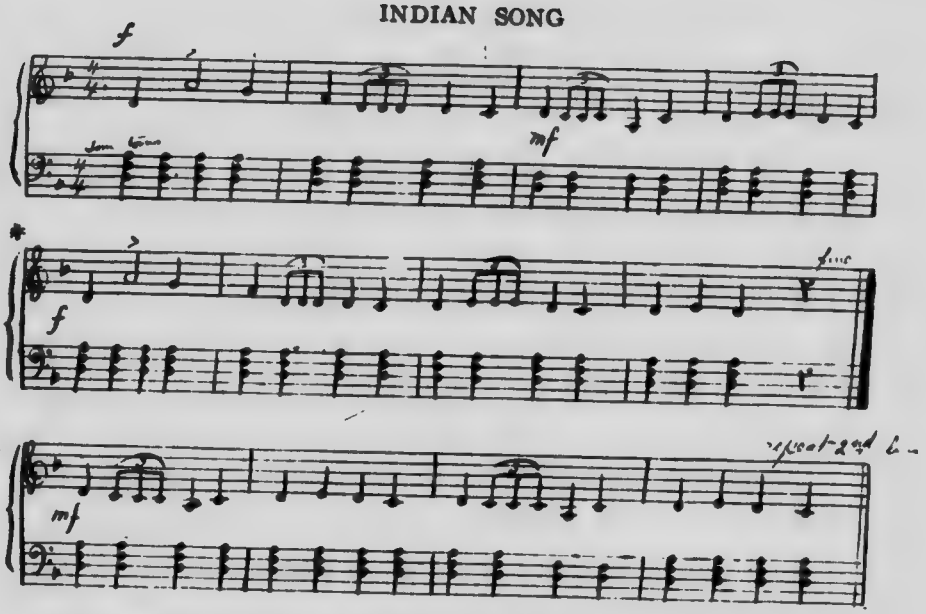
Laborious efforts have been made to penetrate the reserve with which the involved inner life of this strange child of the desert is guarded, but it lies like a vast dark continent behind a dimly visible shore, and he dwells within the shadowy rim of a night that yields no ray to tell of his origin.

He is a true pagan, swathed in seemingly dense clouds of superstition, rich in fanciful legend, and profoundly ceremonious in religion. His gods are innumerable. Not even the ancient Greeks possessed a more populous Olympus.

He is brave, honest and enterprising within the fixed limits of his little sphere; his wife is virtuous; his children are docile. And were the whole earth swept bare of every living thing, save for a few leagues surrounding his tribal home, his life would be disturbed not at all. Possibly he might not at once learn of so unimportant an occurrence, so anomalous is he and so firmly established in an absolute independence.

Ranch—New Mexico

INDIAN SONG



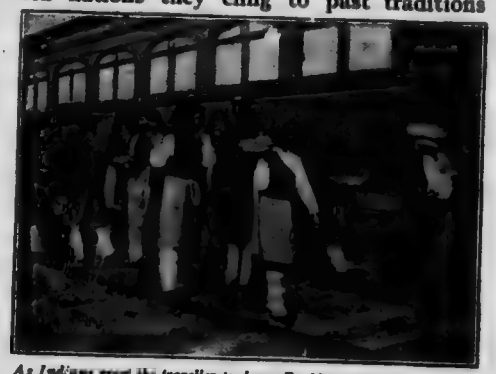
On our visit to Laguna in 1906 the hospitable Indians gave a dance to entertain the party. One of our musical young ladies, no doubt enamoured by its beauty of tone, arranged the music for us. It is evidently an anthem. The words are but two—yaa—ya-a-a, etc.

Indian Dance—Laguna

PARTY SNAP-SHOT

at 7 p.m.

The true Pueblo is easily distinguished by his or her peculiarly bandaged legs. It is said that in times past this was a protection from venomous reptiles, and, although no longer necessary, like all old nations they cling to past traditions and customs. Pueblo architecture possesses nothing of the elaborate ornamentation found in Aztec ruins in Mexico. The house is usually built of stone, covered with adobe cement, and is severely plain. It is commonly two or three storeys in height, of terrace form, and joined to its neighbors. The prevailing entrance is by means of a ladder to the roof of the lowest storey. This makes the visit of the tourist rather interesting, especially to the ladies.



As Indians greet the traveller to-day—Pueblos with bandaged legs

THE NAVAJOS are a pastoral people, progressive, intelligent and self-supporting. They own large numbers of cattle, sheep and goats, till small farms, make the celebrated Navajo blankets, and are expert silversmiths.

THE ESTUFA, a semi-subterranean council hall, where matters of public interest are discussed by the chiefs. This room is thoroughly aboriginal.

The Estufa

ARIZONA.—The land of sage brush and mesquite, of frowning volcanic piles, shadowed canyons, lofty mesas and painted buttes, is also the true home of the Apache. There is a potent mystery about this land—a thrall that long-time residents are unable to explain, yet are equally unable to resist, even when, having amassed a fortune, they are no longer compelled to live here. The altitude is about the same as New Mexico, undulating between 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level. If you have a chord of the heroic, hardly shall you find another land so invigorating as this Arizona. It stiffens the mental fibre like a whiff of the north wind. The super-refinement of cities dissipates here. There is a tonic breeze that blows towards simple relations and a lusty selfhood.

This huge trunk spans a canyon 50 feet wide. A bridge of jasper and agate overhanging a tree-fringed pool.

THE PETRIFIED FORESTS.—Long before Noah fell adrift or Adam was, perhaps even before the ancestral ape first stood erect in the posture of men that were to be, forests were growing in Arizona, just as in some parts they grow to-day. And it befell in the course of time that they lay prostrate, and over them swept the waters of an inland sea. Eons passed, and sands, like drifting snowflakes, buried them; then the sea vanished and craters belched forth volcanic spume to spread a further mantle of oblivion over the past, until our forests were buried beneath 10,000 feet of rock, which subsequently eroded entirely away. There

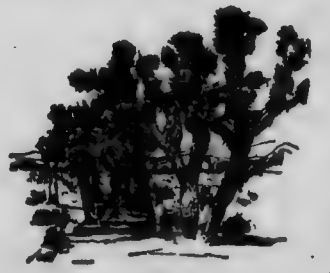
is no doubt that this region was once sunk so low that the ocean overflowed it and, later, some mighty cataclysm upheaved the low parts, when, lo! these ancient logs were uncovered, and, like so many Van Winkles, they awoke — but from a sleep many thousand times longer—to appear, by the sybaritic chemistry of nature, transformed, every one, into chalcedony, topaz, onyx, carnelian, agate and amethyst. The forest covers many thousands of acres in five separate tracts. These trees grew where they now lie, and did not drift in from elsewhere, as there are many standing stumps to testify.

The Grand Canon of Arizona

THE GRAND CANYON.—It never has been adequately described, and never will be. Its majesty and awful beauty are well-nigh unbearable. There is nothing else on earth that would tempt you to say it reminded you of this canyon. If the rocks could be described, if they could be pictured, who could color them? It is as if heaven had sent down its host of Michael Angelos to do their best with infinite knowledge and skill. There are mountains of red, of blue, of yellow, of white and a base of darker granite, with tender green running in dainty vines or trees everywhere, with the Colorado river, wayward, fickle, dashing through the chaotic gorge at the bottom, 6,000 feet below the level of the plateau or five miles below the hotel. The canyon is 217 miles long.

The El Tovar—Grand Canyon Hotel

C. A. Higgins writes of it: "An inferno-swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette, in pure transparent tones of marvellous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express."



Coati

A quarter-of-a-million dollar hotel stands at the top where the train leaves the visitor. The descent to the river is made from this point. One of our party said: "I wouldn't have missed the going down for a thousand dollars; I wouldn't do it again for two thousand."

CAVES OF THE CAVE DWELLERS.—This region abounds in ruins of prehistoric people. Nothing but fragments of pottery now remain of the many quaint implements and trinkets that characterized these dwellings at the time of their discovery.

Fixed like swallows' nests upon the face of a precipice, approachable from above or below only by deliberate and cautious climbing, these dwellings have the appearance of fortified retreats rather than habitual abodes. That there was a time in the remote past when warlike peoples of mysterious origin passed southward over this plateau is generally accredited. And the existence of the cliff dwellings is ascribed to the exigencies of that dark period, when these people, inferior in intelligence or numbers, devised these unassailable retreats.

All their quaintness and antiquity cannot conceal the deep pathos of their being, for tragedy is written all over these poor hovels, hung between earth and sky. Their builders hold no smallest niche in recorded history. Their aspirations, their struggles and their fate are all unwritten, save on these crumbling stones, which are their sole monument and meagre epitaph. Here once they dwelt. They left no other print on time.

Giant Cactus—Arizona Desert

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book which I have perused before, it resembles a meeting with an old one.
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—As an introduction to California, you are borne across an arid region whose monotony intercepts every approach except that by the sea. It is as though nature, jealous of her loveliest handiwork, had surrounded it with almost insurmountable barriers, or was its lure so irresistible that it might tax the ingenuity of man and compel from him his best efforts.

Pepper Avenue—California

When the train crosses the Colorado river, it enters the largest state in the United States, within whose boundaries could be placed, with some square miles to spare, the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

As it is in February

Century-old Palms

There is everything in California that has been credited to it, but what proves not uncommonly a surprise is the relatively small area of improved land, and herein lies much of California's pride, that there still remains so much of opportunity for all. It is the most seductive of lands and the most tenacious in its hold upon you. Twelve months in the year it is perfection without monotony. The summer is a joyous, active season, generally misconceived by the tourist, who, not unreasonably,

visits California in the winter time to escape northern cold and snow, and infers an unendurable torrid summer from a winter of mildness and luxuriance. Near the coast flows the broad, equable Japanese ocean-current, from which a tempered breeze sweeps overland every morning, every night to return re-chilled from the cool mountain tops. There is a coolness pervading the most brilliant sunshine.

PASADENA HOMES

Gold of Ophir Roses *Cherokee Rose Hedge* *Maryland Hotel Pergola*

LOS ANGELES in 1860 numbered 4,500 inhabitants; in 1880, 11,000; in 1890, 50,000; in 1900, 102,479; while to-day the population is estimated at 315,000.

PASADENA, the residential section for Los Angeles—or America, for that matter—is the culmination of all that even California can do. It is the hub of Paradise, without even the serpent, for there is not a saloon in the little city. On Mount Wilson is a great astronomical observatory, which has world-wide renown and boasts the largest telescope on earth.

A trip up Mount Lowe on the incline railway is one of the delights of the tourist.

Above the clouds on Mt. Wilson—California. There is sunshine behind every cloud

Pasadena and the Sierra Madre Mountains—Mt. Wilson, the highest peak, on the right; Mt. Lowe on the left

The Bay of Avalon—Catalina Island

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.—Thirty miles off the coast it rises, like Capri, from the sea. Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, blue and astonishingly clear. Through the glass bottoms of skiffs specially constructed for the purpose you may gaze down through 100 feet of transparency to the sea gardens—indescribable, ever shifting, beautiful as a dream. One expects every moment to see a mermaid glide out of the emerald weeds and play about among the myriad fishes, blue and brown and flaming red, swimming over lovely shells or avoiding gruesome, horrible, uncanny sea monsters.

Catalina Island is the fisherman's paradise

Calla Lilies—ten acres of them

Orange Grove Avenue—Pasadena

HOMESICK.

About a year or so ago,
  When I took down with grippe,
I told the wife that nursed me through
  That heathen Russian trip
That I'd be hanged if I would stay,
  And throw away my time,
A-fightin' colds and roomatiz
  In such a measly clime.

And when we packed our duds and took
  The California train,
I told my wife I hoped I'd die
  If I came back again.
But 'fore a year had rolled around,
  I got a spell of blues,
That wiped out all the scenery
  And knocked out all the views.

I never was so homesick, man,
  In all my sixty years;
I'll bet my wife and I let loose
  A bucketful of tears.

I kinder felt as if I'd give
  A pile if I could see
The town where I was born and raised—
  'Twas good enough for me.

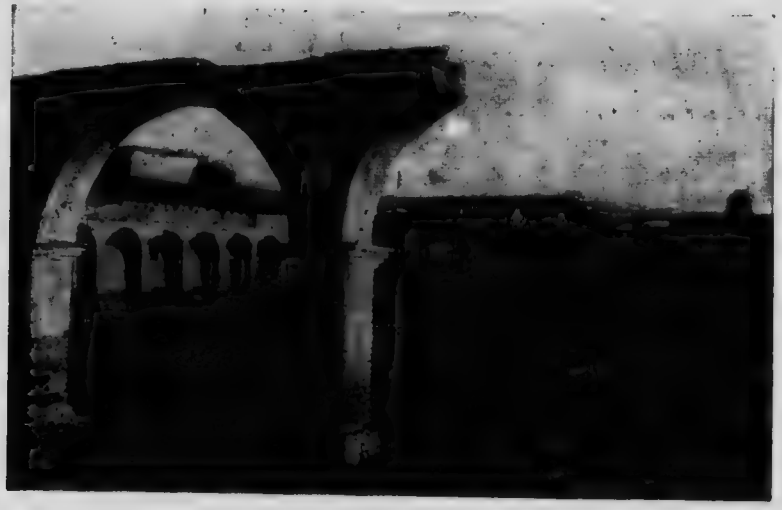
So here we are back East again,
  Down on the old home place;
I milk the cows and feed the pigs,
  And nightly ask for grace;
But I'll be hanged if I can tell
  Just where the trouble lies,
For home ain't what it used to be,
  And wife just sits and cries.

The birds they don't know how to sing,
  The flowers don't smell a mite;
I'd give a dollar and a half
  If I could get a sight
Of them old mountains standin' there
  In sunshine and in rain;
I reckon that we're homesick—and
  We're goin' back again!

—MINA DEANE H—

Everybody, even the baby, has stock in the oil wells—a great source of wealth in California

Party at the Cuthbert-Shafer Ranch—Pasadena



STORY OF THE MISSIONS

THE Spaniard was a world conqueror in his day and master of California before the Stars and Stripes had been devised. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish throne, desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled save by native Indian tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of St. Francis by virtue of which that order undertook to establish missions in the new country, which were to be the nuclei of future villages and cities, to which Spanish subjects were encouraged to emigrate. By the terms of that arrangement the Franciscans were to possess the mission properties and their revenues for ten years, which was deemed a sufficient period in which to fairly establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert to the Spanish Government. In point of fact, the Franciscans were left in undisputed possession for more than half a century.

The monk chosen to take charge of the undertaking was Junipero Serra, a man of saintly piety and energetic character, who in childhood desired only that he might be a priest, and in maturity earnestly wished to be a martyr. Seven years before the Declaration of the Independence of the American Colonies, in the early summer of 1769, he entered the Bay of San Diego, 227 years after Cabrillo had discovered it for Spain, and 167 years after it had been surveyed and named by Viscaino, during all which preceding time the country had lain fallow. Within two months Serra had founded a mission near the mouth of the San Diego river, which five years after was removed some six miles up the valley to a point about three miles distant from the present city of San Diego. From that time one mission after another was founded, twenty-one in all—from San Diego along the coast as far north as San Francisco. The more important of these were built of stone and a hard-burnt brick that even now will turn the edge of the finest trowel. The labor of their construction was appalling. Brick had to be burnt, stone quarried and dressed, and huge timbers for rafters brought on men's shoulders from the mountain forests, sometimes thirty miles distant, through rocky canyons and over trackless hills.

The Indians performed most of this labor, under the direction of the fathers. These Indians were tractable, as a rule. Once, or twice at most, they rose against their masters, but the policy of the padres was kindness and forgiveness, although it must be inferred that the condition of the Indians over whom they claimed spiritual and temporal authority was a form of slavery, without all the cruelties that usually pertain to enforced servitude.

They were the bondsmen of the padres, whose aim was to convert them to Christianity and civilization, and many thousands of them were persuaded to cluster around the missions, their daughters becoming neophytes in the convents, and the others contributing their labor to the erection of the enormous structures that occupied many acres of ground, and to the industries of agriculture, cattle-raising, and a variety of manufactures. There were, after the primitive fashion of the time, woollen-mills, wood-working and blacksmith shops, and such other manufactories as were practicable in the existing state of the arts, which could be made profitable.

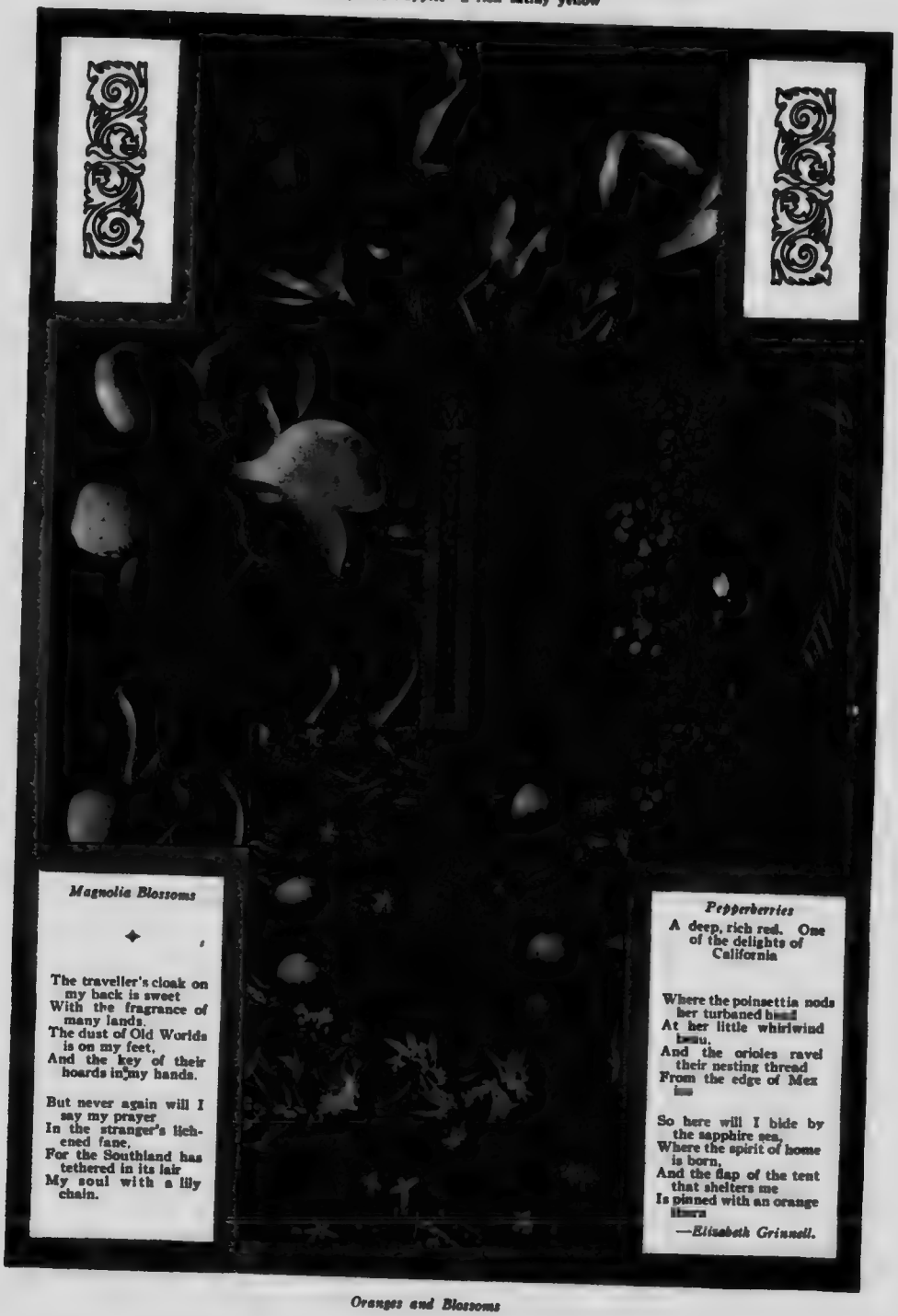
The mission properties soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to $2,000,000, most of which was sent to Spain.

The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the secularization of the mission property by the Mexican Government to replete the exhausted treasuries of Santa Ana. Sadly the fathers forsook the scene of their long labors, and silently the Indians melted away into the wilderness and the darkness of their natural ways, save such as had intermarried with the families of Spanish soldiers and colonists.

One cannot but feel the pity of it, for in the history of zealous servants of the Cross there is hardly a more noteworthy name than that of Junipero Serra, and in the annals of their heroic endeavor there is no more signal instance of absolute failure than his who founded the California missions, aside from the perpetuation of his saintly name. They accomplished nothing, so far as can now be seen.

Winter in Southern California

California Poppies—a rich satiny yellow



Magnolia Blossoms

The traveller's cloak on
my back is sweet
With the fragrance of
many lands.
The dust of Old Worlds
is on my feet,
And the key of their
hoards in my hands.

But never again will I
say my prayer
In the stranger's lich-
ened fane,
For the Southland has
tethered in its lair
My soul with a lily
chain.

Pepperberries

A deep, rich red. One
of the delights of
California

Where the poinsettia nods
her turbaned head
At her little whirlwind
beau,
And the orioles ravel
their nesting thread
From the edge of Mex
ico

So here will I bide by
the sapphire sea,
Where the spirit of home
is born,
And the flap of the tent
that shelters me
Is pinned with an orange
thorn

—*Elizabeth Grinnell.*

Oranges and Blossoms

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.—Before the earthquake fire the population was 400,000. The climate of San Francisco is not so mild as Los Angeles. July and August are the coldest months. Furs are worn at that time, but are not really necessary.

From San Francisco the return east via Salt Lake City takes the traveller over, around, yes, and often under, the glorious range of the Sierras. It is a novel experience to reach a height, in the middle of summer, when the natives come to the station in mittens and mufflers. The trip will give you for an hour a journey through the sea of solid salt, over which play weird images of the mirage, said to be the most wonderful in the world. Of all the desolate, God-forsaken sights on earth, that of the salt desert stands first. So glaringly, uncompromisingly white. The telegraph poles stalk like gaunt spectres across the vast expanse and appear to cast shadows double the usual length. Not a bird, not an animal or sign of life anywhere, not even a bunch of the despised sage-brush to relieve the eye, except in places where men are ploughing up and stacking the salt for household consumption. This is, indeed, interesting.

THE GOLDEN GATE.—It is as if some resistless force of nature had rent the big hills and made a roadway one mile wide to make way for the commerce of the West. One of the greatest harbors in the world.

The Golden Gate—San Francisco

BEFORE AND AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

1906 PARTY

Photo taken in the Palm Room of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco

1907 PARTY

Photo taken on the same spot in the Palm Room after the earthquake

SALT LAKE CITY (population, 110,000). The story of Salt Lake City and of Utah begins on the very first page of the history of trans-Missouri settlement. The story is not only of a state upbuilt in a desert wilderness by a remarkable plan of co-operative effort, but of the growth of a peculiar religion in little more than sixty years from a mere handful to more than half a million followers.

Mormon Tabernacle and Temple

The Mormons founded Utah in 1847. On July 24 of that year their "First Company," comprising 143 men, 3 women and 2 children, under the leadership of Brigham Young, entered the Salt Lake Valley and settled upon the site of Salt Lake City.

The journey of that company through more than one thousand miles of an unexplored wilderness has no parallel in the history of human courage and fortitude

Ordinarily, the marches of civilization have been by slow stages — not by leaps and bounds. The outpost of far western settlement was on the Missouri river in 1847. In just 109 days Brigham Young, by a bold dash, moved it over and beyond the country now occupied by the states of Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

The prophet Brigham and his people believed that the Lord pointed out the way and guided the heroic little company through the perils and savagery of desert, mountains and plains. This we do not know, but we do know that the wonderful journey was finished without an assault from Indians, and that neither death nor serious sickness came to the company.

Those who view to-day the matchless valley of the Great Salt Lake and see what husbandry has done, can have no conception of the scene of desolation spread around the pioneers when they unyoked their oxen at their journey's end. Great gray ranges of mountains, their tops here and there among the clouds, hemmed in the sage-grown, alkalied valley; silence and solitude—the dreads of the desert—were everywhere, and over against the western horizon, sullenly within its salt-bound shores, lay that freak of nature, the "Dead Sea of Utah."

Is it any wonder that the little company huddled close about their great leader, and listened with upturned and appealing faces while he fervently called upon God to hold them longer "in the hollow of His hand".

The reasons for this unparalleled journey were these: The "Saints"—so-called—few in number and poor in purse, had lately fled from their city, Nauvoo, in Illinois. This flight was the result of a long-standing trouble with their Gentile neighbors, which finally ended in the assassination of Joseph Smith, founder and first Prophet of Mormonism. After this tragic occurrence, the Mormons, feeling that the East was closed to them forever, set their faces towards the West, in the hope that somewhere out in the distant unexplored country beyond the Rocky Mountains they would find a place where they could build up a community and be free from interference in the practice of their religion. To search for this place and to found such a settlement Brigham Young and his company made the memorable journey of 1847.

After the arrival of the first company, other companies were sent out in rapid succession, and within five years more than five thousand of the faith were living in and around Salt Lake City.

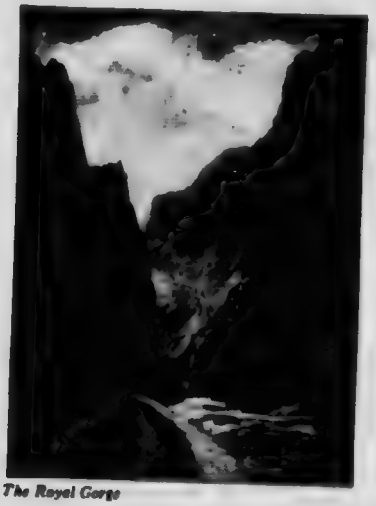
But Brigham's dream of isolation was soon dispelled by the discovery of gold in California. What followed that event every school boy knows—the pony express and overland coach came and vanished; the mines were opened; railroads were built across the continent; the circles of settlement were widened to the most distant valleys; and by steady steps Utah became a populous and prosperous state, and Salt Lake the unrivalled city of the Inter-Mountain Empire.

The Utah pioneers are passing away. Of that "First Company" but three remain. History, if impartial, will judge them fairly and will write their names in shining letters upon her pages.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE, Utah's most interesting natural phenomenon, is about seven times larger than the "Dead Sea" of Palestine and carries about the same per cent. of salt. This per cent. is from 19 to 22, according to the season of the year, and calculations fix the total of the salt in the lake at four hundred million tons. The waters are sluggish and green-hued. They are very buoyant, and so clear that the eye can penetrate them to great depths. Gulls innumerable, whose breeding place is one of the eight islands in the lake, frequent the waters, in which nothing lives except a small shrimp. The railway bridge crosses the entire lake.

The journey from Salt Lake City to Denver is through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, the Canyon of the Arkansas, second only to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. No pen or brush, and, less still, could camera describe the

grandeur of the Royal Gorge. The railway winds through mountain passes, climbs, fly-like, along the face of cliffs, and races with mad, merry mountain streams, but finds its culmination of gorgeousness at this point, the Royal Gorge. It comes upon the traveller as a revelation and a complete surpr. We have seen other mountains in many countries, but they gave us no hint of this. Like the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the coloring of the rocks is the chief surprise. There is every shade of every color blended by the Master Artist. It surely is a picture "splendid as any that God has hung upon the walls of the world."



The Royal Gorge

At this point there is not even room beside the river for the railway track, and one of the clever feats of modern engineering has been accomplished here. Mighty beams have been swung across the water from rock to rock, and the road actually suspended over the river, that the train may turn this abrupt corner fashioned by the swift water.

A little further on is the Holy Cross Mountain, so called because of the perfect crucifix swung high up among the clouds and visible for many miles. The explanation is simple but unique. Nature's architect formed two deep gashes in the mountain in the form of a cross, and these, for ever filled with snow, shine out with almost startling silhouette against the grim, rugged rock of the background.

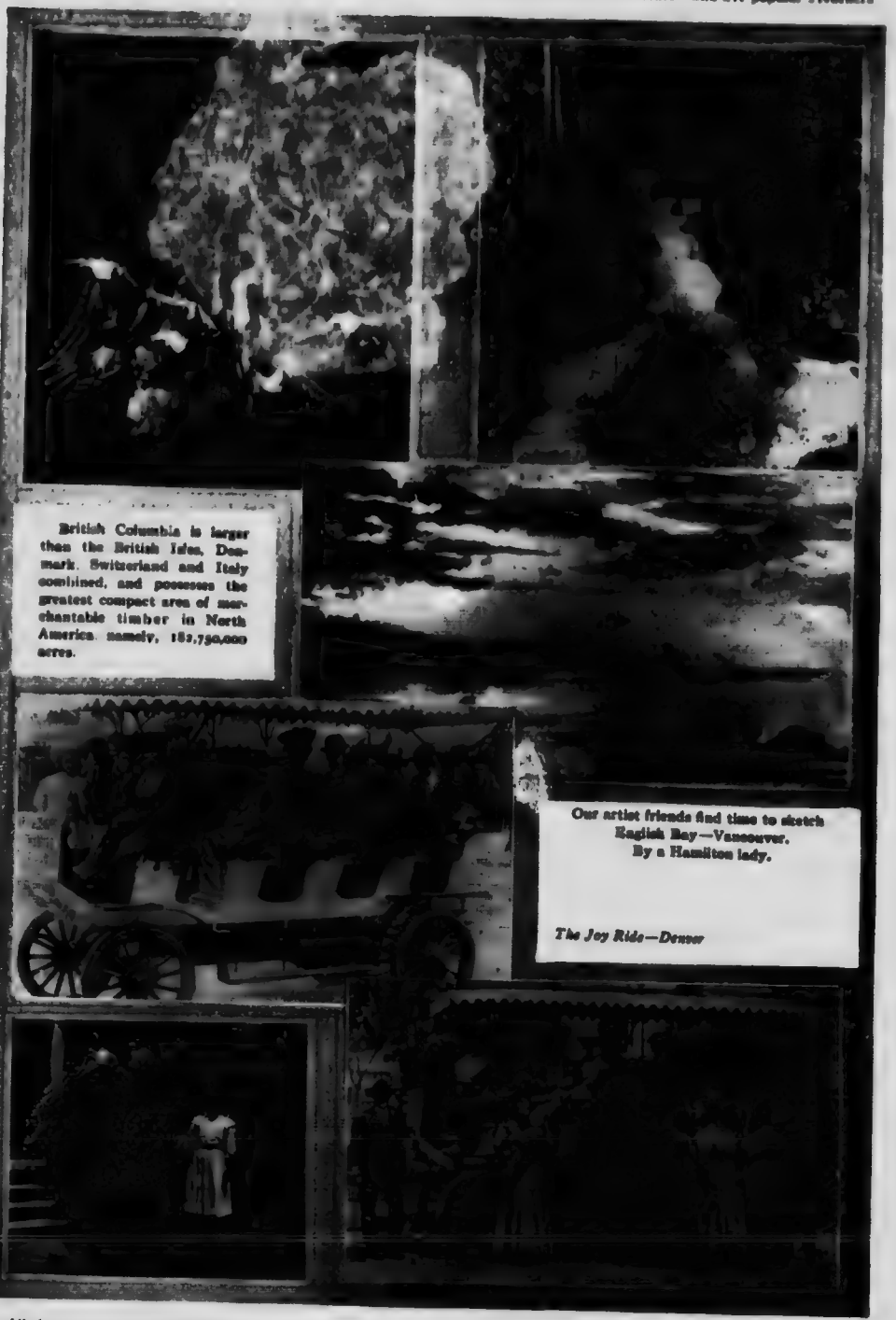
One of the beauty spots along the line, and where every private train should spend a night, is Glenwood Springs, of superlative loveliness and also possessing the interest of an intermittent geyser, such as are seen in Yellowstone Park.

Mount of the Holy Cross

Colorado Springs and Denver follow, and between Denver and Chicago, on the Chicago and Great Western Railway, the twin cities of Omaha and Council Bluffs stand sentinel over the sullen Missouri.

In Stanley Park

Shasta Springs Puzzle Picture—find five popular Preachers



British Columbia is larger than the British Isles, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy combined, and possesses the greatest compact area of merchantable timber in North America, namely, 182,750,000 acres.

Our artist friends find time to sketch
English Bay—Vancouver.
By a Hamilton lady.

The Joy Ride—Denver

All the roses are not in California.
We have some in Cannington, Ont.

SNAPS

Seeing Denver

YELLOWSTONE PARK.—Nature has lavished her gifts on the region of the Yellowstone, but of all the wonders that God in His mysterious way has there worked to perform, none are so strange, so startling, as the geysers. To count them, great and small, would be like counting the stars, and to measure in words their awful power or picture their splendor of sparkle and symmetry, that no one can do.

The Giant Geyser

There are many kinds, but the regular-timed spouting wonders attract the most. They can be absolutely depended on to perform on schedule time. Passive, there is but a hole at the summit of a cone. A loud preliminary roar and then suddenly, with a rush and power almost terrifying, a white obelisk of scalding, steaming water is lifted into the air sometimes two hundred and fifty feet, and there held scintillating and glistening in the sun until the play is over, when it sinks back from whence it came, and the fitful growling and steaming begin anew.

Old Faithful is the favorite of tourists, not because of its superior height or beauty, although it possesses both, but because—as its name suggests—it never fails. Winter and summer, day and night, punctual to the minute and every seventy minutes, he sends up his wondrous cascade to a height of one hundred and eighty feet.

The working of the mighty forces here are staggering in their immensity. At each eruption Old Faithful pours forth about one million five hundred thousand gallons of water, more than thirty-three million gallons daily, the water supply of a great city.

In the Park are stationed two companies of United States Cavalry, and no one who has visited here doubts the wisdom of the Government in this respect. They constantly patrol the forest to guard against fire, and also to protect and preserve the game within the Park, animals now almost extinct. One noble beast it seems impossible to reinstate, the buffalo. Thirty years ago trains often had to halt upon the prairie and even steamboats on the Missouri river were impeded by enormous herds. Now there are only a few small herds of these animals in existence.

Another duty of the soldier is to protect the beautiful formations from the insatiate greed of the relic-hunter or the autograph maniac. There are cases in the world's history where names carved on walls or prisons are preserved and have a rare value; but what of your name?

Yellowstone Park has a unique method of punishment for this crime. Even campers in the Park must register at the superintendent's office. If a soldier finds a name or initial on any formation, they telephone the fact to the Governor. At once the lists are scanned, and if found the man is arrested. So careful is the scrutiny of the soldiers, the offending party is usually found. The punishment meted out is to send the culprit back, no matter how distant the spot, with a scrubbing brush and laundry soap, and with his own hands wash away the proofs of his egregious vanity.

Fools' names and fools' faces
Are always seen in public places.

THERE are four routes to choose from on a summer tour to California. The Santa Fe or Salt Lake, as outlined, or, going north to Portland, you can return Yellowstone Park, or, better still, continuing north from Portland, return through the Canadian Rockies to Winnipeg or St. Paul.

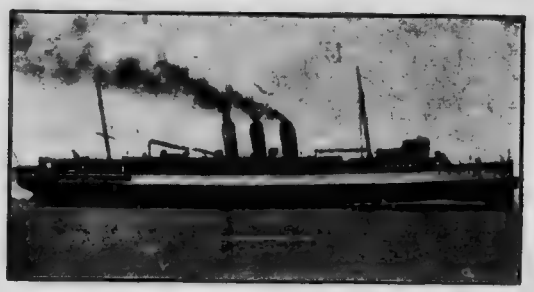
Court of Honor and Totem Pole—Seattle Exposition

On the trip from San Francisco to Portland you cross beautiful, snow-crowned Mount Shasta, and pay a visit to Shasta Springs, with its geysers and various mineral waters, which everyone drinks and tries to look pleasant the while.

PORTLAND is a rapidly-growing city, charmingly situated, and well advertised during the "World's Exposition" held there in 1906.

SEATTLE (population, 300,000).—A beautiful, progressive city; the commercial metropolis of the Northern Pacific Coast.

VICTORIA (population, 40,000).—This charming capital of British Columbia overlooks the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific and the Gulf of Georgia to the mainland; while across the straits are the beautiful Olympic mountains. The climate is like that of the South of England—in fact, the town is peculiarly English in all its characteristics. Fine Canadian Pacific steamers ply daily between Seattle and Victoria and on to Vancouver. Naturally, one purchases his ticket routed that way.



One of the C. P. R. Princesses

VANCOUVER (population, 130,000).—The nearest ocean port for the great wheat lands, Vancouver has a great future before her. Not only has she such a commercial outlook, but her situation is one of the most beautiful in all the world. Surrounded by snow-tipped mountains, beautiful in form and color, and nearer by fine farms, especially adapted to fruit growing, and with a mild equitable climate, she is, indeed, "favored of the gods." The Fraser river not only adds its beauty to the scene, but literally adds golden showers in the form of the famous British Columbia salmon. It is exceedingly interesting and profitable to take a trolley trip to visit some of these great salmon canneries.

An early morning view of the Bay and Fishing Boats—Vancouver

N Pacific Station Vancouver.
Totem Pole
Albert Bay B.C.

The Three Sisters

THERE is not a mountain trip on earth more beautiful, more stupendous, than this through our own Rocky Mountains, not even excepting Switzerland or the Tyrolese Alps, and there is, perhaps, no place in the world more difficult to write about. The reason is clear to every one who has attempted it, and the railway officials find the difficulty impossible to overcome. There is no history, no legend, there is nothing human about the trip to add warmth and soul to the narrative.

Kicking Horse Canyon

The history of the making of the railway would have local color enough, but not for our purpose. To try to describe the indescribable would be to pile adjective upon adjective *ad nauseam*. Go and see them. They are sublime and beyond all effort of the imagination.

The principal stopping points on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway are GLACIER, FIELD, LAGGAN and BANFF.

Glacier House

Chalet at Lake Louise

Mount Stephen House—Field

The altitude of GLACIER is 4,122 feet, and the foot of the eternal iceberg is within thirty minutes' walk of the hotel or station. The incline is gentle and the walk through a delightful wildwood.

At LAGGAN sure-footed ponies or rigs may be taken to the Lakes in the Clouds, famed the world over for their unsurpassable beauty. Perched on the mountain sides these lakes, hidden from general view amidst the most romantic environments, are rare gems, whose loveliness and charm surpass all description.

LAKE LOUISE, which is the first, is a revelation, indescribable and quite unlike anything else we have ever seen. It is a weird marriage of balmy summer and severest winter; a combination which would portend all sorts of unpleasant results, but this even older than Methuselah couple have never sued for divorce yet, despite the evil example of the twentieth century, and their relation seems to be ideally happy. Thousands of people visit them every year and go away in awe and reverence.

Extract from a sermonette delivered in our recreation car on leaving Laggan, Sunday evening, August 1, 1909:—

REV. F. LOUIS BARBER, M.A., PH.D.

You and I have travelled far together, and have been writing indelibly from day to day in our brief diaries, and in books of memory, of the beautiful and wonderful works of God. But among all these beauties and wonders perhaps there is no other scene that teaches us as forcefully the peaceful majesty of our Maker as the glories we have just visited—the glories of Lake Louise at Laggan. As we stood upon the shore like Christ at Galilee, and raised our eyes from the dimpled face of the lake to the silver mountain on the farther side radiant with snow and sunshine, and then let our eager gaze follow the jagged but regular outlines right and left as the fir-covered slopes of the receding mountains form a setting for the picture—I say, as we beheld this scene we were filled with awe and reverence for Him whose hand packed those snows, covered those rock-spires, and set that jewel lake. The snows as white as Mt. Blanc, the spires as rugged as the Matterhorn, the lake—finding no equal. . . . The same hand that planted the foot of the mountain in the placid waters of Lake Louise and crowned its brow with a glacier wreath, is the guiding hand that led Jesus from Galilee to Calvary to reveal to man not alone God's law and majesty, but also His love and liberty.

THE LAKE IN THE CLOUDS.

BY MISS MABEL TAYLOR, OF HAMILTON.

(*Composed by the way.*)

It nestles upon the hill crests,
A gem of beauty rare,
The charm of a thousand tourists
In search of pictures fair.

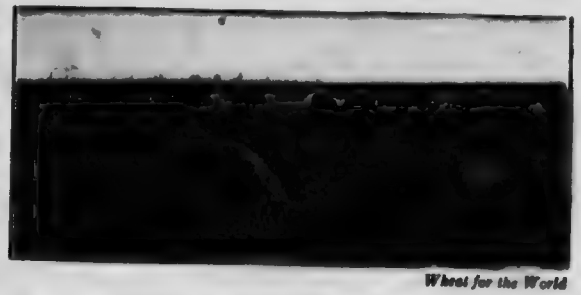
'Tis encased in walls of granite,
Towering above the clouds;
In the background a robe of samite
Plain mother earth enshrouds.

Its waters are pure as crystal,
Their colors of every hue;
The shades of an exquisite purple,
Violet, yellow and turquoise blue.

In all the world, o'er land and seas,
Has Nature a child more sweet
Than beautiful little Lake Louise,
In the mountain's safe retreat?

LAKE LOUISE
CANADIAN ROCKIES

BANFF (altitude, 4,521 feet).—The Government of Canada has reserved an immense tract of 5,732 square miles, embracing parts of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Lake Minnewanka and several noble mountain ranges. The Park is the largest in the world, being nearly half as large again as the famous Yellowstone Park of the States.



Wheat for the World

This Park, situated in the most beautiful part of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirk Mountains, is reserved for all time as a great national playground for the people, a peerless attraction for tourists and visitors, and a health resort of the highest and most beneficial character. Its magnificent scenery baffles description; the climate conditions are ideal for recreation and enjoyment. It is a land of giant glacier-crowned mountain peaks, sparkling streams, mirrored lakes, virgin forests and verdant valleys. The color of the Bow river is a revelation in water. Near the station is a large corral of 800 acres, in which are about 100 buffalo, and in well-constructed cages are specimens of the various wild animals found in the Rocky Mountains.

Sir John A. MacDonald, with his usual wisdom, selected the site of this beautiful Banff hotel.

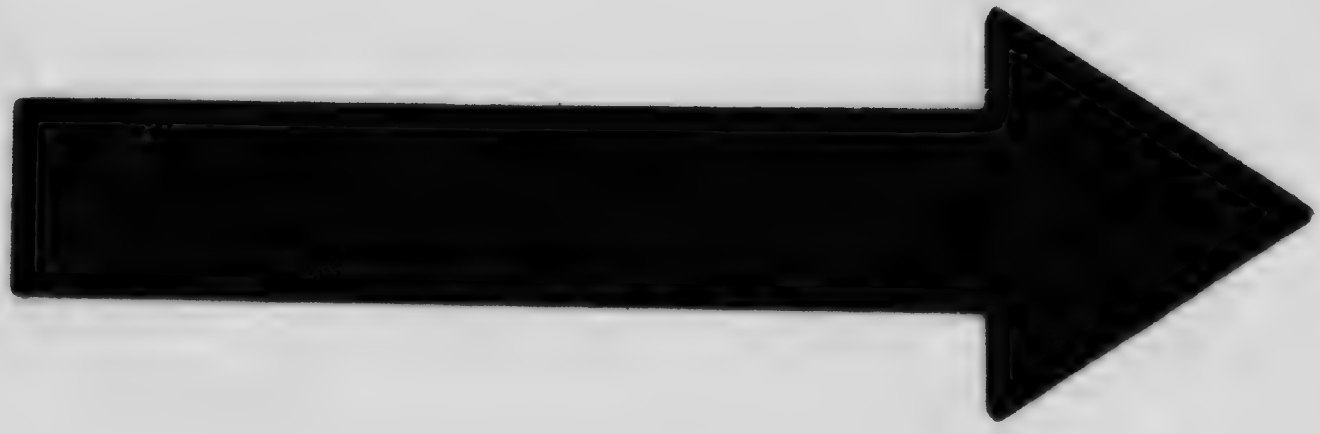
This is a land of stupendous figures and unthinkable distances. The wheat land of the world. No trees to cut down, no stumps to move or stones to be cleared away. It is as though some giant hands had removed all rocks and obstacles from these millions of acres and had piled them in a Cyclopean heap to form the Rocky Mountains. There they stand, these boundless fields, waiting for the hand of man to make them blossom into usefulness, and still men and women starve in cities.

Prairie Fresh Air

JUST A FEW FIGURES.

In this Great North-West in 1909 the area under wheat crop alone was 6,879,000 acres, which produced 147,482,000 bushels.

Canada is larger than the United States, including Alaska, by 111,992 square miles.



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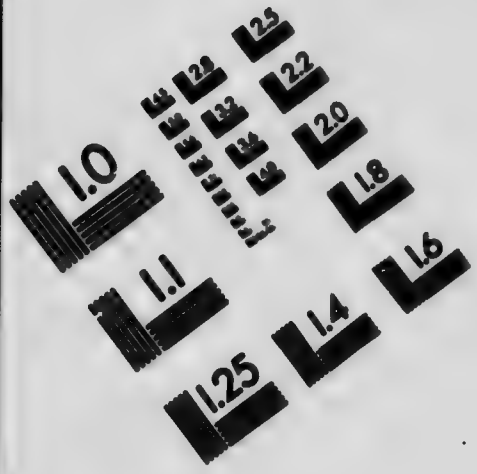
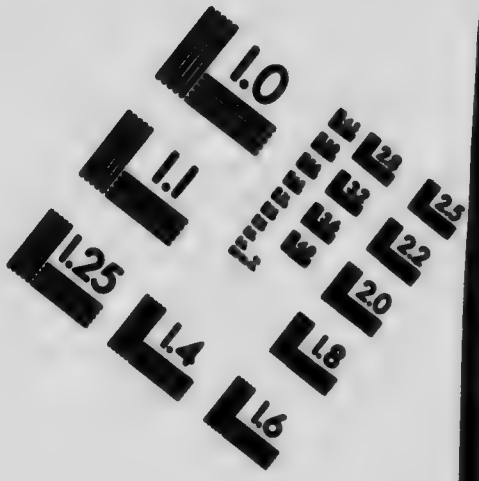
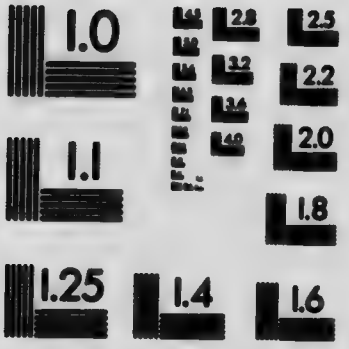
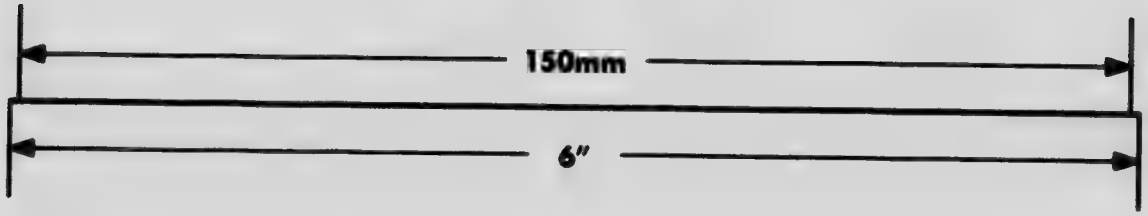
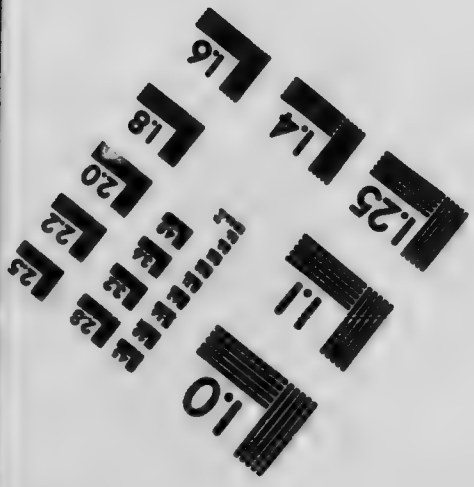
TEST TARGET (MT-3)











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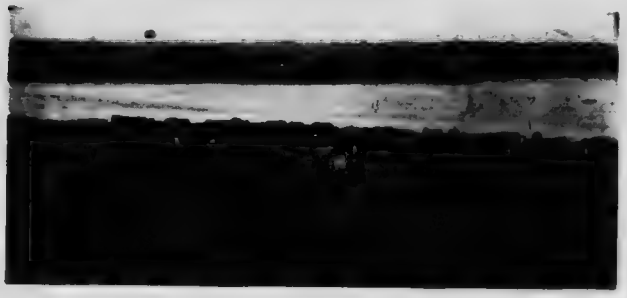
The Canadian Pacific Railway has the greatest mileage of any transportation company in the world. Canada has the most extensive fisheries in the world.



Ranching in the North-West

One hundred and twenty million acres of agricultural land in Alberta alone, and only one million under cultivation.

British Columbia has 200,000 square miles of mountains to Switzerland's 16,000.

Manitoba is called the pulse of Canada. It still has 25,000,000 acres unoccupied. The Province of Saskatchewan is twice as large as the British Isles.

The Grand Trunk Railway and Grand Trunk Pacific have a mileage of 13,895 miles.

Young man—go West! One hundred and thirty-five new towns will be built on the Grand Trunk Pacific between Winnipeg and Edmonton; 82 are on the market.

"There is land enough in Western Canada, if tilled, to feed every mouth in Europe."

WINNIPEG (population, 130,000; capital of the Province of Manitoba; population in 1871 was 100).—Winnipeg commands the trade of the vast region to the north, east and west. It is the greatest grain market in the British Empire. No doubt in a few years this will be one of the largest cities in America. They are building with this in view. The streets are wide and structures solid and substantial.

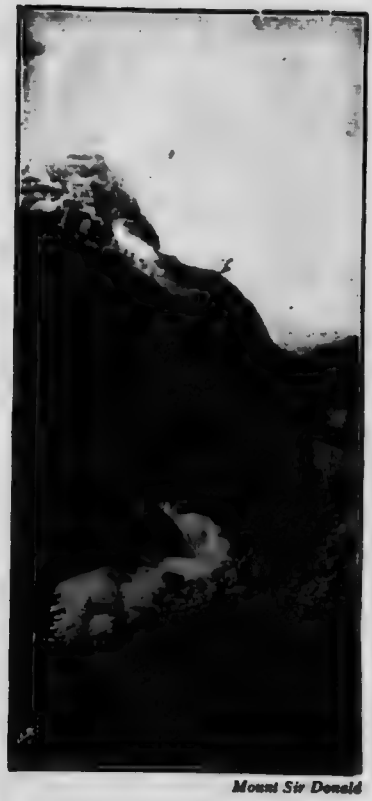
C.P.R. Hotel. The Royal Alexandria—Winnipeg

THE ROYAL ALEXANDRIA, WINNIPEG, ranks among the finest hotels in the world. It was erected at a cost of $1,250,000.

C.P.R Railway Station—Winnipeg

Main Street—Winnipeg

Mount Stephen.



Mount Sir Donald

There are forty miles of perpetual ice at the Great Glacier.

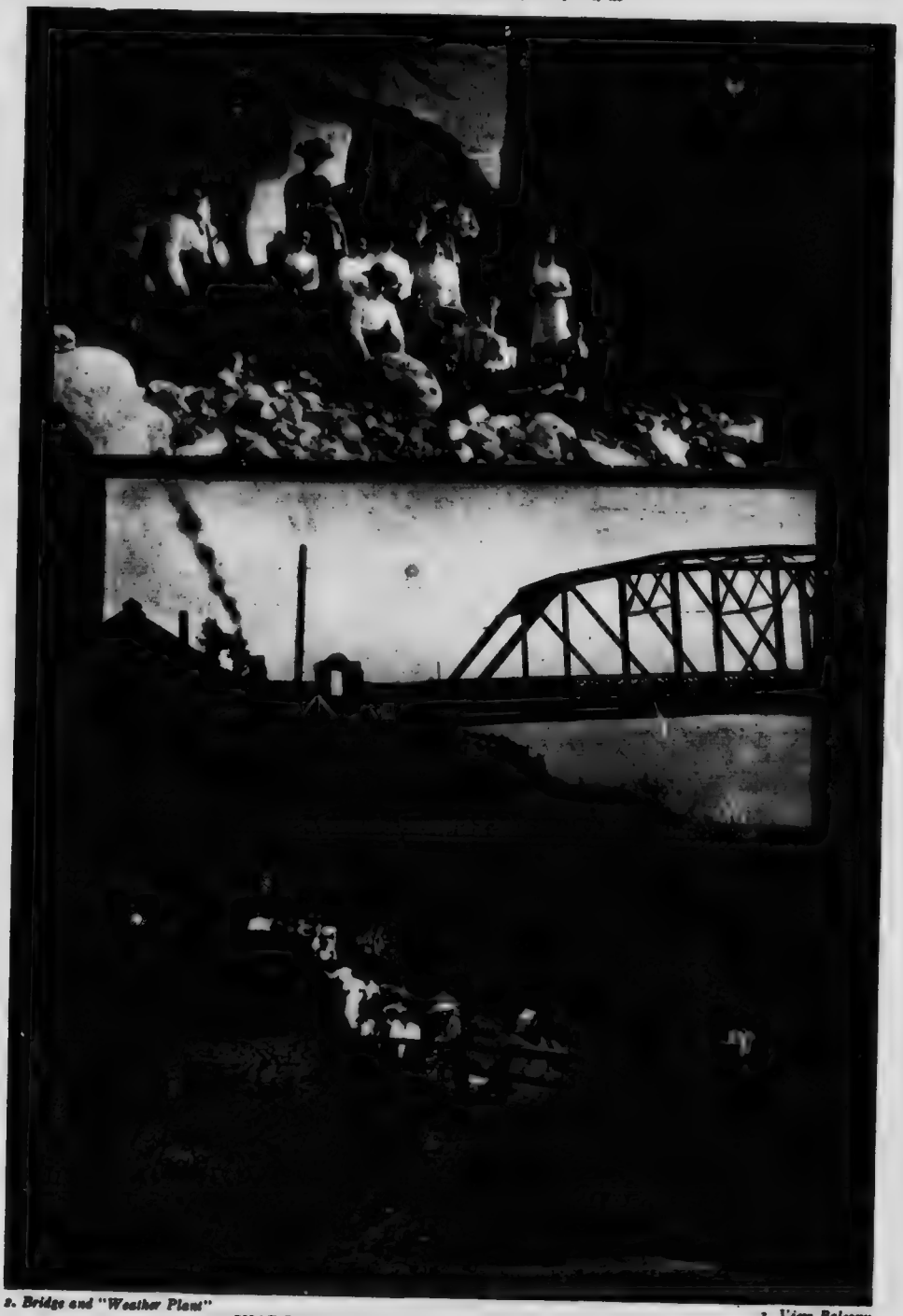
Everyone knows that Chicago weather is manufactured in Medicine Hat. The box at the end of the bridge is the celebrated manufacturing plant. Chicago possesses considerable weather for so small an institution, but then, it doesn't take much powder to produce results plenty. Anyway, Medicine Hat can't boast of its weather industry. For the most part it puts out a mighty poor article, and Chicago needn't sit up nights for fear some other city will try and do it out of its monopoly.

This little view balcony, shown in the third picture—opposite page—is directly over and facing the maddest, wildest, roaring, tumbling, tossing stream of icy water that ever gladdened the hearts of a summer party.

With a private train a party can stop at such especially beautiful view points.

An idle moment at North Bay Station. Find the goat

1. 1909 Party at the Great Glacier—just a few of us



2. Bridge and "Weather Plant"

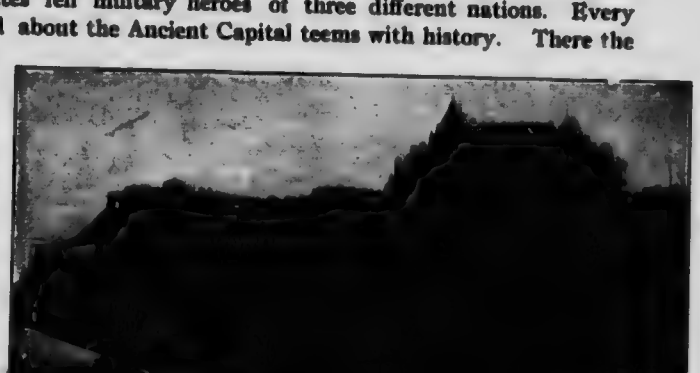
3. View Balcony

SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN BY REV. H. W. CREWS' CAMERA

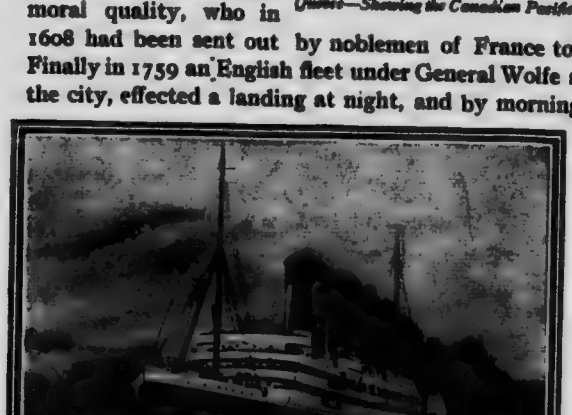
Historical Quebec—The Old-World City of America

QUEBEC, in the grandeur of its site and surroundings, in the strength of its fortifications, in the extent and romance of its history, stands unique among the cities of North America; and no visitor from Europe nor from the United States can be said to have seen Canada—nor, indeed, this continent—who has not visited this old capital of New France. To have seen Quebec, and to have experienced the delights of a sail on the St. Lawrence River is alone worth a visit to Canada.

Six times have the walls of Quebec been assailed by armies, and without its gates fell military heroes of three different nations. Every acre of ground about the Ancient Capital teems with history. There the intrepid French voyageur, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, landed in 1534, and visited the Indian Chief Donnacona, who, from his village of Stadacona, where now Quebec is situated, received the first white man with friendly welcome. The real founder of Quebec, however, was Samuel de Champlain, a man of great courage and high moral quality, who in 1608 had been sent out by noblemen of France to open up trade with the Indians. Finally in 1759 an English fleet under General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence against the city, effected a landing at night, and by morning were drawn up on the Plains of Abraham to the number of 8,000. How Montcalm marched out to meet Wolfe in the open field and how both Generals fell upon the plain, the one dying where he fell, the other passing away a few hours later, are outlines in a story that makes the most glorious page in the history of Canada. Only once since has Quebec been the scene of war, when in 1775 the United States Generals, Montgomery and Arnold, laid siege to it, but were defeated.



Quebec—Showing the Canadian Pacific Railway, Chateau Frontenac, the Promenade and the Fort



From Pacific to Atlantic

COMPARATIVE POPULATIONS

LONDON, ENGLAND
7,500,000

NEW YORK, in 1905
4,000,000

BERLIN, GERMANY
3,000,000

CHICAGO, in 1905
over 2,000,000

PARIS, - FRANCE
2,763,393

PART V.

THE SOUTHERN TOUR

✦

MEXICO

Watching the double Mardi Gras procession—New Orleans

Texas

SAN ANTONIO is a charming, gay little city, and on a visit to Mexico the traveller would do well to stop there if only for a day. The climate is mild and delightful in winter. Our illustration shows the historical little church, the Alamo, where

The Alamo—San Antonio, Texas

Davy Crockett and his little band of 300 were slaughtered so cruelly by the 4,000 soldiers under Santa Anna, when Mexico so pluckily and successfully fought for her independence. Only one woman, with her babe clasped in her arms, was left of that [illegible] to

Down South—A study in Black and White

No one can [illegible] what you are [illegible] unless you [illegible] hide

"Think of some, but [illegible]"

Mexico

THE chief delight for travellers of all ages, and the great attraction drawing tourists from one land to another, is an impelling curiosity to see a land peopled by a civilization differing from our own in dress, customs, manners and language.

To-day a trip to Europe will not give us that. We must go to China, Japan, India or somewhere in the Far East—at least so the general public think, entirely overlooking the fact that here at our very door is a nation as foreign and ancient as any of which we have record, and who cling still to the old customs, dress and language.

Making Tortillas—a Mexican kitchen

One must make "the grand tour" of Europe for the sake of its history, its art and its associations; but for genuine interest, real delight and satisfied curiosity, no trip we have as yet taken can compare with our tours of Mexico.

Many of those who made the private train tour of Mexico with us have since gone with us to Europe. The exclamation is unanimous—"Mexico is the greatest tour of all!"

When we read General Lew Wallace's "Fair God" we decided that the General had a very lurid and active imagination. We pronounced the book a right good story, but never dreamed that it could be anything but fiction, until we arrived in Mexico City, when we found that it was almost accurate enough for a guide book, barring the retreat of the waters of Lake Texcoco.

The Carpador, or Mexican Conveyance

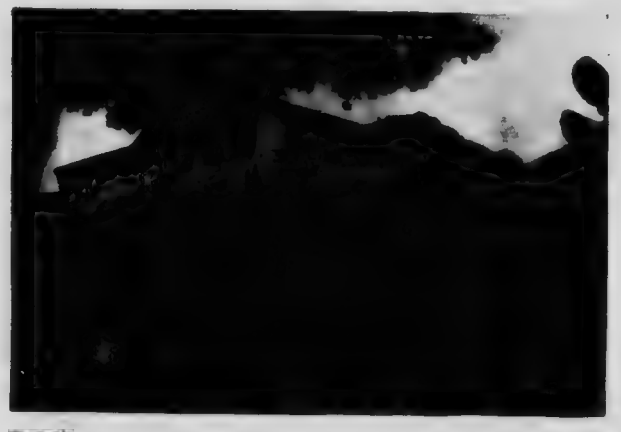
Why, the first thing you see in Mexico City, standing before the great station, is a magnificent monument to the Aztec hero of the book—a statue which is decorated every year, accompanied by enthusiastic demonstrations and processions.

It would require an entire book to tell about Mexico, because every mile of this strange dreamland is wonderful, and every hamlet worthy a chapter from a master pen. Mexico is one country whose straight history reads like a romance by Cervantes or Victor Hugo.

Another Mexican Conveyance

On one side of the Rio Grande you are in Texas, amid a civilization familiar, though not uninteresting. Cross the great bridge and it seems incredible that so complete a change could take place in so short a distance. The language has changed; the dress is picturesque and unique; the conveyances are, to us, preposterous; the scenery is sometimes wild, sometimes grand and always gratifying.

Charles Gates says: "With its wealth of antiquities and grand natural scenery, its vast resources, its romantic history running far back to a dim and shadowy past, its prehistoric ruins, and its quaint sights, characteristic of a land so entirely foreign to our own—a country bordering ours, yet seemingly the very farthest from American life and customs—Mexico possesses the strongest possible attractions for the traveller. Its scenic wonders are unexcelled in any other part of the globe. Vast mountains, including Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—18,000 and 20,000 feet high—two of the loftiest peaks on the North American continent, arise amid scenes of tropical beauty and luxuriance· great cities are found, with their ancient characteristics almost unchanged since they were built by the early Spanish conquerors; and still more ancient cities and temples, reared by prehistoric races, are seen on nearly every side. No country in Europe presents an aspect so unfamiliar and essentially strange to American eyes." What more can the traveller ask?



Hacienda

Mexico City

THE CASTLE CHAPULTAPEC—which occupies the site of Montezuma's Palace — is surrounded by a magnificent grove of old cypress trees, from which hang festoons of Spanish moss. It also was at one time an island in Lake Texcoco. The palace will compare favorably with any of the palatial residences in Europe in the richness of its furnishings, and its view may be compared only with Heidelberg Castle or the Alhambra at Granada. It is one of the residences of President Diaz —"Diaz the Great" he may well be called.

Entrance Gate—Castle Chapultapec

THE STATUE OF CHARLES V. ON THE PASEO DE LA REFORMA.—This street, which leads from the centre of the city to the castle grounds of Chapultapec, is said to be the finest in the world. It certainly will rank with the Champs Elysées at Paris—or any of the other "finest in the world" streets already mentioned in this book. This statue is the largest one-piece bronze in the world.

Statue of Charles V.

MEXICO CITY (population. 550,000).— Standing on a plateau 7,349 feet high, and surrounded by mountains perpetually wearing their robes of snow, Mexico City is 1,357 ft. higher than Colorado Springs, 2,152 ft. higher than Denver, and 3,125 ft higher than Salt Lake City. The isthmus-like tapering of North America places it in close proximity to both oceans, the breezes from which, sweeping through thick-growing forests of mountain pines, find no sky-scrapers here to fence them off: no smoking, belching factories to taint their ozone purity. It is this same ocean breeze that regularly brings the refreshing summer showers, which, in this high altitude, quickly evaporate, leaving the city clean, cool and fragrant—very. And while many parts of the United States are parching for a few drops of water, all the luxuriant flora of the tropics is here springing into life. In fact, as Major Ben. C. Truman writes in the Los Angeles *Graphic*, "The best time to come to Mexico is when you can—but, personally, I prefer the summer months."

Pleasure Boats on La Viga Canal—Snap-Shot of our Party en route

La Viga Canal—Mexico City

LA VIGA CANAL.— The floating gardens of the time of Montezuma; now stationary, but surrounded by water. The boats used in navigation to-day are similar to those used 400 years ago, pushed along by a pole run into the muddy bottom. As a result, the water is *not* limpid blue.

Shopping in Mexico will compare in interest and variety with any country on earth. Every town has its peculiar industry. Queretaro, the opal paradise, and the opal mines are near. Pueblo, with its onyx—our most beautiful onyx comes from Mexico. Santa Ana and Tlaxcala for hand-carved canes; Aguas Calientes, the home of the famous drawn-work; and Marfil, of fancy baskets. Guadalajara cultivates a genius for pottery; and at Vera Cruz gentlemen have their innings with the Panama

hat. Orazaba is noted for the manufacture of the beer that made Milwaukee jealous. Then there are the curios to be picked up at the Thieves' Market, and parrots and zerapes and all sorts of unique things anywhere in Mexico.

A Street Scene—Mexico City

The Alemeda—Mexico City

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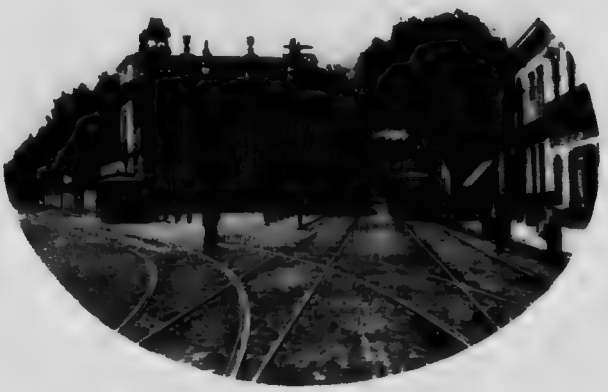
The Beautiful Station—Mexican National Railway

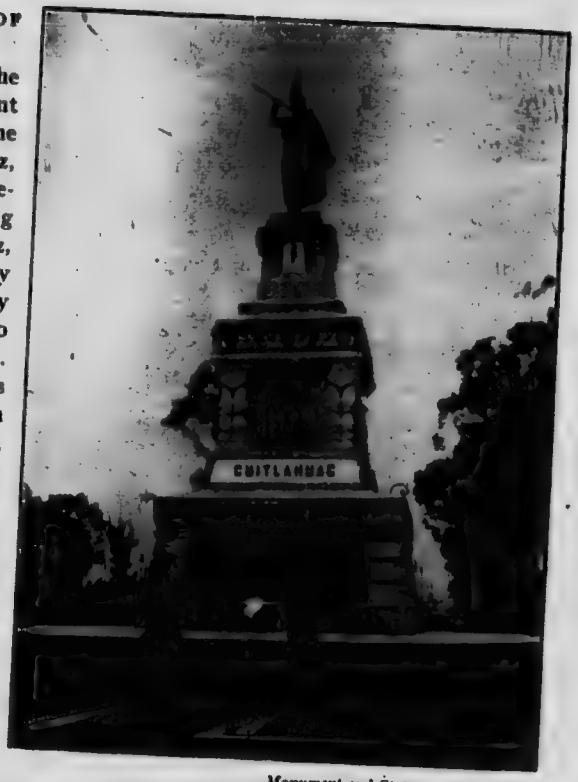


Park End—Mexico City

Monument and Statue of Quatemotzin

On one of the four sides of the base of this beautiful monument is the bronze relief picturing the hero being tortured by Cortez, who determined to compel Quatemotzin to divulge the hiding place of the great spoils he, Cortez, had endeavored to carry away from the treasury, but in the very act was routed by our hero, only to return, reinforced, and take the city.

Montezuma and the natives thought that Fair Cortez was an ambassador direct from heaven, and they entertained him as such. Their hospitality was repaid by the Spaniard imprisoning Montezuma and plundering the treasury. General Lew Wallace omits the sad ending of his hero, for which we are grateful. But history tells us that Quatemotzin died under torture rather than reveal the hiding place. It is said the great treasure has never been recovered.



Monument and Statue of Quatemotzin

The Cathedral—Mexico City

The Cathedral, Mexico City.

The Catholic churches of Mexico have all the extravagant richness of the churches of Italy or Spain. At Guadalupe the altar rail contains twenty tons of silver. The first pulpit in the New World is at Tlaxcala. Relics, bones, miraculous fountains and footprints of devil and saint are as thick here as in Europe.

THE RUINS OF MITLA.—As wonderful as the ruins of Egypt are these old prehistoric relics Whether built one, two or three thousand years ago no one can tell. Egypt's hieroglyphs have been deciphered, but the oldest history of Mexico written in stone is still locked in mystery.

The Ruins of Mitla

On an island in Lake Texcoco (whose shores are now four miles from the city), in the year 1312, the Aztecs, after wandering more than 700 years, discovered the prophetic sign by which they were to know where to make their final home. Here they laid the foundation of the place which they called Tenochtitlan, in honor of their holy guide, and also Mexico, in honor of their war god, Mexitili. But the Aztecs found these old ruins looking just as they do to-day, and no man living to tell who carved with such precision and patience these wonderful structures, whose use, like the Pyramids of Egypt, is only conjecture.

A Street in Old Tlaxcala—Mexico

A STREET IN OLD TLAXCALA, MEXICO.—Cortez invaded Mexico only 27 years after the discovery of America. It will give the reader a fair idea of the civilization prevailing in Mexico at the time of the discovery if we quote from a letter written by Cortez to Charles V. of Spain. "The city," he writes of Tlaxcala, "is large and worthy of admiration; larger than Granada, better fortified, has fine houses and a greater population than Granada at the time of the Conquest. There is a market place where 30,000 persons daily gather, besides smaller markets." This pre-supposes a population of about 100,000. To-day there are scarcely 5,000.

The Bull Fighters of Mexico

The Bull Fight

RELIC of barbarism as it is, almost every tourist looks forward to the horror with little thrills of anticipation. Few care to repeat the experience. The only cruelty about the first part of the performance is the stabbing of the bull with two sharp barbed darts as it enters the ring. The darts are gaily decorated with streamers. A man above the door drives them into the neck of the animal as it passes under him and, as they flap about in the flesh, the goad and enrage the poor brute into a properly ferocious state. The richly dressed Toreadors—each costume costing a small fortune, and ornamented with gold and precious stones—flaunt their red capes before the angry bull, and it is really good sport to watch the men extricate themselves from critical or ludicrous situations. Sometimes they vault on or over the back of the animal in order to escape, while the

Plaza de Toros—or Bull Ring

other Toreadors attract its attention, and in this way rescue their comrade. If the play stopped there it would be good entertainment, exceedingly skilful, and not nearly so rough as Rugby.

After a certain time given to this part of the performance, each of the two, or sometimes four, Piccadors in turn take a gaily decorated dart in each hand and advances on the now infuriated animal. The man must take his chance alone. When the bull lowers his head for the rush the Piccador, with a swift movement, must plant both barbed darts in the living, quivering neck so that they remain fast, and he must get safely away. To miss, draws on him the jeers and derision of the native audience.

With neck torn, and constantly aggravated by the flapping darts, the bull is now sufficiently angry to attack anything. At this point the Lassadors enter on horseback, sometimes two, sometimes four. This part we would gladly omit. It is horrible beyond expression. If men risk their lives to their skill it is their deliberate will, but the poor horse has no choice, and worse, is blindfolded and not allowed to protect itself. One at a time they are attacked. The only excuse for the Lassador is that he extricate himself. He makes no effort to save the horse. It must fight to the death.

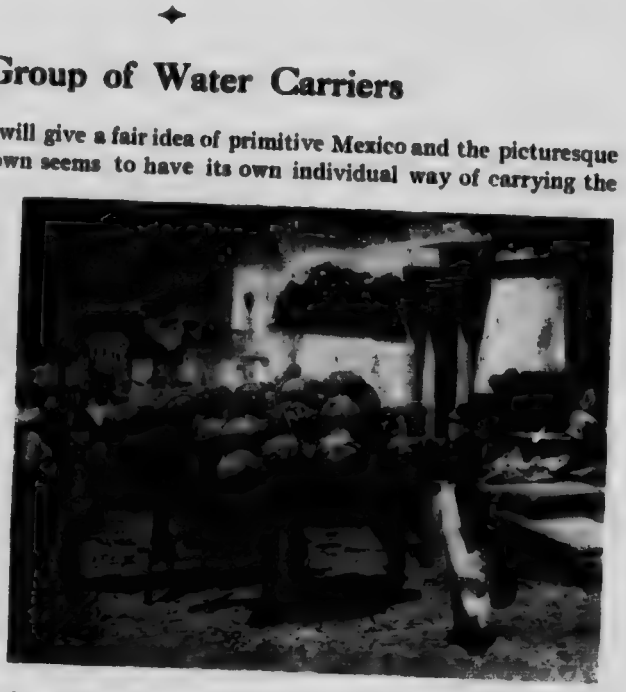
At the only fight we ever attended, the horse was down twice but was forced to drag itself up again, the attention of the bull attracted while the horse was taken from the ring, its entrails replaced in the great gash made by cruel horns, straw stuffed in to hold them in place, the gash hastily and roughly sewed up, the animal forced back into the ring and compelled to fight on until it could no longer rise. Could any horrors of the Middle Ages surpass this?

The last act is not nearly so repulsive as it will read. The killing is skilful and by this time we feel that it is merciful. The Mattador, who is the chief—the hero—advances into the ring alone, sword in hand. The audience is breathless now and silent—intense. The antagonists face each other steadily—warily. The fighter must wait for the exact second when the bull will lower his head for the final onrush. In thus lowering the head two bones, at about the point where the neck and shoulders join, separate slightly. The Mattador must strike that *exact* spot. Fair and deep between the bones he drives the sword to its hilt. If he succeeds, as he nearly always does, the bull drops instantly, without a struggle. Then the great throng on "the bleachers" go wild—throw their immense Mexican hats and better gifts into the ring and shout with all the reckless, uncontrolled exuberance of the "fans" at a baseball game. If the Mattador fails, hisses, groans and execrations are his. He must then simply slaughter a wounded animal. The most skilful fighters are brought over from Spain, as are the most ferocious animals.

A Street in Guadalupe

In the fight witnessed, two brutes out of six entered had more sense and kindliness than their human tormentors. They flatly refused to fight, but bawled most pathetically and looked up so appealingly at the audience, involuntarily one's thumbs went up and we expected to see a like sympathy from the audience, but only jeers, hoots and malediction were heaped on the poor animal as it was driven from the arena.

Be it said to the honor of President Diaz that he is doing his diplomatic best to abolish this cruelty in the name of sport. At one time the President closed all the rings in Mexico, and forbade the fights; but the primitive natives arose to the point of actual rebellion, and it was thought wiser to go about the matter more quietly yet persistently.



A Group of Water Carriers

THIS group of pictures will give a fair idea of primitive Mexico and the picturesque side of life. Every town seems to have its own individual way of carrying the water from fountain to home, and each a different shaped jug, which they call "Oyah," though mercy knows how it is spelled. In Guanajuato the jug, long and narrow, is carried on the back, and suspended from a broad strap, the weight falling on the forehead of the carrier. In Guadalajahara two round jugs are suspended, one in front and one at the back, the strap crossing on the head. That is one method of making the brains do the work. In Mexico City there is running water in the houses, just as we are accustomed to it; but in smaller cities the water supply consists of a number of fountains more or less conveniently located, and in villages and small towns the supply is from one fountain, situated in the centre of the plaza or square about which the little town is built.

To watch these water carriers is a great source of amusement and interest to the tourist, and a paradise for the artist.

The skill with which even the little tots can balance one of those large brown pottery jugs on their heads, and that without touching them with their hands, is a wonder. We tried it—

every "tenderfoot" does — and when the jug is full we cannot manage it even with both hands and head, without "slopping" uncomfortably.

The picturesque costumes — for every native drapes himself or herself in a gaily-striped zerape, or rebosa, and arranged as only an Oriental can, about head and shoulders—make it almost impossible for the visitor to realize that he is in America and not in the far East.

LAKE CHAPALA is as beautiful as the Lakes of Killarney or the Highland Lakes—with the added interest that on its shores are groves of orange, mango, papayo and the stately palm.

Lake Chapala—Mexico

The Hotel Porch on which Lunch was served to the Party—overlooking beautiful Lake Chapala

GUANAJUATO.— At Silao a branch line runs to Guanajuato, described so well in the little booklet written by Mrs. P. M. Meyers, called "A City of Dreams—Guanajuato." It has many fine churches and public buildings. It al[illegible] a catacomb of mummies, a replica of the catacombs of the Old World. But perhaps a few quotations from the booklet mentioned above will give you an idea of this place:

Guanajuato

"Of course, there is much of Spain about it, and som[illegible]hat of Italy too, but it [illegible]ables a Syrian city mo[illegible]chan any other, and world-wide travellers say that certain parts of Guanajuato might be almost reproductions of Bethlehem, while others might be Jerusalem itself. The houses are of mud bricks, many of them not even plastered over, and the washing of many rains has given them a look of crumbling age which might carry them back to the time when the bright shining of a star guided wise men to a Bethlehem manger. There is a distinct flavor of the Orient about it all, and if camels and turbaned riders should come into the picture it would not seem over-strange. As in the Far East, the flat roofs serve far beyond shelter; they are th[illegible] yard, the veranda, the balcony, the mirador, the place of retreat and the meeting place of friends. Its winding little thoroughfares can hardly be called streets, except in the business parts; they are mostly narrow paths, and in a few places it is possible even to reach across and touch the opposite wall. These little streets meander aimlessly up the mountains, playing hide-and-seek with one another and giving at every turn the most exquisite bits for the brush of an artist. There is no such thing as walking on a level in Guanajuato. It is up or down, usually in a most decided manner, and crossing from one street to another is often by a stairway of cobble stones. The houses cling to the rocks and overhang the ledges, and the zig-zagging little by-ways lead from one delight to another.

"Tucked away in the little street and corners are the stands of all sorts of vendors—fruits, vegetables, zarapes, pottery, baskets, with junk shops and the 'Thieves' Market,' all so mingled together that it is not easy to say where one begins or the other leaves off. Our hotel faced on what seemed to be an alley, but was really one of the widest streets. It

promised at the corner of the block some eighteen feet in width, but narrowed down to nine, widened again to about sixteen, and compassed at least three distinct juts and bulges before it finally went quavering to the entrance, a hundred feet away. The hotel itself has many architectural puzzles and wonders, and where the rooms are stored away, and how to find them, are problems each guest must solve for himself. It was several days before I could reach Irapuato. You are sure to hear the cry, 'Fresas! Fresas!' (Strawberries! Strawberries!) on your arrival, for the strawberries at Irapuato are famous all over Mexico for their luscious sweetness, and they are for sale all the year round."

The Theatre—Guanajuato

THE THEATRE, GUANAJUATO.— This theatre is unsurpassed in loveliness by any other in America. It was twenty years in building and cost $1,000,000. The stairway, railings and statues are solid bronze.

THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.—Humbolt says of the Pyramid of Cholula—that it is four times as large at the base as Cheops in Egypt; and Ignatius Donnelly, in his work "Atlantis," claims it is the remains of the Tower of Babel.

Typical Mexican Peon Village

IN planning your summer vacation trip remember that latitude has little to do with climate, in proof of which Denver is further south than New York. Lookout Mountain is south of Italy. Spain and the Great Lakes are crossed by the same meridian, while the British Isles and Labrador are also in the same latitude. In every case it is elevation, rainfall surrounding country and proximity of the oceans that determine the climate, and it is the combination of these essentials that makes Mexico City an ideal summer resort, where, even in July and August, one welcomes a blanket for bed covering.

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Cuthbert